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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

VOL. XI.

OCT., 1901, TO MAY, 1902.

59054
25/2/03

TORONTO:
THE MILN-BINGHAM PRINTING CO.
1902

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1901.

COURTING IN FRENCH CANADA.

On a beautiful Sunday afternoon, a young man, the son of a well-to-do farmer, is going for a ride. He has a shining top buggy and a fine looking horse, kept mostly for his own use He is well dressed and not as sunburnt as we might think. He is very careful of his personal appearance and he has been wearing a straw hat with a wide brim; at times he kept his leather mittens on to protect his hands against the sun. His name is Jean-Baptiste, or François-Xavier, or Pierre, or Joseph, or Napoléon, or perchance all these names together. As he looks at the blue sky, the green fields and his prancing horse, and especially as he thinks of his journey's end, his heart beats high.

He is going to drive a good long distance that afternoon. Of course, everything is stale in his neighborhood. There is no fun in one's own place anyway. Girls are always prettier and sweeter in the next parish than in one's own. In fact, the farther you go the better. Ten or fifteen miles away from his home there is a girl. There are hundreds along the way, but they are of no account. For him the parish of Ste. Anne or St Jean, or some other saint, is the centre of the universe. She lives there. Her name is Marie, or Mélie, or Philomène or Joséphine, or Adéline, perhaps all these names together. She is very young, scarcely eighteen, yet old enough in her parents' opinion to have *des cavaliers.*

In former days *cavaliers* rode on horseback, as the word indicates, but the time has come when they may travel by boat, by rail, on foot or any other way, and still be *cavaliers.* A grand word this is. An *amant* is a thing that writes love-letters and sighs in the moonlight. A *beau* is a dude, a *cavalier* is a man.

Now the girl who receives a *cavalier* is, or becomes *ipso facto,* a *blonde.* As a matter of fact in French Canada a *blonde* is generally a brunette. But it matters not, a young man will call his sweetheart his *blonde.*

I have used above the word *cavaliers* in the plural intentionally. Parents would not feel at all flattered if their daughter had only one. The more the better, it shows that the girl is more highly considered. Now this Marie Mélie Philomène Joséphine, being pretty and belonging to a respectable family, has a great number of *cavaliers.* When Jean François Pierre reaches her place that afternoon he finds eight or ten horses under the shed or tied to the fence posts. He is neither surprised nor offended. If he were a Spaniard he would at once feel for his knife. If he were an Englishman he would go straight to the girl and say, "You are a flirt, I will have nothing to do with you." An old-fashioned French Canadian will do or say nothing of the kind. He is rather pleased that his *blonde* is the object of so much consideration.

So then Jean Pierre finds a crowded house that afternoon with his girl. She will excuse herself to the one speaking to her, come to meet him, take his hat and put it up in a safe place. The uninitiated will exclaim, what sort of conversation can he hold with her, what enjoyment in her society, under such conditions? Lovers must sit alone by the rosebush or by the brookside. Well, these young men will have to take turn. Each one will ask Marie Mélie the privilege of seeing her privately for a few moments. While she is thus engaged the boys will talk together, tell stories, smoke their pipe. The pipe is invaluable for a bashful young man in such circumstances. It enables him to strike an attitude of ease and nonchalance. Now, if Jean Pierre finds that some one is taking too much time, he or any one else can put a stop to it. He can go up to the talkers

and, begging pardon for interrupting, ask Marie for his hat. While taking his hat he can open a conversation and talk for half an hour or more, and you know how many things can be said during that period.

This scene will repeat itself a certain number of times, but the day is coming when Jean Pierre will take a decisive step, that is, get married. But you cannot get married unless you ask a girl to marry you, and you can't get a girl to marry you unless you have her parents' consent, especially if she is yet in her teens. So Jean François Pierre has to make what is called *les demandes.*

This of course is a sweet secret. But Jean shares it with a bosom friend, and that bosom friend tells it to another bosom friend, in such a way that after a few days the whole thing is known all over the country. Conversations run something like this: "Do you see the light in old Mr. So-and-so's window? —Yes—Well, Jean François Pierre, etc., is there to-night *pour faire les demandes.*"

Indeed, he is there. By this time second rank suitors have dwindled away, and Jean is alone with Marie and the old folks. Jean is a strong young man, but that evening he feels very nervous. The candle is burning low on the table, the clock has just struck nine, time has come. Jean Pierre begins in a tone loud enough to be heard, "My dear Marie, we have been keeping company together this long time and you have not yet pledged me your troth. Give me your white hand that I may ask for it of your father and mother here present."

They rise and walk over to the old couple. Marie Mélie grows pale and red alternately. Jean shakes like an aspen leaf, his arteries beat against his temples like hammers. His mouth is dry, his tongue is stiff, his voice is hoarse and hollow. With an effort he begins: "Monsieur and Madame, I have come to your most honourable house for a purpose which your daughter has no doubt mentioned to you. I have come to ask you if you will give me your daughter Marie in marriage. If my request be acceptable to you, please let me know so that the banns may be published as soon as possible."

Having received a favourable answer, Jean adds boldly,

"Monsieur et Madame, will you permit me, moreover, to take a sweet kiss on the rosy lips of your lovely daughter as a pledge of her love and faith?" Granted. Then in plain every day talk they make arrangements for the wedding. The feelings of Jean and Marie on that memorable evening I need not describe; they are the same in every age and race.

The great day arrives. Rejoicing everywhere except among the fowls of the back-yard. Our young people rise early, go to confession and communion. They are married at the low mass, the marriage ceremony is short and simple. From the church they may go to the hotel for a drink or directly to the bride's home. There tables are set, the numerous guests eat, drink, sing, dance and make merry, then they harness up, put flags on their horses' heads, bring their fiddler with them and start for the bridegroom's place. The fiddler plays on, stamping his foot loudly in the waggon to mark time. *Le marié* (the bridegroom) sings:

"Oh que nous sommes heureux
D'être mariés ensemble et, oh!
Que nous sommes heureux,
D'être mariés tous deux!"

Having reached their destination they again begin making merry. The groomsman has to make a speech, sing a song, recite a *compliment*, or undergo a penalty that will cause great merriment. But it is getting late and we must let the curtain fall.

M. B. Parent.

THE MOONLIGHT LANDSCAPE.

(From the French.)

Martha Forester occupied a cottage on the outskirts of Goshen. Now Goshen, as all men know, is one of the settlements of the elect, where men and women, worn with trouble, come to find a refuge from the storms of life in the village founded by the sainted Mother Ann. To this community some forty years before, had Martha Forester fled, and here, in the Sabbath quiet and peace of the New England hills, she had

buried all the disappointed hopes and fears of her worldly life. She was now over sixty years of age, thin and pale as a Shaker sister usually is and with a stern though composed face—the common Shaker mask.

Now, although Martha had been a member of the quiet village of brethren and sisters for forty years, she had not given up all her worldly thoughts. No, she still cherished an unholy feeling of anger against men. She hated them unconscionably and despised them by instinct, and she was exasperated by the need of loving which quivered even in the meek and chastened hearts of the sisters. She had to exercise great self-restraint to keep from expressing the feeling before the solemn, grey-haired brethren of the village, who of course were rendered harmless by their vows. Even them, however, she despised.

A year or two before, a nicce came to live with Martha, and to her credit let it be said, she really loved the motherless child and was bent on making her a Quaker sister. This to her was the highest, noblest destiny to which a girl might attain.

This niece, Marjorie Margot, was pretty, charming, and a great tease. When her aunt sermonized she laughed, and when angry she kissed her while the aunt would involuntarily seek to escape from her embrace, which in spite of herself aroused a certain sense of joy—the sensation of motherhood which slumbers in every true woman.

Often Martha talked to Marjorie of God, of the Shaker belief and the beauty of their lives. How Mother Ann had left her "commission to teach unto others the faith ye have received, open wide the gates to all who will forsake the iniquities of the world, and live the life of purity and everlasting peace. And how blessed your labor,—when the teaching of Mother Ann shall have wrought its full effect—when children shall no more be born to die, and the sole survivor of a vanished mortal race shall see the last sun set on a world of sin and sorrow." But Marjorie would only laugh; she hardly listened to her aunt, but looked at the sky, the grass and the august mountains far to the west, with a joy of living which could be seen in her beauful eyes.

One day Sister Abigail, who lived about a quarter of a mile

away, came in very cautiously to tell Sister Martha that her niece had a lover! She experienced a dreadful emotion, and dropped the can of fruit she was carrying out of sheer surprise and horror. When she found herself able to speak once more she shook Abigail and said: "It can't be true, oh, Abigail, it can't be true!"

But Abigail put her hand on her heart and said:—It is too true, sister, she meets him every evening down by the stone bridge over Roaring Brook. Only go thou there to-night at ten o'clock and see for thyself.

All day long Sister Martha remained silent. She would not leave her room. Marjorie did not suspect that her aunt knew of her lover, for Martha often kept in her chamber for a day of fasting and prayer. But Martha was not praying; she was consumed with indignation. To her fanatical zeal against the mighty power of love was added the indignation of a guardian, a keeper of souls, who had been deceived by a ward. She had that choking sensation—that half jealous feeling of parents when their daughter informs them that she has chosen a husband for herself and without advice.

At ten o'clock that night she opened the door and sallied out, but was almost dazed by the splendor of the moonlight which had not penetrated her darkened chamber. It was such moonlight as one seldom sees even in the clear crisp air of the New England hills. And since Sister Martha was endowed with the spirit of a mystic, she felt moved and distracted by the serene beauty of the night.

In the little garden the hollyhocks and sunflowers outlined their shadows on the walk that led down to the bridge; the honeysuckle vines exhaled a sugary breath on the warm clear air of night.

Sister Martha began to walk again, drinking in deep breaths of the delicious air; she walked slowly, almost oblivious of her niece. Still she continued her course, looking from side to side at the quiet landscape bathed in that witching radiance. Her courage began to fail and she felt suddenly exhausted. She felt that indeed the heavens declare the glory of God, and she had a desire to pause and praise Him for all His works.

Further down the hill toward the bridge a line of pines followed the winding of Roaring Brook. A fine vapor rose and hung suspended all around, enveloping the grove in a gauzy mantle which the moon beams silvered to mystic sheen.

A doubt, an uneasiness, seized Sister Martha. A question rose in her mind. Since the night is made for sleep, for forgetfulness and refreshment, why was it more charming than the day, sweeter than dawn or sunset? Why did the mellow radiance shine so witchingly upon this wicked old earth? Why this half veil over the world of men? For whom was intended all this charm and flood of beauty? She did not comprehend it at all.

Just then two shadows appeared at the foot of the hill, walking side by side by the belt of pines that fringed the brook. The man was slightly taller than the woman and his arm was round her neck; from time to time he kissed her gently on the forehead. They furnished just that human touch which the landscape needed. And they seemed to be the beings for whom the serene night was destined. On they came toward Sister Martha, like a divine answer to her questionings.

She stood quite still with beating heart. She thought that here was an embodiment of some Bible story, such as that of Ruth and Boaz, of Jacob and Rachel. All the old recollections the unknown instincts of childhood, youth and womanhood, gushed to her heart, all those feelings which are human and which had been crushed out of her life before they had been born. The passion and the tenderness which might have been hers, the love and homage of a worthy man, these she might have had.

And she said to herself, "Perhaps God has created such a night as this to clothe with the ideal the loves of men and to cast his halo of approval over these heads bowed in mutual love."

She stepped back into the shadow of a large oak tree beside the path, and the couple passed on arm in arm. She asked herself now if she had not been about to do wrong, for does not God permit love since he casts over it such a splendor as this?

So Sister Martha went home, bewildered and almost ashamed, as if she had penetrated into a holy mystery which she had no right to view.

GLENN H. CAMPBELL.

"WAYFARINGS."*

One sultry morning in July, 1899, as the train bearing the Canadian delegation to the International B.Y.P.U. Convention at Richmond, Va., was speeding from Washington, the writer stepped out to the platform to gain a better view of the south-land of which he had heard so much, but had never before seen; and who should he see standing there, but George Herbert Clarke, Assistant Editor of the *Baptist Union!* Then there was a renewal of former acquaintance made some time before in the Canadian land from which both had come, and so we went toward the capital of the Southern Confederacy. A few weeks ago there came a copy of the book above named, and it was like another visit from the author, who is a well-known graduate of our own McMaster University, and who is now Professor of English Literature in Mercer University, Georgia. The book itself is bound in blue and gold and contains ninety-three pages. The paper is imitation parchment with frayed edges, and the print occupies the centre of the page, leaving a broad margin. To some this style is distasteful, and it certainly would be a fault in an ordinary or a scientific work; but for an ornamental volume such as this, it seems appropriate enough.

The title well describes the contents, which are fugitive poems gathered from various publications in which they have appeared from time to time. The fact that these "Wayfarings" first saw the light in *The Independent,* the *Sunday School Times,* the *Canadian Magazine, The Standard,* and the *Baptist Union,* is significant as to the value set upon them by the journalistic world. The illustrations are choice. They include copies of pictures by Guercino, Hofman, Harrach, Bernand and Bodenhausen, and they add no little to the value of the volume.

The poems are arranged in six sections, which may be described as:—

1. Religious. This begins with a quatrain bearing a solemn message.

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*"Wayfarings." By G. Herbert Clarke, M A. Chicago: Windsor and Kenfield Publishing Co.

"Is it to be the new year, or the old
Year's fruitless mining for a fabled gold
Repeated? Doubtful glints or heaven-blue?
Is it to be the old year, or the new?"

Other subjects are, the Nativity, the Denial, the Resurrection, and a Latin rendering of John xxi: 15-19.

2. Meditations. Of these the one called "Types" is excellent, as is also "A Spenserian in praise of Spenser."

3. Recollections. In this list, an ode to Victoria contains the following:—

"Queen though she was, a higher power she felt,
Heard a more awful Sovereign's voice, and knelt."

The closing of this verse illustrates Mr. Clarke's power of concise expression.

4. Nature Studies. The scenes are various. The "Skater and the Wolves" is graphic; "To a Mountain in Colorado" is dignified; "Tempest-tost" is vivid; but the climax of excellence is reached in "Sunrise on Lake Michigan." Surely the italicized lines show true poetic instinct.

"Sheathed by the everlasting sky,
That bends caressing from on high
In garments blent
Of white and blue
And fairer, farther, fainter hue,
The silent lake lies musing and is well content.

Calm child-of-many-waters, dream!
Sudden across thy breast shall gleam
A wave-kissed way
Of floating gold,
Fixed skyward with a steadfast hold,
Whereon an angel lingering may kneel and pray."

This poem the writer recently read to two classes of High School students, as a worthy example of the rhetorical principle of elegance.

5. Love Songs. These are imitative. One is in the Elizabethan verse, another Chaucerian, others more modern.

6. Child Ditties. Here Mr. Clarke enters the territory so long pre-empted by Eugene Field; and here, perhaps, his skill is specially displayed. There are many who can write upon adult themes, but it is peculiarly true that the children's poet must be born, not made. Those who know Mr. Clarke best, will not be surprised that he should manifest so true a sympathy with child-life and thought. It is to be hoped that "Wayfarings" will be but the forerunner of a more ambitious work.

P. K. D.

MUSIC.

Long ago, in the golden age, when everything upon the earth was pure and innocent, the gates of Heaven stood wide open, children of men caught glimpses of the glory beyond, and Heaven's golden radiance fell like a gentle rain upon the earth. But more wonderful was the beautiful music, that floated through the gates of gold and pearl, and carried on ethereal wings, was borne down to the listening ears of men. At all times peace and calm prevailed, but especially when the heavenly music began to be heard was every earthly sound stilled. Nature's children ceased their play and forgot to rustle the leaves and flowers, forgot to ripple the tiny wavelets or roll the mighty deep. Human souls, too, were silent and by some mysterious force were drawn upward. But this could not continue, for sin came upon the earth; the great God, grieved beyond measure, commanded the golden gates to be closed, the celestial music to cease. So the angels sat down among the clouds, tore in pieces their music-sheets, and let them fall, as a shower of snow, upon the earth. Here the wind took and scattered them over sea and land, mountain and valley, into all the world. Then the children of men caught them, and these fragments are the music upon earth to-day. At first, everyone, however small his portion might be, valued it most sacredly, for was it not part of the heavenly music, that had sounded so wonderful? But in time, amid the ever increasing strife in the world, even the fragments of the heavenly music became a source of contention; and so it continues. But some day the great God will gather together again the fragments, great and small, yes, even the tiniest pieces, with but one note upon them. Again the golden gates will be opened, the choir of angels will sing in mighty chorus, their harps of gold will resound, the heavenly music will sound forth anew.

Such is the sweet German legend, and although, in this practical age, it is set aside as a mere story, yet how beautiful it is to consider its application. Surrounded with music as we are, and loving it as we do, how often do we consider that this

earthly music consists simply of the disconnected fragments of that perfect harmony of Heaven? Yes, the heavenly music has ceased to float down to our ears; it has been torn apart and its notes scattered broadcast over the world, where man has caught them, prizes them, and considers them beautiful. And they are beautiful, for they are Heaven's especial gift to mankind; but one day, the great Creator, He before whom the morning stars first sang together, will gather again the fragments and then man will realize the celestial strains, of which he has heard but an echo.

That music is an important and necessary feature of life, may be seen from its prevalence in Nature, the direct work of the divine hand, whence all life springs. Nature is full of music. In her almost all phases of this art have their representation. The clear notes of the lark, as he pours forth his matin song, and the tender melody of the nightingale, floating on the breeze, while the world sleeps, are solos, to which the world's greatest singer must listen enraptured. And again Nature has her choirs in the countless feathered songsters that sing their wild choruses, in places where, and at times when man does not hear. The babble of the brook, the ripple of the stream, the plunging of the cataract, as it leaps over the rocks in wild beauty, the voice of the mighty ocean, sometimes moaning, sometimes roaring, but never still, the rushing wind, too, as it whistles through the trees and forms Nature's Aeolian harp, all are parts of Nature's music.

Music is the art which appropriates the phenomena of sound to the purposes of poetry, and has a province of its own, in many respects analagous to, yet quite distinct from that of each of the other arts. Suggesting much more than it displays, it expresses what is beyond the realm of literature, of painting, of architecture or of sculpture. For this very reason, to assign to music a position in relation to these other arts is almost impossible. In comparing poetry and painting, Plutarch records, that "poetry is a speaking picture." Following out the same thought, may we not say that music is the poetry of sound? Much has been said and written, comparing music with the other arts. Music, it is claimed, is subject to change; that which

is delightful at one period, to one people, is unsympathetic and even unintelligible at another epoch, to another community. But of what art is this not true? It is simply the result of the development, which goes on not only in art but in Nature, at all times, in all places.

And how marked that development has been, with regard to music,—yet no, we cannot speak of a development of music, for music is perfection, lost through human discord, and in using such a term, we mean the development in man's efforts to regain the perfect harmony. To us, whose concert halls are filled nightly with music of all descriptions, the best that the genius of man has produced, it is interesting to think back upon that of earlier ages. We owe much in music, as indeed we do in all the arts, to the ancient Greeks. Music formed a great part of their life, they used it in chanting their epic poems; they employed it in religious rites and ceremonies and in military functions, while prizes were awarded for its performance at their national games. The ancient Romans, too, delighted in music, and especially in the choruses that played an important part in their theatres. Comparing these conditions with those of music to-day, what a vast degree of difference we see. Among the musical instruments of the ancients, most conspicuous were the lyre and the trumpet, the music of which was a manifestation of rhythm more than of melody. Now in our orchestras a hundred musical instruments follow their course through a kind of maze, each part totally different, yet forming a harmonious whole. This instrumentation in orchestral music has been likened to colouring with the painter, being apart from the general plan of the work, but so essential in beautifying and vivifying the effect. It is the musical prism, through which the rays are blended to form new and previously unheard colours.

Beside the development of man's efforts in music, is the growth of his appreciation of it. This is most clearly seen in the comparison between the music of the civilized world and that of those peoples more remote and less reclaimed from savage life. The sense of rhythm is sooner perceived by the untutored mind, than that of melody, and so the music of these

people is produced from their drums and pom-poms, accompanied, from that innate perception of rhythm, by a clapping of hands and stamping of feet. When this is contrasted with the performance of an oratorio, accompanied by an orchestra such as we have to-day, where rhythm is just as exactly marked and furthermore is enriched by exquisite melody, we see, side by side with the development of culture and knowledge, the upspringing and growth of a new appreciation of this great art. This appreciation manifests itself in many other ways. We have only to look at church worship to-day, and contrast it with that of a century ago to see a strong instance of this. Music then in church worship was unknown and it was only very gradually and by a great struggle that it could be introduced. It seems strange to us that a little over one hundred years ago song-worship formed no part of sacred service, but such was the case, and so strong was the prejudice of some against its use, that the word hymns was changed in derision to whims. It was the same with other music, the organ, for example, the introduction of which was the cause of many a dissension and serious quarrel. But to-day our worship is uplifted and enriched by music, while few question the reverence of its use. For is it not most fitting that such should be the case, that the divine gift be used to the Giver's praise, and that one of its most important phases be hymns of prayer, adoration and glory to the great Object of all worship? Music to-day may almost be called the handmaid of religion. In the great cathedral, side by side with the prayers of the worshippers, ascends the majestic tones of the organ, while praise and devotion rising in the human breast, respond to the exultant anthem of adoration. And the voice of the people mingles with that of the organ, as the church pours forth the praise, which she has long been singing and shall sing, till she takes up the New Song in the Holy City.

To write of the different men, whose names stand out like beacon lights in the musical world, would require volumes. To them was given the power of pouring out their soul in song, of transferring their thoughts and emotions, their joys and sorrows into music. To others has the gift been given to interpret these

moods and to communicate them to the listening hearts of others. Thus it was that Mozart, whose fame will last as long as his sweet melodies are loved, while yet a child, so executed from memory the Miserere of Allegri, at a palace in Rome, that he drew tears from the eyes of the great ambassador who stood near, and called forth the benediction of the Pope himself. It seemed like an echo from another world, bearing upon its bosom infinite grief and unutterable longing. So vividly did it picture the wrath of the Most High, that even the very thoughtless trembled to incur the suffering which this music expressed. And when the wondering listeners questioned him, as to how he, a child, could thus execute from memory a composition that hitherto had never been rendered outside the sacred walls of the Sistine chapel, the young musician, with voice full of feeling, replied, "What is more simple? the grand music so stirred my soul, that every note is imprinted on my memory." We cannot fail to marvel at the strong insight into the beautiful, possessed by such men as Mozart, and by his friend Haydn, by Mendelssohn, by Beethoven and by Handel, whose oratorios have never been wholly unknown or unloved. What is mere earthly is transitory, but the productions of these great minds are divine; they live, are famed, nay more, for mere fame is unsatisfactory, are and shall be loved as long as man must listen to the music of earth.

Surely, the great mission of music on earth is as a recreation. At the close of day, when the toiler lays aside his work, he turns to music. Those upon whom fortune has smiled spend much of their life with music. The concert and the theatre consist largely of it, the opera wholly. Tennyson speaks of "Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, than tired eyelids upon tired eyes." Who has not felt the import of these words? How many happy hours can be gratefully recalled, when, under the potent influence of this great blessing, the burdened mind has been refreshed and the overstrung nerves relaxed in their tension. Yes the recreative power of music must be conceded by all. Then especially should it be valued in this busy, whirling age. Could the sound of music rise above the whirl of machinery and the din of factories, what a blessing to mankind!

"A state cannot subsist without music," said Molière, and other writers have expressed the same conviction. Then let the Heaven-born art spread; let it refine pleasure, and stimulate work; let it become the soother and purifier of the soul.

Many and varied are the effects of music, yet they cannot always be the same, for they vary as the human disposition. The quickening strains of martial music cannot have the same effect on everyone, as upon the young soldier, who longs to taste war and whose nature is stirred to the very depths by the battle-hymn. Again, a pathetic strain may move in a manner quite unintelligible to even his nearest friend, one whose life has been overshadowed by some dark cloud. But who is there, sad or joyous, reserved or vivacious, upon whom music leaves no impression? Surely none but those whose minds are rendered cold and unresponsive by association with lower things. Music is not exclusive; she offers herself with all her benefits alike to everyone; she presents her solace to the poor and unlearned, while she commands reverence from the master. By some indefinable power she can call forth smiles and mirth, and again she can arouse the tenderer emotions. The story is told of an incident in the Crimean War. When the wounded soldiers were being persuaded to return, they steadfastly refused. In spite of commands or entreaties they remained fixed in their determination, until the band on board the vessel, so soon to sail for the loved West, sounded forth the familiar melody of "Home, sweet Home." The desired effect was produced; weak and wounded as they were, the soldiers actually struggled to board the vessel homeward bound. Music had found the door to the heart, when all else failed. There is music, we all know it, that embodies our patriotism and arouses love and pride for our country. There are weird strains that carry us in imagination to the supernatural and mysterious Sometimes they are so soft and sweet that they seem like a breath to the skies. Again, music rushes and roars like the rolling of a mighty tempest. "And the heart of man hears the tones, so majestic; and from his eyes unbidden the tears are shed, then rising in rapture, all hopeful it soars to regions of glory above. All this hath music wrought."

Lillie M. Senior, '95.

VALEDICTORY, 1901.

At the time of the crimsoning of the maples in the year 1897, a company of freshmen, meek and wide-eyed, entered the halls of old McMaster, and now after four years, years so eventful that they seem like decades, our Alma Mater opens her doors again to send out that same company as freshmen into the larger school of living. Above our entrance we then read the words "Per Ardua"; as we step out, we feel that still our path must be "Per Ardua." But '01 has learned and loved too, and so we would linger on the threshold just long enough to tell how indebted we are and how glad and sad to go, glad because we have seen the light on the mountain-top and feel strong to climb, sad because we must leave the associations and men we have loved; sad and glad just as a flower-lover still longs for the violets, but rejoices because the roses have come.

As in the early morning the sun thrusts rosy fingers down through the fog, lying lazily upon the land, and slowly lifts it, swinging, swerving, eddying, but unable to resist, above the ground, past the tree-tops, past the hill-tops, up into his mansion of clouds; holds it close to his breast until the tiny mist particles have grown to rain-drops and then one day sends them hastening everywhither to tell the flower-bells and the grass of the greatness and beauty of their guardian who dwells beyond the clouds; so we, by that Power who "guides all human things the righteous way" have been gathered, held for a time under the light and scattered again.

Our history would not make any more interesting reading than that of other classes who have passed through the Arts' course of McMaster. We came up, most of us, hardly knowing why, and like all others who have come under the spirit of the University, we go out with ideals set high. The moulding was hard to endure sometimes as the lamp grew dim while we pored over the twisted Classics or tried to persuade ourselves that we understood the dreams of ancient philosophers. It would be difficult, looking back, to place a finger and say, "Here I gained strength," "There I was helped." Class-room,

athletics, Fyfe, social functions, all did their work, but the intercourse with men of the larger vision and pulsing heart was the greater part.

Winner of the McNaught Cup, first winner of the Matthews' Challenge Cup, twice winner of the Oratorical contest, these are some of the shields we have hung up in our temple. Our class has been well represented on the school hockey and football teams, although four times we failed to capture the Ryrie Football Pins.

It would be tedious work to narrate in order the steps by which we have climbed from the important, unheeded freshman, till we felt the weight of the ermine upon our shoulders, and then other classes have told almost the same story. In some things we were different. Most of the class were young, and coming without any fixed purpose or seriousness, we have felt more the change wrought by the life here. We have felt somewhat important too, in being the class to lead the McMaster Alumni out into a new century, which shall see grand things for this Canada of ours.

And now Alma Mater sends us out into our Canada and her banner over us is "*τὰ παντα ἐν χρίστω συνέστηκεν.*" We rejoice in our commission. Not one of us but has felt a thrill at the mere speaking of that word "Canada," and has longed to take the oath of the ancient Greek—"I vow to leave this country not less but greater than I found it." Not one of us but has heard the cry,—

> "Ah God, for a man with a heart, head, hand,
> Like some of the simple great ones gone,
> One still strong man in a blatant land
> Who can rule and dare not lie,"

and longed to be worthy to spring forward. None of us but has felt the tears start at the words of the Christ—"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross." Four years ago we would not have felt that way. We have learned much. We have been taught that the greatest man is he who most gives himself for men. We have seen the "vision splendid" of Him whom Tennyson describes,—

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou;
Our wills are ours we know not why,
Our wills are ours to make them thine"

We go forth strong, because we believe that "Our times are in His hand" who leads all nations of men toward "One far-off, divine event." Shall we lose our path? He is the way. Will the clouds gather? He is the light. Will the world problems oppress us? He is the wisdom and power. We believe in Him. We would trust and follow. As we go into the world of men we are a united class; "Nomine Uni Animo" we read upon our banner. We expect that members of the year '01 will go out to point faltering ones to the heights and lead them up; that linking arms and lapping shields they may come strong and sure against the enemies of men and their Christ. And still wherever we go, whatever we do, we shall look first for reproof or commendation to her who did so much for us, our Alma Mater. Farewell.

ALBERT E. HAYDON.

THE GRADUATING CLASS IN THEOLOGY.

To have a class graduate and pass out from the protection of Alma Mater's familiar walls, and not to write its history, would be flying in the face of all precedent. As the years have rolled by and each Commencement Day has sent out into the world its group of young men to begin their work, it has become the custom to chronicle their names and deeds in THE MONTHLY to serve both as an incentive and a warning,

The class in Theology, '01, first saw the light of day in October, 1899. Members of the class in Arts of that year came back to find old ties sundered, but were soon made to feel that others, equally strong and pleasant, would be formed. Their ranks were supplemented by a member of the class of '97, Mr. A. G. Campbell; a member of '98, Mr. A. B. Cohoe, and two others who then entered our college for the first time. In all we numbered twelve.

Nationally the class was more diverse than its numbers might warrant us in concluding. In the class-room (often, out of it), could be heard the accent which is *sui generis*, and which compels the owner to acknowledge London as the place which gave him birth. There was also a delightful and subtle suspicion of the land of heather, which was strengthened when we heard one of the members familiarly hailed as "Mac." That Canada would contribute her quota was a foregone conclusion, and last, but not least, our big sister had not forgotten us, for we received from the United States one of the sons of Wisconsin, Mr. J. J. Enge.

The first year of our course witnessed few things out of the beaten track of Theological classes. Following the guiding hands of the professors we threaded the labyrinths of theological research, delved into dark recesses for Greek roots and their meanings, shook our heads over homiletical laws, and revelled in the charm and beauty of the Hebrew language. At the beginning of the year we could easily have solved any knotty problem in Dogmatics, but at its close we were not quite so sure.

Spring came and examinations with it. Then summer came and found our class scattered throughout the two provinces engaged in missionary work. Here we began to find how valuable were many of the lessons which we had learned in wonder and almost under protest.

With the advent of autumn we re-assembled in the halls of "McMaster,"—that is, some of us. We found our ranks sadly depleted by the loss of five of our members, and none came in to take their places. There was but one ray of comfort in this night of gloom, and it was feeble. This defection gave to us the only stamp of perfection we ever possessed. It left us perfect in number, and the tenacity with which Wordsworth's "little maid" clung to her idea paled before the eagerness with which we seized on this. "We are seven" helped us through many discouragements.

Glad as we all were to return to college, there was an element of sadness in it, for it was the last time. This year was much like other years. Each new turn in the road opened

up new vistas which, while charming us with their beauty, were almost our despair. The months sped by on wings, and it was with something like a sigh that we closed our books and came from the class-room after the last lecture. Our college course was finished, our studies had just begun. There was the excitement of Commencement, the good-byes, then each went away to his work.

But our college life was not all class-room work. This class was well aware that a man's education "consisteth not in the things that he knoweth." And so the other aspects of university life were not neglected. To the Literary Society we gave of our time and energy, and felt that the lessons learned and the benefit derived more than repaid us for all we did. The Theological Society also claimed a good share of our attention, and in its meetings we were helped nearer the solution of many practical problems and received inspiration for many irksome duties. That the class was not wanting in college spirit is also shown by the fact that it furnished four of the six debaters who carried McMaster colors to the front last winter Nor were athletics forgotten, for five of our "seven" played on the redoubtable Theological Football Team, while the other two did yeomen service on the side lines. In addition a member of this class has the unique distinction of winning for three successive years the silver medal presented by the Athletic Association—the second prize. This honor belongs to Mr. A. B Cohoe.

It may be of interest to the readers of THE MONTHLY to know where the members of this class are working. A. B. Cohoe is at Grimsby, Ont., J. J. Enge has returned to his own Wisconsin, J. H. Hannah is in charge of the Park Street Church, Peterborough, and J. E. Hawkins has recently accepted a call to the Norwood and Dummer churches; J. D. McLachlan is pastor of the church at Vankleek Hill, while E. W. Parsons and L. H. Thomas are settled at Port Arthur and North Bay, respectively.

To our professors we wish to express our deepest gratitude for the invaluable service they have rendered us. They have been patient and wise, and we are but beginning to understand

our indebtedness to them. They are men of strong personality and Christian character, and no man can come into close contact with such men and not feel their influence for lasting good. Our ideals have been shaped by them to a greater or less degree, and the writer believes that he is voicing the sentiment of the whole class when he says that the ideal which its members have before them may be expressed in the words, "That in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

SCRIPTOR.

THE QUESTION OF THE ATOM.

This is what a great scholar and teacher wrote to a former student not long since: "My life is confined quite closely to my study and classroom. I am trying to keep some track of the many who are running to and fro, but (probably it is a sign of old age), I sometimes ask how much real knowledge is increased. It appears that the prevalent conception of matter must be all changed. We must begin with a sub-atom, about which little is known,—perhaps nothing. Ah well—the great problems of life do not depend on the question of the atom."

We are all in quest of reality; and there is one reality of the stars, and another of—the atom. But there is a yet more important object of search, and that is life. For the philosopher as well as for the plain man, for the theologian as certainly as for the unschooled, there arise problems whose solution can never be found, and should never be sought, in any metaphysical or scholastic realm. He who reasons most vigorously, and to best purpose, becomes content at last to rest and trust, saying with the great teacher whose words have been quoted, "Ah well—the great problems of life do not depend on the question of the atom."

He is an idle student who permits the atom to elude him without a struggle; but he is a foolish student who, because the atom has eluded him, falls into a state of chronic intellectual and spiritual dismay.

W.

SOLACE OF THE SEA.

Some seek the sea in adversity
  And find as a soothing balm
The unfretted sand of the gilded strand
  And Summer's breathless calm.

I love the sea when the wind is free
  And the waves are towering high,
When the billows blue have changed their hue
  And mirror the lowering sky;
When the breakers roar on the frothy shore
  As the tide flows in apace,
And the surges appear in their wild career
  To be running each other a race;
When the gulls that sweep to the angry deep
  In search of their floating food,
Are borne away by the blinding spray
  From the hope of their hungry brood;
When seen then lost are the vessels tost
  Far out from the harbor bar,
And the loved on land raise anxious hand
  To read their fates afar.

'Tis such a sea appeals to me
  Whenever the soul within
Is tossed about with distressing doubt
  And lash'd by conscious sin,
For the troubled mind delights to find
  Its own true state expressed;
But the sea when calm hath never balm
  To soothe my heart's unrest.

HENRY PROCTER.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.*

A few years ago a graduate left the halls of McMaster to assume the responsibilities of his first pastorate. He was aware of the difficulties that awaited him, he was conscious of his own faults and weaknesses, but he was confident of great results, because of his faith in the truth. For three years he toiled to realize his ideals in his own character, in the lives of those with whom he associated and in his church. For three years he had to contend, not merely with the problems which faced him in his work, but also with a sense of failure to meet these problems successfully. The tumult of life was thus increased many-fold by the tumult of thought which it produced. Many queries demanded answers. Did the failure to realize the ideal mean the necessity for the abandonment of the effort? Were the approximations to the ideal which were evident sufficient to justify a belief in an infinite power making toward perfection? The admission of the last query brought the answer to its implied doubt. That man had approached the ideal was reasonable evidence, that the ideal was real, that there was a power making toward perfection and that the struggle was not in vain. The truth of the man's faith was vindicated. The man's faith in the truth was confirmed. And the experience added to the sum of his knowledge this precept—that all development is gradual.

The experience repeats itself in various forms, but the lesson must be learned by all. It is, however, a lesson peculiarly needful and difficult to college men. The conditions of life in the school are abnormal. The work required differs from that expected in after life. The life itself is regarded as a preparation for that which lies beyond. Though the difference is real yet it is one of emphasis. The task of the student in college is to seek the truth though he does not ignore the necessity of an effort to realize the truth. The work of the student out of college is to realize the truth though he may never give up his speculative search for the truth. The tendency in college is to emphasize the science of life more than the art of living.

*Under this title we expect to publish a series of articles by a graduate dealing with various topics of interest to our graduates and undergraduates.—EDITOR.

The one is predominately a world of thought while the other is as predominately a world of action. In the world of thought we ignore in great measure the fact of time. We magnify the result and minimize the process which produces the result. The history of the ages becomes the problem of yesterday. Factors apparent in periods separated by a thousand years are closely related despite the separation. The dream of to-day is the reality of to-morrow. The idea of the artist finds an embodiment without the tedious process of embodying it. The vision of the poet is viewed as an achievement without the toil of finding its proper expression. The reforms of the youthful politician are brought about without the struggle with circumstances. The ideal of the preacher is realized in life without thought of the relation of time to progress.

It is a rude awakening that comes to a man when he passes into the life of action. And yet it is well for him to awake. Time is an element in all progress. All growth is gradual. It is God's way. The habitable earth did not become so in an instant. It bears the marks of an age-long process. The story of animal and plant life is one of development throughout long eras. The progress of history is one story but it covers many years. The development of a character is summed up in the result but it is wrought in a life-time. The fairy's wand is always in the hands of a fairy, never in the hands of God. To work well we must work as God works. We fail utterly if we have not a vision of the ideal. We will err greatly if we expect to do in a day that which God aims at doing in eternity. We will do well if we do to-day, in God's way, all we can.

Moreover the hour of awakening is one of great danger. As we have seen, it thrusts a man from a world of speculative thought into one of action. He may test thereby the truth of his faith, but he himself has tested his faith in the truth. He stands in great danger if his faith fail him. The progress of yesterday will not repeat itself in his to-day. His dream of to-day does not realize itself in the life of the morrow. If he seek to test by the experience of a day the truth of the ideal set as the end of the progress of eternity, he will err greatly. If moreover in his despair he forget the simple duties of life and thus

fails in reading the legitimate progress of the day, he will not only miss the opportunity therein afforded but will deprive himself of that rock upon which he might stand until he was able to find his bearings in the confusion of his thought. If in his search for the supernatural he seeks to find it as the unnatural he will miss it because it is so natural. In his search for God's hand in history he will miss the object of the search if he identifies it with a fairy's wand. If a man's faith be in the truth the test of experience is of the man. If he be in earnest he cannot fail. If he be of weaker stuff the tumult of such an hour will well-nigh o'erwhelm him.

A grave danger at this time is that the revelation of the element of time in progress may cool his enthusiasm. This also would be to fail. For the way of the indifferent man is not God's way. A hundred blossoms fall to the ground for every one that brings forth fruit. A thousand seeds fall for every one that springs into life. The argument of the blood of one martyr is not sufficient. The land must be drenched with the blood of many martyrs before a pagan would become Christian. As it is in collective movements, so it is in the life of the individual. That man never grows who would not labor without result. The world never advances in consequence of the life of a man who would measure the gift of his life. Reckless enthusiasm is the *folly* of youth. But enthusiasm is the very life of youth. Rather it is the evidence of life itself. Old age is death. The effort of old age is to suppress, to conserve energy, to avoid waste. The effort of life is to give. The effect of the revelation of the element of time in progress should not cause a man to measure his giving. Let him learn that progress is at all, because of the divine impulse to give unsparingly.

The college has done much for a man if it has given him a vision of the truth. But the real test of the man and of his worth to the world comes at that time when the emphasis in his life is on the attempt to realize the truth.

C.

Editorial Notes.

THE University has opened this session with bright prospects for an excellent year's work. The vacancies in the staff have been filled by the appointment of competent men, and the attendance of students is large. Lectures began with more than usual promptitude, and a good week's work was done before the visit of our Royal Guests, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. The professors and students gladly gave up two days in order to share in the reception to our future King and Queen and the hearty demonstrations in their honor. The students exhibited a characteristically whole-souled enthusiasm in the preparations to give the Duke and Duchess a fitting welcome, and never before did the Hall appear so finely and tastefully decorated as during the Royal Visit. We take this opportunity of congratulating the undergraduates upon the success of their efforts in this regard. Immediately after the departure of the Royal couple and suite work was resumed and has gone forward without interruption. Altogether everything seems to point to a successful year. All that we need now is our new Chapel and Library, and these we expect to have by Christmas.

With respect to attendance, our friends will be glad to know that the freshman class in Arts is the second largest freshman class in the history of the University, and that the first year class in theology not only is a large one but also contains a larger percentage of graduates in Arts than usual. This latter fact is significant. It shows that the young men who are to compose our Canadian Baptist ministry are fully alive to the importance of a generous culture and adequate preparation for their life-work and that they do not consider six years too much to devote to making themselves fit for service. It is also an evidence—if, indeed, any were required—of the strength and attractiveness of our course in Theology. Were this not as excellent as it these university graduates would drift elsewhere for their academic training in Theology, that is, they would enter American theological seminaries and consequently in the majority of cases be lost to our Canadian life and ministry. It is gratifying, therefore, that we are holding our educated men for study and service at home. These are to be the men of influence in our denomination in the near future, and it is well that they should receive their training in a college where Canadian ideals of Christian life and service and citizenship prevail.

Turning from the students to the faculty, we notice that several changes have been made therein since last spring. Messrs. Smith, Cohoe, and McLay, who heretofore have been lecturers in Biology and Physics, Chemistry and Geology, and English, have been promoted to Professorships in their respective departments. These gentlemen have proved their worth as teachers by years of service, and are to be congratulated upon their well-merited promotion. In their new positions they will doubtless do even better work than ever before. The fellowships in Moderns and Classics have been abolished, and consequently Messrs. H. B. Tapscott, M.A., and G. J. Menge, B.A.,B.D., are not with us this year. Both of them worked hard and well in the interest of the University and its students, and all unite in wishing them success in the future. In their place we have Mr. Glenn H. Campbell, B.A , as Instructor in Classics and Moderns. Mr. Campbell is one of our own brightest graduates and a son of Professor Campbell. He is also a graduate of Harvard, at which University he took a remarkably high stand. We are glad to welcome him back to his Alma Mater.

But the most important change in the composition of our faculty is the absence of Dr. Newman and the presence of Dr. Cross in his place. In our May number we expressed our appreciation of Dr. Newman's worth and services and our regret at his departure from our midst, and hope in a future number to give a more adequate account of his life and work with us. We now desire to extend a hearty welcome to Dr. Cross and assure him of our pleasure at having him with us. The present writer has known George Cross for a good many years and has followed his career with interest, and has no hesitation in expressing the opinion that in him the University has obtained a worthy successor to Dr. Newman. His academic course and his work in our Canadian churches have combined to fit him for the position to which he has been appointed. He was for some years a student at Woodstock College, from which institution he matriculated with high honors in classics into the University of Toronto. There he devoted himself specially to the study of philosophy and had the good fortune to come under the influence of the late Dr. Young, then the strongest personality on the faculty of the Provincial University. That Dr. Cross took a brilliant course may be judged from the fact that in his final year he won the gold medal in philosophy, notwithstanding that he was unable to attend lectures, being engaged, as a matter of fact, in serving one of our

Canadian churches and carrying on his University course by private study. After the completion of his Arts course he came to McMaster for Theology, graduating in 1894. Since then he has been abroad and has completed with high honor a course for the degree of Ph.D. in Chicago University. It will be seen, therefore, that he is well qualified for his work. He is a Canadian and a sharer in our Canadian aspirations; he is largely a product of our own Canadian Baptist institutions of learning and a hearty sympathiser with our educational ideals; he has been a Canadian pastor and so in close touch with our people; and finally he has had the broad training that comes from travel and association with men in other lands than our own and from strenuous study in the greater Universities. In view of all this we congratulate the Senate upon its good fortune in obtaining Dr. Cross; we congratulate the members of the faculty upon the addition of so capable a co-adjutor; but most of all we congratulate the students upon having the opportunity of studying under so well-equipped a scholar and so able a teacher. We hereby extend to Dr. Cross a warm hand of welcome and express the hope that he may find much success and satisfaction in his work at McMaster.

We are glad to learn that at both Woodstock and Moulton the attendance of students is large and that everything points to a prosperous year in both institutions. There have been no changes on the staff of Woodstock, but at Moulton there have been some important appointments to which we should like to make reference. Since last spring Miss Iler and Miss Pickering have resigned their positions as teachers of Mathematics and Classics respectively, and Miss Jessie E. Dryden, B.A., and Miss Bertha E. McLay, B.A., have been appointed to the vacancies thus made. We are glad that these young ladies were appointed, for they are graduates of our own University and well qualified to perform the duties required of them. Other things being equal, we thoroughly believe in the principle of appointing our own graduates to positions at both Woodstock and Moulton, and consequently note with pleasure that in this instance the Senate acted on the assumption that first-class specialists from McMaster are the equals of graduates of other institutions. At the Normal College our men and women graduates are every year proving at least their equality with the men and women of other Universities, and surely our own governing bodies should be the first to show faith in the product of our own University. In the case of Misses Dryden and McLay they have done so, and we

feel certain that we are voicing the sentiments of the students and faculty of McMaster when we express our appreciation of their action.

But pleased as we are with respect to the appointment of our own graduates, we are much more gratified at the selection of Mrs. Wells to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Miss Dicklow, who for the past six years has been principal of Moulton. Miss Dicklow was devoted to the interests of Moulton and gave her best efforts to the promotion of its welfare, and we are glad to express our appreciation of all that she did for the College and to wish her success and happiness in whatever place her future may be spent. When her resignation was announced we, like many others, at once thought of Mrs. Wells as her successor, and were extremely gratified to learn of her appointment. We believe that in Mrs. Wells Moulton College has at last found the ideal principal. The four ladies who have preceded her have all had excellent ability, but Mrs. Wells has one qualification for the position that none of her predecessors have possessed. She is a mother. A school such as Moulton professes to be ought to be a home for its students, and who is more likely to give the atmosphere of home so well as one who has presided over a home of her own? Who so likely to understand girls and sympathise with the feelings of youth as the mother of a family? Moreover, Mrs. Wells is a Canadian, and with all due appreciation of our cousins over the line we nevertheless think that the principal of a school for Canadian girls should be a Canadian lady. This is particularly true in the present juncture in the affairs of our Empire, and we are glad that the Senate was able to secure a Canadian for the position. Again, Mrs. Wells has a distinct advantage over former principals of Moulton in being well-known in the denomination. She is personally acquainted with hundreds of our Baptist mothers and known by them to be a Christian lady, such as they would desire their daughters to be under the influence of. She will not have to spend time winning the friendship and affection of the people, for these she has had in large measure for years. This fact in itself will mean much for the future success of Moulton.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that, in addition to the three important qualifications we have noted, Mrs. Wells has others indispensable to one who is to occupy such a position. By birth and education she is a woman of refinement and culture. She has had large and successful experience in educational work. She was for some time the lady principal of the old Canadian Literary Institute, now Woodstock College, and for the past two years has successfully managed Harding

Hall which she established after the lamented death of her late husband, Professor Wells. We therefore confidently hope that her past association with our educational work at Woodstock may engage the sympathy for Moulton of that large company of men and women of our denomination whose memories are twined around the old C. L. I. at Woodstock. For all these reasons, then, we think Mrs. Wells ideally fitted to carry on the work of Moulton with efficiency and success. We believe her appointment has given the utmost satisfaction to the denomination as a whole and that her presence at Moulton will engage for the College a deeper and more wide-spread sympathy than it has hitherto enjoyed. We at the University welcome her heartily and assure her of our warmest sympathy.

Book Reviews

CAPTAIN RAVENSHAW.*

The scene of this "quaint and curious" story is laid in London in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Millicent, the exquisite daughter of a purse-proud goldsmith, is betrothed against her will to Sir Peregrine Medway, an egotistical dotard who has nothing to recommend him save a few age-cold drops of blue blood. The unhappy plight of the beautiful girl comes to the notice of one Captain Ravenshaw. This odd character—the hero of the story—is drawn with a strong resemblance to Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." At heart a gentleman, kind-hearted and chivalrous, he is driven by stress of circumstances to adopt the role of a blustering duellist. He is Cyrano without Cyrano's literary genius, but he has Cyrano's skill with the sword, his courage and self-abnegation.

To save Millicent from the threatened odious marriage with Sir Peregrine, Ravenshaw unwittingly delivers her into perils much more to be dreaded. In rescuing her from these, all the miracles of which his miracle-working sword is capable—and they are many—are brought into requisition. He succeeds, and his intrepidity and devotion turn the antipathy which the goldsmith's daughter had entertained toward him into love, etc., etc., etc.

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* Captain Ravenshaw, or The Maid of Cheapside. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

This book is one in which Dame Fiction, in common with so many of her sex, follows Dame Fashion. It has situations comic and tragic to the point of burlesque, and characters so out of the way as to suggest caricature. However, there is a keen demand just now for tales of the cut-thrust-and-parry kind, and authors whose aim it is to make money rather than epochs are on hand in large numbers to supply the demand. This work is, in my judgment, one of that class. It is strictly for the market.

Although there are, as it seems to me, conspicuous imperfections in the work, it is certainly not a commonplace one and certainly is interesting, and if, one of these long evenings, your hours hang heavy on your hands, and you would fain despatch some of them, Captain Ravenshaw will spit a few on his rapier-point.

B. W. N. G.

THE OLD EVANGEL AND THE NEW EVANGELISM.*

The appearance of this and similar books promises to be a sign of the times. Evangelism is beginning to replace Criticism as the topic of paramount interest in Christian circles. For some time, we have not read a book with more satisfaction than the present one. It is thoughtful, scholarly and charmingly written, but more than all its cheerful optimism and uncanting piety are contagious. It is refreshing to come across such an unquestioning faith in God and acceptance of the Gospel of His grace, as man's only hope of salvation. Throughout the book a coming revival of religious interest is taken for granted and that despite present apathy and worldliness. Dr. Eaton calmly considers all the difficulties and hindrances and shows how these are either yielding to other tendencies already, or points out the means by which they may be made to yield. In summing up the discussion of "the revival we need," the author characterizes the coming revival as follows :—

"From these considerations it would seem that the next revival will be a revival within the church itself. It will consist in an improvement in quality rather than an increase in quantity of church membership. It will turn away from machinery and artificiality and organizations, and will depend on personality and character. It will deal directly as between man and man. It will be a thing of life; of every day life to be lived as the hours go, simply and honestly; and by obeying this first spiritual law it will assuredly bring the world nearer to God."

L. S. H.

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* The Old Evangel and the New Evangelism. By Charles Aubrey Eaton. Fleming H. Revell, Chicago, New York and Toronto.

WORKING PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC.*

We do not notice text-books in this department of THE MONTHLY, but we make an exception in the case of "The Working Principles of Rhetoric," written by Professor John F. Genung, of Amherst College, and published by Ginn & Co. This is a "restudied and reproportioned treatise" based on his "Practical Elements of Rhetoric," a book that has been well and favorably known among our students for some years. For advanced students the "Practical Elements" was the best book we knew of, and the highest praise we can give the present volume is that it is superior to the earlier work. Upon graduation from college every student, and particularly every minister, should furnish himself with an advanced manual of rhetoric and keep it on his study table for constant use. It is no easy thing to write easily and well, to express our meaning to others with requisite clearness and due force, and though practice alone and familiarity with the masters of prose will help us they cannot do everything for us. Along with them there ought to be a constant study of the principles that underlie the art of rhetoric and a careful examination of passages that most fully exemplify those principles. For the purposes of such a study and such an examination we can unqualifiedly recommend the present volume. For advanced students it is the most luminous presentation of the fundamental principles of rhetoric that we have any knowledge of. It also contains an exceedingly large number of well selected illustrative passages. For these last the author has drawn upon over two hundred English and American writers, many of them being quoted several times. To give easy access to characteristic paragraphs from so many writers of good English prose is not the least important thing Professor Genung does for students in this book. When he adds to that an exceedingly practical, and at the same time a really philosophical, discussion of the principles of rhetoric, he has performed an invaluable service for them. We should like to feel sure that every graduate of McMaster took with him a copy of "The Working Principles of Rhetoric," and that he spent an hour a day in a careful examination of its contents. Were all of them to do that we should have no fear as to the quality of their writing.

W. S. McL.

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*The Working Principles of Rhetoric. By John F. Genung. Boston: Ginn & Co.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: R. V. BELLAMY, '02.

YE editor of this department has a unique position. Though he may flatter himself that he is fairly in the field of journalism, the ordinary journalist's cares trouble him not editorially. Neither wars nor rumors of wars cause him anxiety; labor strikes do not fill him with grave apprehension as to the fate of our economic system, politics are forbidden ground and the state of the markets is an unknown quantity to him. So far as getting news is concerned he had rather be at a football match than a yacht race, or at a 'Lit.' than a royal concert. And so the master mind of the editor, and the literary abilities of those six inferior intellects, his reportorial staff, will be solely occupied in recording the events of our University life, and their greatest joy will be found in labouring for "a scanty band of black-robed scholars only."

MCMASTER students are proud to welcome the new members of the faculty, Professor Cross, and Glenn H. Campbell, A.B., and hasten to assure them that their knowledge could not be imparted to more intelligent and receptive students anywhere.

MCMASTER claims close kinship to Woodstock College, although the opportunities for showing her kindly feelings are limited. It is to be hoped that the annual football game between the two institutions will not become a thing of the past.

A STUDENT under the stress of circumstances seems to be able to turn his hand to anything—even the trade of blacksmithing. The other day we asked a student for a subscription to a worthy institution, and he forthwith made a bolt for the door—but he hasn't sent us his (dollar) bill yet.

BEHOLD a cry has gone forth that McMaster should have a pin which shall henceforward forever distinguish her students and graduates from the ordinary citizens of the world. As the design of this pin is a matter to be pondered, let every undergraduate and alumnus ponder, and if they have any suggestions let them send such to the Student Body.

FIELD Day will come about the 25th of this month. This is an event of growing importance at McMaster, and it is to be hoped that there will be a large list of entries. We will all be pleased to see any records broken, and we assure ambitious athletes that there is no slight opportunity of winning greater glory than their predecessors ever dreamed of.

THE freshmen are to be congratulated in having a "*Senior*" in their class.

A LOVER described his tall and slim sweetheart as "sweetness long drawn out."

A STUDENT is placed in an awkward position. On the one hand he is warned that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and on the other he is assured that much study is a weariness of the flesh. Beware!

THE latest organization in our Halls and one which will receive the largest support of all lovers of silence, is a Checker Club. G. W. Elliott, *alias* "Shorty," is president, and D. J. Welsh is his right-hand man. Anyone may become a member of this club by paying the modest sum of ten cents to A. G. Vining, who is the Chancellor of the (Ex)checker.

THE committee in charge of the reading-room have been seriously handicapped this fall in supplying periodicals, through the failure of the house with which they have always done business. Nevertheless, the energetic Mr. Huddleston, chairman of the committee, has already secured the usual American magazines, and assures us that those from England will soon follow.

CLASS '02 held its meeting for reorganization on Oct. 17 The following officers were elected:—Hon. Pres., Chancellor Wallace; Pres., E. J. Tarr; Vice-Pres., Miss M. A. Seldon; Sec.-Treas., Miss M. C. Blackadar; Cor. Sec., A. L. Branch; Councilors, Miss H. A. Iler, R. C. Magee; Historian, S. A. Buckborough; Orator, J. A. McLean; Minstrel, C. C. Sinclair; Bard, A. L. Huddleston.

ON Tuesday morning, the 8th inst., we were honored with a visit from Dr. Black, editor of the *Messenger and Visitor*. Speaking at chapel as to one's mission in life, he said that the ambition of every young man and woman should be service—service to God and the world. Dr. Black hoped that we as students would wear as our crests the old English motto—"Ich Dien"; and count it our joy to toil nobly and with pure motive for God and man.

ON Tuesday, Oct. 15th, the members of class '04 in Arts, met to elect their officers for the coming year. The following were elected: —Hon. Pres., Prof. Ten Broeke; Pres., W. M. Lailey; Vice-Pres., Miss W. Elliott; Sec.-Treas., E G. Blackadar; Cor. Sec., W. V. Poapst; Ministrel, J. G. Whiten; Bard, N. A. Harkness; Historian, Miss K. I. McLaurin; Football Captain, L. A. Vail; Basket-ball Captain, A. H. Baker; Hockey Captain, R. A. F. McDonald. E. H. Mihell was appointed to look after the interests of the class on Field Day. Now, don't you think '04 ought to "shine" this year?

Miss Grace N. Wallace, formerly of Class '02, is spending the winter in Austria, and is taking lectures in the University of Graz. Her absence will be especially felt by the graduating class and by the L.L.L., as Miss Wallace was an enthusiastic and able worker in the University life. Her many college friends wish Miss Wallace a very pleasant and profitable sojourn in Europe and a safe return to her native land.

The Juniors are now ready for business. Their organization is as follows :—President, J. N. McLean; Vice-President, Miss Munro; Sec.-Treas., E. J. Farmer; Captain of Football team, E. J. Zavitz; Captain of Hockey team, S. M. McLay; Captain of Sports, G. C. Lamont; Orator, John McLauchlin; Historian, Miss McNeill; Bard, E. J. Bengough. In spite of the number of appointments, there are a few of the class left who occupy no official position, so they say.

On Saturday, the 12th inst., a meeting of those interested in debating was called for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term. The following were elected :—President, P. A. McDiarmid; Secretary, L. C Fraser; Committee, A. S Stokes, A. G. Vining and H. Bury. Last year's meetings were quite successful, but this year it is hoped that even a greater number of students will attend, and participate in the weekly meetings of this beneficial organization.

The geography of the Hall has changed somewhat since last year. No weary student is compelled to descend to the lower regions of the building to hear lectures, as the chemical "Inferno" now occupies all the available space there. New fittings and apparatus have been placed in the laboratories, so that the ever increasing number of students in the faculty of science will have greater facilities than ever for conducting their work. The toys used in the department of mathematics and physics are now to be found in room No. 6 instead of No. 8. Those who attend lectures faithfully will doubtless be aware of these changes before the term is over.

The Freshman year met on Thursday, Oct. 17th, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year :—Hon. Pres., Professor Smith; Pres., E. W. Matthews; Vice-Pres., Miss Barber; Sec.-Treas., F. E. Lumley; Historian, Miss McGregor; Musician, Miss Senior; Bard, W. G. Carpenter; Orator, Ralph Hartley; Captain Rugby and Association Teams, G. F. Stephens; Captain Hockey Team, J. B. McArthur; Captain Basketball, G. S. Johnson; Representative on Student Body Executive, F. S. Beddow; Representative on Literary Society Executive, W. J. Grigg; Representative on Athletic Association Executive, G. F. Stephens. With a staff like this, what should not the Freshmen do?

The first few days of college life at the beginning of a new term

present a scene of jolly disorder. On every hand one sees and greets old friends, and welcomes new ones. Then registration is resorted to as an inevitable duty. The bustle attendant upon starting house-keeping wakes the echoes in the old corridors night and day, and meanwhile the thoughtful student does not fail to consult the list of wonderful bargains in books advertised upon the bulletin boards. All this confusion is technically known as the "Finishing Exercises," partly because all students are just then entering on their work, but mostly for the reason that it may be distinguished from the "Commencement Exercises," at which time college work ceases.

THE MONTHLY enters upon a new year of publication under very propitious circumstances. For many years the finances were in a deplorable condition, but thanks to the enterprise of our business managers during the last two years, affairs are now in good shape. However we must yet have the subscriptions of all our students and graduates. For these subscriptions we do not appeal so much to the intrinsic value of our publication as to the college spirit that should distinguish all those who attend these halls. Unless a man is willing to support the different and necessary accompaniments of university life he is better at home. Not only by subscribing can each student support the MONTHLY but also by patronizing our advertisers. They are the sinews of the MONTHLY, and being responsible and progressive firms, they are worthy of all our patronage.

MUCH disappointment has been felt by the students on returning to college to find the new chapel not yet ready for occupancy. But, from the evidence of eye and ear, we know the completion must be near at hand and we shall soon be in our new and beautiful quarters. The building presents already a handsome exterior and will add much to the imposing appearance of the Hall. It is built in much the same style as the Hall itself, with the public entrance facing the west, and close beside it, the passageway from the main building for the use of the students. The library and reading-rooms, which are to be downstairs, have not yet reached the stage from which we can judge of the arrangement, but they are bright and much more spacious and comfortable than we have had before. The chapel itself is so far advanced as to have the platform erected and the gallery in position. The formal opening is to be on Founder's Day, in December, but we are hoping to have the use of some rooms before that time.

OUR FRESHMEN.—The incoming freshmen class is one of the largest in the history of the University. In only one previous year has the number of new Arts students been greater, and in Theology the new men are stronger, numerically, than ever before. There are already thirty-nine freshmen in Arts, and eleven students new to the University, and nine graduates in Arts taking First Year Theology. Of the Arts students, eleven are '01 and two '00 graduates of Woodstock

College; three are from Grande Ligne, and one from Moulton College. The "Theologs" have in their ranks two new men from Woodstock. As students there are a number who have stood very high in their academic careers, and their work here will be watched with interest. Athletically great things are expected, as the new men number among them several who have been very prominent in the different high schools and colleges from which they came. All have been very cor dially welcomed by the older students and made to feel very much a home.

On Friday, Oct. 4th, the incoming classes of Arts and Theology received their formal initiation into the student body of McMaster. As in other years, the event was celebrated by a dinner in the University dining-room. Nearly all the students then enrolled were present, and some of the freshmen seemed to be very watchful and slightly nervous, for they could hardly realize that their initiation was to be so pleasant throughout. H. Procter, B.A., the High Kakiak, was chairman of the evening, and he called upon D. A. McKerricher to propose a toast to the Arts Class of '05. This was replied to by W. E. Matthews. A. A. Scott, B.A., proposed a toast to the freshmen in Theology and W. C. Riddiford replied on behalf of his class. These speeches contained much sage advice and a few shades of eloquence, but for the most part lacked that witty sparkle that makes toasts attractive. The last toast was that to our matron. It was proposed by D. Alexander, and responded to by Mrs. Pritchard herself, who expressed her appreciation of the evident good-will of all the boys. All the speakers were received enthusiastically, and our new students were made to feel that they were no longer strangers in McMaster.

For two whole days, Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th inst., McMaster professors were excused from lectures, and the students went a holidaying. The occasion was one to be long remembered, for then the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York visited Toronto. We were not behind in showing the outward symptoms of loyalty, as the gaily decorated Hall witnessed. Many yards of bunting were artistically draped upon the building, a few tasty designs showed here and there, and at all the windows numerous flags fluttered. Fully an hour before the royal party was expected to pass, the front windows of the Hall were bristling with students and friends of the University, and the time-honored "Boom on Mac," sung with characteristic animation, told the assembled crowd who we were. When at length their Royal Highnesses came in view we endeavored to make our song heard, and followed with a lusty cheer, for which we are vain enough to appropriate a gracious bow from the Duke. Not content with acting as onlookers, about fifteen of our boys enlisted in the York Rangers for three days, and clothed their martial spirit in the red and blue uniform of that regiment. They say soldiering is a glorious experience. Late Friday night a group of students, tired

with sight-seeing, were willing to confess that Toronto had been very demonstrative in expressing her loyalty to the King's son.

McMaster has always manifested a hearty but not intemperate zeal for athletics. Her students regard all manly exercises not as the chief end of university life, but as a means to that end. It seems to us that those who take part in such exercises are affected by them as steel by the hammer—the hardest blows produce the best temper. True manliness in all sports is our motto; and we would rather lose a contest than win it by unfair means. Then, too, we must keep up our record for loyally supporting our boys whenever they go out to do battle for the honor of the University. On all ordinary occasions let us not fail to patronize the campus liberally.

Athletics are going to boom this year and everything points to a very successful season. Our campus is in excellent condition, reflecting much credit on the indefatigable efforts of our worthy president. With a large number of acquisitions, both from Woodstock College and other places, and nearly all of the athletes of last year, we are in a good position to put winning teams in the field. We have entered competent junior and senior association football teams in the Intercollege league and we expect that they will bring much honor to our college. As yet Rugby football has not been played to any great extent, owing to the fact that we have been unable to enter a suitable league. This year the boys are agitating for Rugby, and it is our intention to secure for them a place in the Mulock Cup series. If the fates are propitious, and we are allowed to enter, we will do our best to make a very creditable showing. All the members of last year's champion hockey septette have returned, and with plenty of new material in our freshmen class, we fully expect to uphold the honored laurels of the University, which were won last year, by claiming the Jennings' Cup again.

A lively interest is being taken in tennis. We have two courts marked out and a large number of students, including some of the ladies, are taking advantage of them. Basket-ball is also played and a good team will be developed. A large number of boys will compete for the Athletic Cup this year. They are training diligently, and an excellent Sports Day is certain.

OUR GRADUATES.

We were favored recently with a visit from Mr. Hunter, who took his first year in McMaster in '91, subseqently graduating from the University of Chicago.

There are more graduates in Arts entering Theology this year than ever before in the history of our University. This is a hopeful sign, and speaks well for the Baptist ministry of the future.

THE published results of the last examination of the British Institute of Actuaries show that Mr. S. R. Tarr, M.A., of Class '95, was one of the few candidates for Part I. obtaining first class honors.

IT is with deep regret that we report the death of a former lady student, Miss Irene Bush, of Ottawa, who took her first year with Class '99. Miss Bush was a bright and promising young woman with a large circle of friends. McMaster mourns with the bereaved.

WE are well represented this year at the Normal College, Hamilton. The following are in attendance:—Miss E. E. Delmage, Miss E. R. Delmage, Miss C. A. Sanders, Mr. P. C. McLaurin, Mr. A. H. Fairchild and Mr. W. H. Augustine. All these are Arts graduates of last year. We feel that the reputation of McMaster is safe in their hands.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, Mr. Stambury R. Tarr, '95, was married at Niagara Falls, South. The bride was Miss Harriet Fitch, daughter of T. H. Fitch, Esq., of that town. On the day preceding the wedding the officials and clerks of the head office of the Canada Life presented a purse of gold to Mr. Tarr, who is a member of the actuarial staff.

WE are always glad to see our graduates settling in Canada. When, however, one does drift across the line, and after a residence of months or years, finds his way back again he receives from Alma Mater warm welcome. This fall she welcomes three:—Rev. D. Reddick, B.A., B.Th., of Denver, Col.; Rev. M. C. McLean, B.A., of Crystal, N.D., and Geo. S. Sprague, B.A., of Flat Rock, Mich. On the other hand, two of last years graduates have settled in the United States, A. W. Gazley in N. Dakota, and J. J. Enge in Wisconsin. Mr. Enge, is an American who received his theological training in McMaster. This leaves the margin on the right side.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

THE year 1901-1902 promises to be a very successful one for Moulton, for our prospects so far are very encouraging. The attendance is considerably larger than it was last year and still new students are coming in. We hope that this will be the most successful year that the College has yet seen.

A FEW weeks ago a very pleasant break in the monotony of school life occurred on the occasion of the reception given by the old students to the new ones. The girls showed themselves very eager to make their new friends welcome and provided a pleasant little programme of music and games for their amusement. In a short but nicely-worded address they welcomed the new girls, the new teachers, Misses Dryden

and McLay, and the new principal, Mrs. Wells, assuring her of their love and wishing her all success. At the close of the evening dainty refreshments were served. The old girls are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

ANOTHER pleasant feature of the past few weeks was the visit to Toronto of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, whose coming procured for us two holidays. Thursday, October 10th, the day of their arrival, proved to be dark and rainy. But when their Royal Highness passed Moulton amid a shower of rain, we cheered just as heartily and waved our flags just as loyally as though the sun were shining brightly overhead. Our ardor was not dampened, even if our clothes were.

ON Friday evening the resident pupils together with a few friends of the College enjoyed a great treat. Through the kind efforts of some of the members of the Board two tally-hos were procured for the evening and we had a long delightful drive through the brightly-lighted streets. There were about fifty of us in all, and we were a merry crowd. Every one heartily enjoyed the brilliant illuminations. We saw everything that was to be seen that night and almost imagined ourselves in fairyland. After a drive of over two hours we returned to the College and expressed our gratitude by giving hearty cheers for the Chancellor, Mrs. Wells and Mr. McMaster.

DR. FARMER preached the annual College sermon on the morning of Sunday, October the thirteenth. His words were based on the seventh verse of the fourth chapter of First Corinthians, "For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it." Dr. Farmer showed, in a clear and helpful explanation of this verse, that the possession of desirable qualities differs in each individual, and that these qualities are gifts from God. No one therefore should glory in his own gifts, depreciating the gifts of others, but each should respect the special gift of the other, and regard his own as a sacred trust from God to be developed in the highest possible way and used for His glory.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { E. J. REID, B.A.
LEO. BUCHANAN.

ANOTHER year has begun in Woodstock College with brightest hopes for success. Nearly a third of the total attendance are new boys, and they are entering very enthusiastically into every department of the work.

PRINCIPAL MCCRIMMON was absent for a few days at Brandon College, when he gave the address at the opening of their new building. His description of the western institution and the incidents connected with his visit was greatly appreciated by all upon his return.

THE *old* College is no more, at least it has been rejuvenated to such an extent as to be hardly recognizable. Some old students like, when re-visiting an institution where they were educated when young, to recall long past experiences by time-soiled landmarks left on the College walls, floors, etc. We give notice to all Alumni, that such marks have been forever removed from our historic halls. The place has been modernized. Complete new maple floors in every room ; wall paper of various tints and tasteful design on every wall ; new bath, and lavatory equipment, and new blackboards. Special mention might be made of improvements made in the chapel, reception room, and principal's office. The Board of Directors and all others connected with making the much needed repairs, will be glad to learn that their efforts on behalf of us and our College are very highly appreciated. It is with much pride that we now in escorting our friends through the institution can say on coming to one room, " This is my study," and to another, " This is our chapel."

OUR series of lectures this season was begun by an address by Mr. Thos. McGillicuddy on the subject " Homely People " Our object in having these lectures is to entertain as well as instruct, and hence we were most fortunate in having for our first lecturer a man who is in such keen sympathy with all young people. The Chapel was crowded and the close attention of all showed how much the humor and pathos of Mr. McGillicuddy was appreciated.

BOTH Association and Rugby football are in full swing in this crisp bracing weather, and it is hard to tell which game is the more popular. Under Captain (Telamonian Ajax) Clarke the Association team met the city team, and though the city boys had an " All Oxford " aggregation, our team succeeded in tying the score. We are awaiting with expectancy the coming match with McMaster.

AT the beginning of the term we sang, " The boys may come, and the boys may go, but the faculty go on forever." We regret that this statement will have to be contradicted. Mr. A. M. Overholt, M.A., who for over a year has so efficiently filled the position of mathematical master, and who has so well merited the esteem of all students, and the respect of his fellow teachers, is about to leave us. He goes to fill a position on the staff of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. Our best wishes go with him.

WE have been fortunate in securing as Mr. Overholt's successor, Mr. C. L. Brown, B.A., of the class '99 of McMaster. Mr. Brown is

an experienced teacher, and has been Business Manager of THE McMASTER MONTHLY, and afterwards of the *Western Baptist.* We predict a very successful time for him at Woodstock.

IF our Rugby team is not successful this year it is not for lack of managers or practise. The boys have been out "rain or shine," on their regular practice nights, and with H. S. Coulter, Captain; L. Stephens, Coach; and W. Davies, Manager, have been learning the fine points of the game. We have played two matches thus far, both with the town of Ingersoll. We have been looking around for "blame timber" to account for our defeats. General opinion says "heavier team," "stronger quarter," "poor referee." However we shall follow the old Scotch adage, "We'll bide our time."

ON Thursday, the 17th inst., the Judson Missionary Society held its first meeting. The following are the officers for the year:—President, Principal McCrimmon; Vice-President, T. Hodson; Corresponding Secretary, A. E. White; Recording Secretary, W. Raithby; Treasurer, M. A. Reid.

FIELD day was a success. The weather was all that could be wished for, and many visitors came up from town. The Sports' Committee had things well in hand and everything went off without a hitch. Perhaps the novelties of this year were the Pursuit race and the Slow Bicycle race. E. Wiard won the former in good style and patience, skill and the gods gave the latter to ——. The Senior Championship was won by C. S. Lorimer, of Los Angeles, California, the Junior Championship by W. O. Stephenson, of Hamilton.

THE Philomathic and Excelsior Societies have already held several meetings. The executives are as follows:—Philomathic Society: President, T. Hodson; Vice-President, Leo Buchanan; Secretary, A. E. White; Editor, J. B. Pengelly; Sub-Editor, R. Edwards; Marshal, E. J. Bingham; Critic, Mr. Russell. The Excelsior Society: President, W. Younger; Vice-President, C. S. Lorimer; Secretary, R. McTavish: Editor, E. E. Wiard; Sub-Editor, G. R. Grobb; Marshal, Budd Williams; Critic, Mr. Reid.

THE Athletic Association has been formed for some time. Many improvements have been made this year by it. Its financial standing is good considering the number of expenditures. The officers and Executive Committee are as follows:—Honorary President, D. W. Karn. Esq.; President, Mr. Reid; Vice-President, W. Raithby; Secretary-Treasurer, Leo Buchanan. Year representatives:—4th Year, A. E. White; 3rd Year, H. S. Coulter; 2nd Year, E. Wiard; 1st Year, A. A. Green. Captains: Association Football, K. Clarke; Rugby, H. S. Coulter; Cricket, L. C. Stephens; Tennis, Leo Buchanan; Basket Ball, A. E. White; Representative of the Small Boys, W. Cherry.

Here and There.

EDITOR : H. PROCTER, B.A.

UP to the date of writing, only a very few of our exchanges have reached our table, but we are looking forward with pleasure to the arrival of our old friends from sister colleges. The *Notre Dame Scholastic* was as usual the first to arrive, and even in its early issues gives evidence of sustaining its reputation as the best weekly exchange on our list. We have read with interest the article on the "Pagan Bards of the Gael." Several sentences are worth quoting for the light they throw on the spirit of old Celtic poetry. "The cadence of regret and the cry of defiance from the verge of the tomb are characteristics of Gaelic poetry at all times. They are the Gael's recognition of fact and his deep-set conviction that back of the fact there is something. He feels that though the world may call him beaten he is not conquered unless he brings his own will to admit it. It is strange, when we consider the lapse of time and the new blood that has been mingled with the Gaelic, that in our time the same spirit should live in him as in the era of Oisin." Discussing the absence of any mention of a Supreme Being, the writer remarks that "we are not to understand, however, that the Pagan Gael excluded everything supernatural from his poetry. Far from it. His tales are full of ghosts and spirits, and very immaterial spirits too. Fionn saw one, and describes it: 'A dark red stream of fire comes down from the hill; he that lately fell, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like a beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the cloud of the hill; his eyes are like the decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast. The stars dim twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream.' His ghost must have been made up of a very shadowy substance when Fionn could see "the stars dim twinkling through his form." Besides the ghosts of departed mortals, the Gael had airy spirits of the hill, like the fairies of the modern Irish peasant. They were gentle spirits, descending on sunbeams, dancing on the daisies of the meadows, their forms white and bright, their voices sweet and their actions kindly to men." Altogether the article is interesting, and particularly in view of the present revival of interest in things Celtic.

THE University of Giessen has made a contract with the Nordstern Insurance Company of Berlin, by which all the students of that institution become beneficiaries of an accident insurance. Only those more liable to accidents, in the departments of chemistry, medicine, physical sciences, and pharmacy, are required to pay special fees for this, as the premiums for the others are paid out of the sick and hospital funds of the University. The measure covers ordinary risks, including riding, turning, or sword exercises, conducted by the official masters appointed by the institution.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MANY of our readers are familiar with the quaint and charming *habitant* poems of Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal. We quote the following from the Toronto *Star*:

LITTLE BATEESE.

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'-pere,
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plow,
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,
Sickin' de dog till dey jump de wall,
So 'de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min'; I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane,
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm underneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, and size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body, too,
Leetle Bateese!

But, leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'-pere,
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

W. H. DRMMOUND.

"I HOPE I make myself clear," said the water as it passed through the filter.—*Harvard Lampoon*

An Underlying Vein of Truth.—There was an underlying vein of truth in the college boy's funny combination of the two familiar quotations :

O woman ! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
—*The Club Woman.*

Professor (at last lecture of the term) : "The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked on the examinations?" Voice (from the rear) : "Who's the printer?"— *Yale Record.*

"Why can't a man's nose be longer than eleven inches?" "Oh, if it were over twelve it would be a foot."— *Yale Record.*

"Give me your picture, love," I said,
"Without it, really, I can't live ! "
She murmured (oh, which did she mean ?)
"My answer's in the negative."
—*Cornell Widow.*

The difficulty of securing payment of subscriptions to the college paper and the expense of employing a business manager to collect the money will both be done away with at Dalhousie College. The Senate will exact payment of subscriptions at registration.—*Ex.*

A colored women went to the pastor of her church to complain of her husband, who, she said, was a low down, worthless, trifling nigger. After listening to a long recital of the delinquencies of her neglected spouse, and her efforts to correct him, the minister said, "Have you ever tried heaping coals of fire upon his head?" "No," was the reply, "but I tried hot water."—*Ex.*

Two Irishmen were one day discussing the respective merits of the sun and moon. "Sure," said Patrick, "the sun gives a stronger light than the moon." "True," answered Brien ; "but the moon's the more sensible." "How do you prove that?" says Pat. "Aisy," responds Brien, "for the moon shines in the noight when we nade it, and the sun comes out in the broad daylight when a one-eyed man can see without it."—*Ex.*

Passed.—Professor—"If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do?" Medical Student—"Give him something to make him sick, and then administer an antidote." Professor—"Don't waste any more time here. Hang out your shingle."—*New York Weekly.*

Seth Low has resigned the presidency of Columbia University. Columbia's serious problems have been substantially solved during his tenure of office.

Five hundred students of a Wesleyan university in Nebraska have sent a memorial to the Governor of New York, praying that the remains of Czolgosz may be taken a hundred miles out to sea and then, pinioned and manacled, with his revolver in his belt, and a millstone chained about his neck, be sunk a thousand fathoms deep.—*Daily Paper.*

MY FAVORITE BOOK.

When the campus lies in darkness
And the night winds moan and sigh,
Like some roaring elves of mischief,
Or a ghost train passing by,
Then I delve in this old Horace
With a satisfaction true,
And I read with real pleasure
What the ancients used to do.

Some may work with mathematics,
Or the study of the law ;
Some may gaze upon the planets
Just to tell us what they saw ;
Some may love the works of Shakespeare,
But their charm I fail to see,
Yet this old brown book of Horace
Brings a happiness to me.

I read the grave epistles,
And the Odes' sweet varied note,
That are like the song a-gushing
From a speckled thrush's throat.
And each line I note with gladness
And each word I weigh with care ;
Every time I gaze upon them
I've a satisfaction there.

And I feel for those that cannot
Have the happiness I know,
When I dwell with my old Horace
For an afternoon or so ;
For the pagan's text can't fool me,
With its queer constructed line
When I have a good translation,
Like this old brown book of mine.

—J. L. C., in *Notre Dame Scholastic.*

LIFE IN A MEDIÆVAL UNIVERSITY.

We find in a little periodical belonging to University College, Bristol, an entertaining paper on "Life in a Mediæval University," by Dr. Hastings Rashdall. The statutes of the Oxford Hall, as revised about the year 1480, have recently come to light, and they yield some amusing details, particularly concerning fines. Among them we note these: For lateness at meals, ¼d.; for laughing or talking at grace,

¼d.; "unhonest jubilations," or scurrilous words, ¼d.; preventing others from studying by clamor, vociferation, or musical instruments, ¼d.; revealing the secrets of the hall, 12d.; bringing a friend to meal or lecture without leave, 2d.; bringing an unsheathed knife to table, ¼d.; wearing arms, 12d., with forfeiture of weapons; assaulting fellow, but without effusion of blood, 3s. 4d.; ditto, with effusion, 6s. 8d.

Dr. Rashdall has drawn up the following table of student routine in those days:

5.30 a.m.—Rise, drink a flagon of beer at the buttery; no other breakfast.

6-8—Ordinary lecture in the public schools (no fire; rushes on floor).

8—Mass (in early middle ages optional—later, compulsory).

9-11—Study in room with three companions—perhaps "repeating" to each other morning's lecture. No fire; no glass in windows.

11—Dinner. Bible read in hall. Menu: Soup thickened with oatmeal, beef, bread, cheese, small beer.

11.30—College disputation.

12—The idle man takes a walk, or plays dice at the tavern; the studious returns to his books.

1.30—Luncheons, *i. e.*, a drink of beer in hall.

2-3.30—Extraordinary lecture.

3.30-5—Ditto.

5—Supper. Much as at dinner.

5.30-8—Study for the serious; roaming about the streets for the frivolous.

8—Curfew rings. "Potations" in hall.

9—Run round quadrangle to warm feet. Bed.—*London Academy.*

Sir Algernon West has recalled Elia's "time-sheet" at the India House. It was a poetical version of Lamb's famous offer to make up for coming to work late by going away early:

"From ten to eleven
Eat breakfast for seven
From eleven to noon
Think I've come too soon.
From noon to one
Think what's to be done.
From one to two
Find nothing to co.
From two to three
Think it will be
A very great bore
To stay till four."

—*New York Evening Post.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
—? —? ! ! ! —?

—*Ex.*

ARTHUR STRINGER is a young Canadian whose poetry, like that of Roberts, Carman, Campbell, Scott and the late Archibald Lampman, finds a ready acceptance at the hands of the editors of American magazines. The *Atlantic Monthly* for August contained a remarkably fine poem of his, which has received high praise both in America and England. As a sample of his work, we reprint the following poem, from the *Century Magazine*:—

ON A CHILD'S PORTRAIT.

Deep in the fluted hollow of its shells
Dimly some echo of the Ocean dwells.

Still in September's fruitage mellow-cored,
The filtered sweets of golden noons are stored.

And shimmering on a bluebird's migrant wings
Some poignant touch of June's lost azure clings.

Still in the rustling sheaf to-day there gleams
The lingering gold of some dead April's dreams.

Still in the cell of one autumnal bee
I find lost Summer in epitome.

And all that better life that I would lead
Writ small in this one childish face, I read.

AN Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the captain if he could find him work on the ship. "Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have some work." The Irishman took hold of one end of the rope, and, showing it to the captain, said: "That's one end, your honor." Then he took hold of the other end and showing it to the captain as before, said, "And that's two ends, your honor." Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope he threw it overboard, saying, "And, faith, there's another end to it, your honor." He was engaged. —*Ex.*

A CLERGYMAN who was very particular about his personal appearance went to preach in a country parish. Finding there was no glass in the vestry, and fearing that his hair might not be quite as smooth as it should be, he asked the clerk if he could get him a glass. The man was gone some minutes, but at length returned and produced a parcel very mysteriously from under his arm. To the astonishment of the clergyman, when it was opened it contained a bottle of whisky with water and a tumbler. "You musn't let on about it, mister," said the clerk, "for I got it as a real favor, an' I shouldn't ha' got it at all bein' church hours, if I hadn't 'a said it was for you."—*Ram's Horn.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1901.

ALBERT HENRY NEWMAN.

The work in McMaster Hall has this year, for the first time in its history, begun without seeing Dr. Newman in his class room. Although not an old man, he was, when he left last May, the oldest in service of all our professors, and the only one remaining of the three with whom our work at Toronto began.

The first time I saw him, Professor Newman was in the Library—what will soon be known as the old Library. The work at McMaster was being organized, and, although October had come, the traces of carpenters and other workmen were not yet gone, and much had to be done to get all in order. Professor Newman was walking in the Library, and I think that that was typical, for, in a sense, he has been in the Library ever since.

Readers of THE MONTHLY will hardly need to be told that his full name is Albert Henry Newman. He was born in the county of Edgefield, in South Carolina, on the twenty-fifth of August, 1852. He was baptized by the Rev. E. A. Steed, then of Thomson, Georgia, and afterwards Professor of Latin in Mercer University. Mr. Steed also prepared him for college, and in 1871 Mr. Newman became a Bachelor of Arts in Mercer University. His Arts course having been taken in the South, Mr. Newman turned to the North for his Theology, and putting

himself under the strong staff of teachers at Rochester Theological Seminary, he graduated in Theology in 1875. For a year after graduation he took special studies, working at Semitics under Professor Toy and at New Testament and Patristic Greek under Professor Broadus. From 1877 to 1881 he was a member of the teaching staff of Rochester Theological Seminary, first as acting Professor and afterwards as Professor of Church History.

It was in 1881 that his work at McMaster began. He was at that time under thirty, and he came to work under Dr. Castle, the newly-appointed Principal of Toronto Baptist College. It will be remembered that, after long discussion, it had been decided to remove to Toronto the work in Theology that had hitherto been done at Woodstock. The late Senator McMaster had promised to erect a building in Queen's Park, and to endow Chairs in the transferred institution. Into this period of transition Professor Newman stepped, and amid many changes, while men came and went, Mr. Newman stayed until he had rounded out the good term of twenty years. With Dr. Newman's departure the seniority of service devolves upon the respected Professor of Old Testament Interpretation.

We have said that when Toronto Baptist College began its work, there were but three professors. This meant that there could not at that time be as highly-developed a division of labour as there is at present. And of the work that had to be done, Professor Newman took his full share. Besides his work in Church History, he took the classes in Hebrew and Greek Exegesis, until the bounty of Mr. McMaster made possible the appointment of a professor for each of the latter two subjects. And when the work of McMaster was broadened by the addition of an Arts course, Dr. Newman's work was again increased by the additional instruction in History and cognate subjects imposed on him by the Arts Curriculum.

There are four aspects of his activity that deserve attention—his work as a teacher, as a preacher, as a writer and as a deacon.

As a teacher he always impressed and amazed me with the vast store of information at his command, and the later experi-

ences of life have only tended to deepen my conviction as to his knowledge of what is the really valuable literature of his subject, and as to the soundness of his historical judgments. He has always displayed a fine enthusiasm for his subject, and has shown uncommon ability to see and appreciate what is of real value in his subject. I have reason to believe that, while he was with us, his erudition was the object of wholesome envy on the part of some of the institutions by which we are surrounded. No small part of Dr. Newman's value as a teacher, was his ability to inspire in his students a desire to pursue the study of Church History after they had left his lecture-room for the more noisy duties of life. That Dr. Newman had all the gifts, no one will maintain, but it must be to us a source of unbounded gratification to reflect, at the end of twenty years, that during all this time we have had among us one whose historical knowledge was so sound and whose acquaintance with his subject so wide, that it may almost be called phenomenal. This gratification must be all the greater when we remember that these are the days of the historical method, and when it is fundamental for students in all departments to have some knowledge at least of the general principles of history, so that they may apply them to the elucidation of their own special subject. I think it is not too much to say that Dr. Newman has succeeded in making, amongst Baptists in Ontario and Quebec, a place for history that it cannot lose for many years to come. And it is no small thing to be able to say that the illustrious successor of Dr. Newman is one of the Doctor's pupils, and that it was he who kindled in Dr. Cross's breast a love for Church History and guided him during the earlier stages of a course that already gives assured promise of proving illustrious and uplifting. In the general shaping of the educational policy and in its advocacy on the platform, Dr. Newman did not take any conspicuous part, but I have been told that in the Faculty meetings his knowledge of the problems of education and of books has helped greatly in reaching conclusions on many questions of principle and of detail.

As a preacher, Dr. Newman did not do very much in the later years of his connection with McMaster, for the presence

of new men in the Faculty who had been trained as preachers, made it possible for him to withdraw himself more and more into those activities where his labours would most effectively tell for the good as well as for the reputation of the University. But in the earlier days he was often heard in the pulpits of the cities and of our smaller towns and rural districts. On many occasions he used to be sent for to preach at anniversary services, and his message at such times was full of light and strength.

As a writer, Dr. Newman has for years been steadily growing in favour, and the rapid strides that he has recently made in public notice in this respect, are but the result of the patient, faithful work he has been doing ever since he was a young man. In this department lies one of the chief contributions that he has to make to his age.

Of his achievements in this direction, the following list, taken from a recent publication, will give some idea:—

"In 1881 and onward he was the translator and annotator of Imner's 'Hermaneutics of the New Testament'; in 1887 he was the author of 'A History of the Churches of the United States'; in 1894 (second edition 1898) he published 'A History of Antipedobaptism from the rise of Pedobaptism to 1609'; the first volume of 'A Manual of Church History' was published in 1900, the second volume is now in press; in 1901 he edited 'A Century of Baptist Achievement.' He assisted Dr. Philip Schaff in the latter's work on 'The Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers,' editing and translating in part, with an Introduction on 'The Manichaean Heresy,' Augustin's Anti-Manichaean Treatises (1887); he was a contributor to Cathcart's Encyclopædia, the American Encyclopædia (Appleton); the Canadian Encyclopædia, the Jewish Encyclopædia, and the Hauck-Herzog 'Real encyclopædie für Protestanische Theologie und Kirche,' the most important and learned theological encyclopædia ever published in any language; and to the great German illustrated work, 'Der Protestantismus am Ende des 19. Jahrunderts in Wort und Bild.' He has been a contributor also to the 'Baptist Quarterly,' the 'Baptist Review,' the 'Baptist Quarterly Review,' the 'Magazine of Christian

Literature,' the 'Hebrew Student,' the 'American Journal of Theology,' and the 'Papers of the American Society of Church History.' He also wrote, at Dr. Schaff's request, shortly before his death, the chapter on 'Mediæval Sects' for vol. V. of his 'History of the Christian Church,' still unpublished. He has written frequently for the 'Seminary Magazine,' the 'Canadian Methodist Magazine,' the 'McMaster University Monthly,' 'Progress,' the 'Independent,' the 'Examiner,' the 'Watchman,' the 'Standard,' the 'Religious Herald,' the 'Christian Index,' the 'Western Recorder,' the 'Baptist Argus,' the 'Baptist Union,' the 'Baptist Commonwealth,' the 'Canadian Baptist,' etc. Among the literary tasks his publishers have laid out for him, besides the completion of the 'Manual of Church History,' now in press, are a large general 'History of the Baptists' and a 'History of Modern Denominations.'"

As a deacon of the Bloor Street Church, Dr. Newman's activity has been great and his influence wide. When he came to Toronto, the church now known as the Bloor Street Church, was worshipping in Yonge Street, a few blocks south of the Canadian Pacific Railway, although at that time there was neither track nor station at North Toronto. Dr. Elmore Harris had just come to the church, known then as the Yorkville Baptist Church, and after a few years of energetic labour, the present building was erected, and the hearth-stone of the church and congregation was moved. Dr. Harris and the succeeding pastors who have served that noble church have ever found in Dr. Newman a friend and an adviser of no ordinary value, and his growing experience with the church gave him unusual knowledge of the needs and the methods of church work in Toronto.

While this is not the place to make extended reference to Mrs. Newman, a sketch of Dr. Newman's connection with McMaster would hardly be complete without some mention of her. The wife of a professor has so many opportunities of showing a personal interest in the students, that these grow to look upon her as a friend and helper. Mrs. Newman was, like her husband, born in the South. Her father and her mother's father were both of them extensive planters, and were both of

them Baptist deacons. She was educated in Alabama and in Tennessee, and in her subsequent career she found scope for the power and education that came to her from these her early advantages. She was married to Professor Newman on the 15th of July, 1873. During her residence in Toronto she was actively engaged in the work of the Bloor Street Church, and in the Women's Missionary Society of Ontario. She has, since 1885, been the editor and business manager of the "Canadian Missionary Link." In these spheres she has exerted a wide influence. It has also been her privilege to make a happy home for her distinguished husband and to secure for him that quiet and freedom from needless interruption that are so necessary for a man of Dr. Newman's habits and pursuits. Her position has also made it possible for her to show attention to the students from year to year—an opportunity of which she was not slow to take advantage, her interest in the students being certainly not lessened by the fact that her own children have been among the number.

As we part with Dr. Newman, we do so with a sense of our own loss, and yet at the same time, since he has seen this to be the line of duty, we follow with our best wishes, both himself and the Institution that has been fortunate enough to secure his services. We feel that he is just entering upon that phase of his life in which he is to do his best work, and while we are sorry that that period cannot be given to us, we are consoled by remembering that during the next twenty years his pen is to be more active than ever, and that we may thus share in the rich harvest of his mental labours, even if he is far away from us.

We may at least indulge the hope that the charms of Muskoka may be strong enough to lure him back to the North for the summers. His study overlooking Lake Joseph, at a convenient and safe distance from his cottage down by the shore, must surely still have charms for him, and those mornings with his books in his study on the rocky hillside, and those afternoons with the fish in some remote corner of the lake from which he finds his way home amid the rich colours of a Muskoka sunset, must surely still seem to him an ideal combination for a

student and a literary man. Our sorrow is therefore softened with the hope of seeing him again, and we rest in the assurance that neither he nor Mrs. Newman can forget their twenty years in Canada.

J. L. Gilmour

SPUDS.

It was the close of winter, with signs of spring in the air, but still winter. The west-bound train moved away from a small station in the Assinaboine valley. A family of half a dozen Galicians—father, mother, a girl and three boys—were left standing on the platform. While the parents were engaged in a spirited debate, one of the boys, who might be anywhere between nine and fourteen years of age, wandered off to see the novel sights of a western station. His garb and shyness drew the attention of a couple of loafers, who, just for a joke, caught the lad and took him to his parents.

"A fine kid, this," said one of them to the Galicians, who, they well knew, could not speak one word of English. "What's his name, eh?"

The foreigners were mystified. They exchanged a few words in their own tongue, and then the woman eagerly held up five fingers.

"What's she mean, Pete?" asked one of them. "Blazes! she's got us now! The kid's name can't be five, can it?..... Say, old woman, what's his name, anyhow?"

The spread palm remained as an answer.

"Well, Dave, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Pete. "I can't make it out. Five.....half-dime.....nickel? It's a caution, aint it?"

But an idea had struck Dave.

"There aint no caution about it," said he. "I bet this 'll fetch her. She's not talkin' about the gaffer's name. See here." He pulled out of his pocket a five-dollar bill, and held it teasingly near the woman.

Her eyes lit up. With one hand she grabbed the note from Dave, and with the other gave her son a push toward the men. "A bargain!" her manner said, and she put the money in her pocket.

"Here! Take your kid, you old fool!" cried Dave.

She was unyielding.

"Hang on to him," Pete bawled out between bursts of uncontrolled laughter. "Just for a joke. Anyhow, you can't make the old lady take him back. You're a man with a family, now. Build a wing on the shack and you can bunk him all right.....Well, Bub, what's your name? We'll get it out this time!"

The bewildered youngster understood nothing, of course; but, bursting into tears, blubbered out something.

"What's he say, Dave? Sounds like soapsuds, bubbles, or some foreign name for soup, that you meet at hotels.....I can't tell.....Call him Spuds. That'll be as near it as we can get. Come on.....See here, kid, stop that cryin'."

Dave—easy-going Dave—yielded, he knew not why, to his friend's jocose pressure, and off they went.

Thus Spuds exchanged two parents for one, with a new name to boot. No wrangling among friends; no tedious christening. So easily done! So appropriate! But if all children were named from the barbarity of their speech, the world would be filled with nobody else but Spudses.

Spuds' new home was not a palace; nothing more than a two-roomed shack well banked with earth. It stood on nobody's land; so rent was cheap. Being roughly built, repairs were of no account. In fact, all expenses were trifling, and easily paid out of the small wages earned by Dave in doing odd jobs on neighboring farms. Dave was content, supremely content, with his home.

After the first two or three weeks spent away from his mother, Spuds became infused with the air of contentment around him, and, child-like, laid aside his care—for a season. He went cheerfully through the tasks Dave taught him to do, and, best of all, began to speak some English. Dave looked upon him as a human being now. It was some compensation

for his increased expenditure. But more than all this, there was the great change that had come over Dave since the boy had come into his life.

A year passed—a motherless year. Yet Dave never heard the child once complain of his lot, or even mention that he had a mother. Feeling guilty, he dared not broach the subject. But one night at the close of this motherless year, while Dave lay asleep in his blankets, Spuds looked at the moon through the dirty, frosted pane, and wondered if his mother saw it too. Then in his crude, foreign English, he said aloud to himself:

"Nine.....ten.....eleven years old.....am now. Am enough small to have one mother yet."

Bravely, without a tremor of lip, without a tear, he laid down and slept soundly.

Between winter and winter, when Dave was away at work during the day-time, Spuds ran and scampered over the prairies. No school! No fixed hours! For many days he took great delight in catching gophers and then killing them, for Dave said they were a pest. But one day it occurred to him that perhaps some of these gentle animals were mothers, whose return was awaited far down in the earth by some little gopher children. After that he always let them go, just for the pleasure of imagining the happy reunion away down below him.

He would chase the young prairie chicken also through the long concealing grass. When he caught one, and the mother's woeful "crouk, crouk" met his ear, he would loose it right away, only to hear the glad change in that "crouk, crouk." How pleasant the reunion was!

Fall came, bright and keen. One morning Spuds announced that no more gophers were above ground. Then they knew that winter had arrived—the same white, windy monotony of five months' duration.

One evening in the early part of March, Dave and Spuds betook themselves to the post-office about two miles distant. Since the boy's arrival the man had been there rarely. This was a good thing, for it lessened the temptation to visit the tavern, whose enticing door stood next to that of the office. When he

did go, he drank but two or three glasses—only of beer. He was certainly changed.

While the mail was being sorted, they loitered around with some acquaintances, breathing the atmosphere of mingled oaths, tobacco-smoke, and gossip. Just before leaving, Dave pulled Spuds aside and entreatingly whispered in his ear:

"See here, Spuds. If you see me goin' to go in that there place next door, you just pull my coat. It's a bad hole, and I want to keep away from it. Don't ever go near it, kid. You 'll pull the coat, eh?"

The boy vigorously nodded assent. Dave's request was sufficient. To make sure of success in any case, he grasped the coat-tail as they passed through the door.

But legions of little demons of temptation suddenly attacked Dave's soul through all of his five senses. He put up a strenuous defence; but the imps at last prevailed. For an instant only he thought of Spuds; then with a wild bolt he broke away from him and burst into the midst of his once boon companions.

The boy followed him inside unobserved.

While Dave was treating the company in honor of his return to his cups, a big, red-faced Englishman drained his glass almost at a gulp and shouted out:

"Yes, Dave, I 'll say, 'Here's to your health!' for you don't often give us the chance. What's got over you?"

"Well," replied Dave, half guilty that his weakness had overcome him, "you see, since I got the kid on my hands, the shack's seemed kind of home-like. I hate to leave the brat alone at nights. If I came here I wouldn't know what to do with him. That's why."

"I 'll tell you what to do with the little Galish," bellowed the big man's voice, as its burly owner dragged the boy from a corner where he had sat unnoticed. "And that's this. We 'll initiate him, boys!.....No, no, hold back there, Dave! We 'll not hurt him, if you let the little beggar be.....Somebody bring me that funnel there on the table. Now hand me that bottle of rye. Here goes, boys!"

And Dave stood by laughing—a sickly laugh.

"It's a bad hole!" Dave's warning struck Spuds forcibly;

so he fought with fists and feet for his life. No useless energy was spent in calling for help. He only fought, fought, fought. In vain! The sight of Dave, his only friend, standing coolly by, unnerved him, and he gave in. As he lay face upwards on a bench, and felt the liquor almost choking him, he opened his eyes and saw a hand he knew so well holding the bottle. Sorrow first, then indignation, then anger, mastered him in their turn, and he forgot all of his tormentors—except Dave. They left him at last. Discretion told him to remain quiet.

Soon his head began to swim. The clatter of glasses and voices seemed to swirl round and round him. Images in his mind waved up and down, and wobbled zigzag sideways, until he felt himself suddenly drop into a vast, blank something. He knew no more till he perceived himself returning to the hubbub inversely as he had left it.

A loud scuffling and shouting was the first thing of which he was really conscious. He listened closely. Joy! They were going to fill Dave up as they had filled him. An even score. What a pleasure it was to hear the helpless gurgling in Dave's throat!

Such were the boy's feelings for some time. But when he realized that it was a longer operation to fill Dave than himself, alarm took their place. He thought of Dave's kindness to him. Then remorse followed alarm; then action. Suddenly he sprang up and rushed toward the group of men. He jerked the funnel from Dave's mouth, flung it in the big Englishman's face, and proceeded to kick the others with all his might. So unexpected had been the lad's onset, that the men backed off and cowardlike took a sudden departure.

It was already two o'clock. Dave was in a deep, deep slumber, and the problem was how to get him home. They had no horse, nor would the tavern-keeper lend them one. Besides, they were not to be allowed to pass the night in the bar. Dave was dragged into the stable and left there.

But Spuds knew that it was too cold for a man to lie all night like that. He slipped out of doors, and in a few minutes returned with a large board he had succeeded in tearing from a tumbledown shed. In one end of it he found a protruding

nail. He bent it over and fastened to it a piece of old cord. With little difficulty he rolled Dave on this rude sled, and drew him home away over the smooth, hard crust of the prairie snow.

It was cold, oh! so cold! The air had a cold smell, and the stars shot cold, snappy gleams. Spuds was so chilled himself that he began to have fears for his charge. Every two or three rods he would stop for a minute or two and rub energetically the icy hands and face of the sleeping man. This was his only thought. Several instalments of advance in this manner brought him to the shack. He laid his hand upon the latch.

A new thought held him for a moment. He forgot all about Dave, the events of the night, the blurred past, and looked longingly into the future—an instant. Would he ever have a mother again? That was all.

Dave was dragged in, and almost smothered in blankets. The boy lit a fire and sat down in a chair to watch till the sleeper should awake.

Two or three mornings after this, Dave went to town and did not return for several days. The forenoon after he came back he sat down in front of their little stove and assumed a thoughtful look. At times he would glance awkwardly at Spuds who was scrubbing the floor. Soon he called the boy timidly and beckoned to him:

"Here, Spuds.....I.....I feel....."

He stopped and began again.

"Spuds, I feel mean, devilish mean, I do. You see, youngster, when I bought you.....Here, don't stare so! Wait'll I finish.....When I bought you from your mother, it was all for a joke. I scarce knew myself how it was done, till it was done. I'm blamed sorry, I am. Pretty slow time for a kid like you to live with a lonely old man like me, aint it? But seein' I had you, I did the best I could. The other day.....the other day I went into town and looked up your mother. It took a long time, but I found where she is. Your daddy's got a good job, he has, and so they're not hard up.....But I've been thinkin' ....."

Dave broke off a moment, visibly moved.

"I was thinkin'," he began as firmly as he could, "that seein' they 're in good shape, perhaps you'd like to go back to them. I'll take you in to-morrow.....But, I tell you.....I tell you, youngster, I'll be powerful sorry to part with you. Call me a brute for what I did the other night. I'll never..... never....."

Dave buried his face in his hands and wept.

Spuds was as silent as the eternal prairies he loved. A new idea had entered his soul. He had always believed that his separation from his mother was something natural to everyone's life for a time. But to be sold! Why, Dave sold sheep like that! The idea wrenched his spirit, and confused his mind. What could she think of her children? What could he think of her? Who had done the most for him?.....That person was his mother, no one else!

Suddenly he emerged from this mêlée of questions. Walking over to Dave, he said, caressingly:

"Dave, you 're my mother, you. I'll stay with you."

And Dave kissed Spuds on the forehead—the first kiss for years.

W. Sherwood Fox.

HUMOR IN STATISTIC-GATHERING.

A fund of humor would scarcely be expected in the preparation of a table of Mortality Statistics. Nevertheless, occasions for smiling, and sometimes for a hearty laugh, are found in reading the age-stained application papers stored by thousands in the vaults of life assurance offices. Data is at present being collected from such papers by leading companies for the specialized mortality investigation to be made under the direction of the Actuarial Society of America. This investigation will concern itself with the duration of lives classified according to occupation, family history, personal health record, and so forth.

Among the somewhat humorous phases of this preliminary work a not uncommon one is the finding of a more or less severe hit at medical men, of the sort that people in general are prone to make—until some personal need arises demanding professional aid. One man's answer to the question as to the name of his regular medical attendant is emphatic: "Haven't one, and never intend to." Another, in referring to his father's death, says: "I don't know whether the disease or the doctors killed him—I think it was both." Not a few consider that they have given information quite full enough in stating that such a relative died "from natural causes"—in which case, it is to be presumed, the physician is fully exculpated.

Occasionally the local medical examiner is "pleased to be facetious," as the wife of Goldsmith's "Vicar" would say. One, in reporting upon an applicant, states that "his teeth are discolored by tobacco, but the use of this (I am sorry to say) is hardly likely to shorten his life." Another applicant is reported upon thus: "He is now the picture of health and sobriety. What he may become Heaven only knows." That one medico, at least, is not inclined to overestimate the work of his profession is evident from his statement that a certain person has apparently enjoyed good health all his life, having had no medical interference.

Upon enquiry from head office as to the cause of an applicant decreasing in weight, the local examiner replies: "Mr. A—— informs me that the only way he can account for loss in weight is that last July he was selling oil for one dollar and twenty cents per barrel, which had a fattening effect on his system; while at the present time he gets only eighty-five cents for the same commodity." The "fattening effect" of petroleum has been seldom more forcefully illustrated even in advertisements of patent emulsions.

Among the private friends' reports accompanying applications, perhaps the most noteworthy is the following: "He is an extraordinary man for eating potatoes, but his other habits are good. He is a born teetotaler." Asked whether a certain applicant was active or sedentary, a friend writes: "Both, he rides a bicycle."

But it is the statements of applicants themselves that prove the most interesting. Information with regard to relatives' deaths is so oddly put at times, that the reader forgets the underlying pathos. A sad enough series of facts is told in a vivid but rather an unusual way by one applicant in this manner: "My brother fell down a well and was drowned; was brought back to life again; lived seven months, took a fever, and died." Those who may doubt that the capacity for intense passion has survived to these prosaic days will be interested in the statement of one applicant, that his brother "died at the age of twenty-three, of no particular disease, but of a broken heart from being disappointed in love."

Paternal pride glows strong in this statement by a fond father: "I have one child; he is in good health, and a perfect little devil." An applicant of over sixty remarks concerning his mother that she is living at the age of about one hundred years, "health being good, but not very active." One can imagine the carefulness with which the medical director would feel compelled to examine into the application of a man whose mother ceased doing house-work after a mere century of mundane existence.

In contrast to this is a statement stretching credulity, with regard to a parent who "died at the age of 5." A supplementary memo. shows that the omission of a mere zero has made a noticeable difference in this case. A father of one applicant "had a leg taken off which healed up but fell from a chair and never got out of bed after"—altogether a somewhat complex case to diagnose, if paralleled by the difficulty in analyzing the sentence itself. Little less complex is the culinary achievement of the man who "ate a mixture of onions, buckwheat, and milk, of his own compounding, which resulted in an illness of three months."

But the finding of more or less amusing statements is only one incident in a task which constantly reminds those engaged in it that they are dealing with the records of individual lives —each of them with its own world of interests, its own striving, its own joys and sorrows. Sometimes in the bare statement of family history the collator of facts instinctively sees between

the lines glimpses of individual or family pathos and suffering —some closet skeleton that seldom sees the light of day, a tragedy even that forces upon him the realization that every-day life is made up of the same elements from which dramatists evolve their most moving creations. These, of course, are sacred from the public gaze. The bold array of final mathematical tables gives no hint of the joys and sorrows that went with the pulsations of these myriad hearts. Useful these tables are—indispensable to life insurance science—but abstract and somewhat cold, no longer throbbing with individual human life.

STAMBURY R. TARR, '95.

NATURE IN MUSKOKA.

"The wild and free magnificence of Nature in her lavish hours, doth steal—with admiration secret and intense—the soul of him who hath a soul to feel." So sang Longfellow of the "river moving on its ceaseless way, the verdant reach of meadows fair and green, and the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene." But how much greater its power and fascination when we stand in the presence of Nature built on a grander magnificence, when forest, lake, and rock seem locked in one embrace, mingled and blended in ideal beauty.

Standing one evening upon a rocky headland on the shores of Lake Joseph in Muskoka, we felt the inspiration, and realized to some extent the glory, of those Highlands of Canada, as we gazed upon the first sunset we saw there. Slowly a column of cloud rose from out a bank of cloud that lay "cradled near the setting sun." The line was drawn up until it had lifted itself high into the clear blue sky; then leisurely it divided into fragments, and each floated away to its own place, gently wafted onward by the evening zephyr. They floated away, but as it went each cloudlet shimmered and shone, touched into brilliance by the "golden glory of the west."

We had seen other sunsets like this, but never one with such a beautiful natural setting. One of the fairest scenes of fair Muskoka lay beneath the eye. The lake itself, clear, dark blue, and deep, mirrored the rough and rugged scene around. Far away the water stretched, broken by headland and island, some rising stern and bare, the flinty rock defying the attacks of wind and wave; some nestled close to the bosom of the lake, as if to catch the spirit of the deep; others curved gracefully upward, their steep slopes wooded thickly with the varied and luxuriant green; while back of, and around all, stretched the forest which seemed to encircle and hold within its clasp the lovely panorama of water, headland, and island. Over all was flung a rich golden hue, the soft and subdued brilliance of the sun, slowly sinking in the west. So we watched it, and saw it die away, the shadows creeping higher and higher, the light shooting from headland to headland, the whole scene varying as light and shadow played alternately upon it, until at length only a few lofty peaks shone, looking like beacon lights. Suddenly the peaks disappeared, the light vanished, and night had wrapped its mantle about it all.

This was our introduction to our new Nature-friend, Muskoka. Muskoka! how can it be described? The majesty, beauty, witchery, weirdness, loneliness, variety, and the noble grandeur of it all, place it beyond description. Its perfect maze of water, of bays running inland, of headlands reaching far out into the lake, the view shut off by island after island, always before one there is that delightful uncertainty which keeps the traveller on the *qui vive*, followed by the agreeable surprise and exclamation as the new and varied beauty breaks in upon one. What strikes the visitor perhaps more than anything else, is the endless variety of the scenery. Scene after scene is met, but all are touched with that infinite variety of which Nature is so lavish. The rocks have been subjected to the fierce tyranny of the lightning and the elements, and carved into those fantastic shapes which suit Nature's fancy. In the forest dress is displayed the same prodigal variety. The lighter green of maple, elm, birch, white birch, beech, basswood, poplar, and cottonwood, are mingled and contrasted with the

darker and still varied green of pine, hemlock, spruce, cedar, and balsam.

Of course the chief charm of Muskoka lies in its mingling of water, island, and shore; the water of that deep, dark blue, that characterizes the waters of those rocky northern coasts; the islands and shore with their rich and varied mantle of green contrasting and blending with the endless change. To visit those hidden charms, and see them at their best, one must approach from the water; and for exploring this mazy labyrinth there is nothing like the canoe. What a companion a canoe is! Light and graceful as a bird whose home is the water, it glides and bounds, rises and falls, mounts the crest of the wave, or cuts through it with a poetry of motion which cannot be excelled. Beside it a boat is heavy, cumbersome, and awkward. How sensitive and yet how brave a thing the canoe is! It trembles like a timid, frightened creature at the rough play of the water upon it, but it never fails to respond to the spirit of its guide. Like a clinging dependent, if left to itself it reels, and rocks, and cowers before the onslaught of the elements; but if the spirit controlling it be strong, masterful, and fearless, he has a bark that will play itself in the roughest gale blowing on those inland lakes. Sometimes it seems endowed with a kindred and congenial spirit. Every mood, whim, passion, or desire, seems to find its satisfaction in the light frail craft. Do you wish to indulge in day dreams? Turn your canoe loose, and it will drift lazily upon the surface of the deep, with gentle motion responding to the heaving of the swell. With the clear sky overhead, the fairy scene around, and the gentle rocking motion, nothing could be more conducive or helpful to the mood—when fancy and imagination carry you away into dreamland, and leave far behind the stern realities of life. If you feel within you the restless energy of youth, and that wild desire to escape from the thraldom of you know not what, when relief comes only through motion and combat, launch your canoe and you will find it one of the most responsive agents that could be met. It will shiver and quiver under the strong stroke of the paddle; it will bound forward like a hunted creature under the impulse of muscle and sinew; while

the action of the waves, as they toss, and pitch, and battle with the light shell, will satisfy the most restless spirit seized with a mania for "go" and "fight."

Some of the most pleasant memories of Muskoka are of those times spent in the canoe. Out in the middle of the lake, or threading some of the many intricacies in the shape of bays and channels, we felt the spirit of the past brooding over the scene; the past, when the noble Red Man roamed its unbroken forest and built his wigwam upon its bold headlands, from which the smoke curled lazily to heaven; happy in his dream of an ideal existence. That subtle, mysterious impression which overtakes the spirit, as we live over in imagination the lives of those simple children of Nature, was experienced in all its force and novelty. Half Indian we felt as we sent back the answer to the birds in their own call, or made the woods ring with our voice, and then caught the echoes as the call was flung back by rock and forest, or listened to it resounding faintly far down the bays. At other times we would launch the canoe and go out to battle with the elements. Bareheaded and exposed to sun and wind, we would point the frail shell into the waves, tossing, pitching, moaning, as if seized with that demon of unrest which possesses the ocean. Scudding before the wind we would go, until far out in the midst of the tumult; then, turning about, the combat of arm and eye against wind and wave would commence. The angry waves, topped by their white-caps, surged against her, but the delicate thing, held steady by the paddle, rode them all buoyantly and gracefully. Next, just as we rose on the crest of the wave, a gust of wind would try its power to turn us into the trough of the sea, but a turn of the wrist, a sweep of the blade, and she met the next wave fairly, rising lightly as a feather, the water purling beneath her keel.

But the climax of all was the moonlight nights Those perfectly calm nights when the lightest wind had gone to rest and the great pulse of the place had ceased to beat, the moon would rise in stately dignity and take her place as queen of the night. Bright and beautiful were her heralds. The peaks caught the glow, and while the earth lay in the heavy shadow

of the night, the high places glistened and shone, obedient to their sovereign coming to her throne. Quickly the glory sped on, headland after headland caught the light, brighter and brighter grew the scene around, the effulgence of it all swept down, until highland and lowland, island, bay, forest, and lake, shone white and beautiful, robed in the silvery state-dress of the queenly moon. It was impossible to resist the witchery of the night, we seemed in an enchanted land. As under a spell we talked with the spirit of the place which seemed to walk about openly. Island, shore, headland, lay pictured in the glittering deep so perfectly, that except within touch of the shore, it was impossible to tell where shore and shadow met.

Far down the bays the deception of the real and the shadowy could be seen, looking like an endless vista, upon which the senses could not feed to satisfaction. Cradled on the bosom of the deep we felt a part of the lovely scene, so much in accord was our spirit with the mystic beauty of the night. It was delight to excess to paddle over the burnished waste, the paddle blade gleaming silvery and bright, then turning, float back bathed and buried in the track of light the moon left in the water. The pleasing solitude, the beauty, the solemn, almost oppressive calmness, the majesty, glory, brilliance, delight, and perfect witchery of it all, are simply beyond any powers of description. Then as never before, the sense of the Divine presses down upon the spirit, and with the world banished far away, He teaches His lessons, and speaks His messages to those children of His who can read Him in the twinkling of the stars, the silvery glimmer of the moon, the cloudlet gold-tipped, the rocks bearing the stamp of His Eternity, the forest calm and majestic in its repose, and the waters upon whose fair brow Time writes no wrinkles.

So, fair Muskoka, thou art a memory dear,
Yet on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart,

for, like Byron,

I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

A. T. McNeill, '01.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO TORONTO.

A dull leaden sky, blotting out the feeble autumn sun, heavy, lowering clouds and intermittent showers ushered in the eventful day that was to witness one of the greatest demonstrations of loyalty that Toronto has ever seen. The black branches and limbs of the trees were laden with yellow and brown leaves, which hung lifeless from the boughs. The flags hung limp on their staffs, and the soaked bunting hung drooping over the wet slippery pavement, deserted and silent save for a solitary pedestrian now and then, or the rattle and roar of the street-car at regular intervals.

But hark! The lively strains of a military band enliven the spirits of the throngs which by this time are beginning to gather on the street, and the next moment the redcoats swing into view, the bright appearance of their tunics and helmets, and the lively music of the bugles, lending life and color to the sombre scene. A few, short, quick commands, and they have lined the street and are standing at ease waiting for the Duke. The crowds grow denser, and cheerfully brave rain and fatigue to catch a glimpse of Prince George and his Royal Consort.

At last the distant booming of artillery and the progress of Lord Minto break the long wait, but yet this is not the Duke—not he who is awaited. Again the thunders of the guns,—twenty-one of them, this time—announcing the Duke's arrival, boom out, and instinctively the soldiers straighten up, and the people breathe faster and crowd closer. Here come the police, then the cavalry, the bodyguard, and at last the Duke himself. As he passes along, the crowds burst into a thunderous cheer and strain forward for a better view. But in a few moments the carriage has passed, and has disappeared up the street followed by that tumultuous wave of shouts and cheers that everywhere greets the Royal Pair. Then the soldiers form, wheel and march away, the crowds disperse, and the street is once more silent and abandoned to the steady drizzle.

But as the evening closes in, the city bursts into a blaze of light. Arches, residences, and the stately edifices of administra-

tion and justice, are outlined and all ablaze with lines and arches and circles of light. Parks and lawns throughout the city seem like fairyland, hung and festooned with softly glowing, red-tinted Chinese lanterns. And over all the long white, restless finger of the electric search light in the tower strayed to and fro, up and down over the surging multitudes, the sloping roofs, and away out on the heaving surface of the lake.

Farther and farther it flashed, out over the lake and shore, and up into the dark sky, as if striving to tell the whole world of Canada's loyalty to King and Empire, a loyalty fully proven on many a hard-fought battle field on the blood-stained South African veldt.

JOHN B. MCLAURIN, '05.

THE ROYAL VISIT: ANOTHER SKETCH.

One of the most memorable days in the annals of the historic capital of Upper Canada occurred on Thursday, October 10th, when Toronto opened wide her gates to welcome her future king. The loyalty that lives in all true Canadian hearts greeted George, Duke of Cornwall and York, and Her Royal Highness, the Duchess, on their first visit to the Queen City of Canada. For days before, the waves had been gathering and the tide of enthusiasm rising, till on the eventful day "one wave mightier than the rest, gathering half the deep, and full of voices, broke, roaring," and all Toronto was borne along in its tide of jubilee and rejoicing.

For hours, the streets through which the royal procession was to proceed were thronged with people waiting to hail the Prince and Princess. The marshalling of eleven thousand soldiers—the pride and pick of Canada's citizen soldiers—fanned the patriotic flame that needed only the presence of the nation's Prince to excite it to its fullest intensity.

The Royal Pair, on their arrival at the station, were greeted by a chorus of six thousand children. Though the rain fell in unwelcome showers, the little songsters sang with the

enthusiasm of birds in springtime. Again and again they burst into song, fluttering their flags and cheering in a wild excitement of joy. This was the beginning of the mighty wave of enthusiastic welcome that passed along the lines as the royal carriage proceeded on its way. The wave rolled on, increasing in volume, and gathering in majesty and strength till, at the City Hall, it broke in an overwhelming climax of song, when hundreds of voices joined in bidding the Prince of England, Hail!

The great, pulsing heart of the people found some expression in the thousand welcomes flung across the streets, and the greetings tendered from homes and public places. Bunting and banners waved everywhere. Purple and gold, and blue and crimson, proudly greeted the approach of royalty.

But it was not till night that the full splendour of the city's welcome was made visible. Buildings seemed transformed into walls of glittering jewels. The City Hall and the Temple Building blazed with a brilliancy and glory almost bewildering. An arch on Bay Street, surmounted by a massive crown, sparkled with a wealth of emeralds, pearls and rubies. Opening from University Avenue into Queen's Park was the Manufacturers' Arch, its gold and green and russet colors beautifully blended by the lights that shone softly around it. Looking from the arch, through the Park to the Parliament Buildings, the scene was like a fairyland. The trees, hung with lighted lanterns, looked like an orange grove laden with its yellow fruit. The massive outlines of the stately Legislative Building, streaming with their myriad lights, rose up proud and lordly against the darkness of the sky. Over all, the search-lights of the city fell, spelling out the nation's prayer, and adding to the witchery that held the entranced beholder in its power.

A fairyland indeed it seemed. Through the open windows of the spacious halls came sounds of revelry. Youth and age, beauty and chivalry, bowed low to the prince of noble name and the lady of sweet worth. Without, the exit door was guarded by brave cavaliers with glittering swords and helmets; and as they bore away in martial manner, the Royal Prince of

the empire, the mighty masses breathed the universal prayer, "Long live the King!" "God-speed the Royal Party!"

Then, "darkness dropped the curtain, and pinned it with a star."

ANNIE M. MCNEILL, '03.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.*

One spring morning a number of years ago, two students were strolling among the trees behind the Hall. They were seniors. They had reached that stage in their development when they were more conscious of the knowledge acquired than of the process of its acquirement. They talked of the great men of old who had given their lives in the effort to solve the riddle of existence and to understand the mystery of life. They thought with awe of those seers who had questioned their own souls, who had searched the hearts of men, and who had looked up to the stars for an answer to the daring query of the finite, Whence? and Whither? They thought with sadness of the meagreness of their answers, they even dared to pity these great questioners. Perhaps it was because of the spirit of the Spring. Perhaps it was because for them it was the spring-time of life. But the one quoted these words,—

> "The year's at the spring,
> And day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven,
> The hillside's dew-pearled:
> The lark's on the wing;
> The snail's on the thorn;
> God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

The other said, "That is the difference. These asked their questions that they might know the real in which to trust; we trust in the real and ask the questions as a pastime. These men, out upon a tempestuous sea, knew not the way, and were painfully struggling for a glimpse of the harbor-light; we, con-

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*This is the second of a series of articles by a graduate dealing with various topics of interest to our graduates and undergraduates.—EDITOR.

fident of the wisdom and power of God as revealed in Jesus, are unmoved by the tumult about us." That it was so, was because of the faith in the Christ which had surrounded them in their homes and in their college. That they thought it would always be so, was because they were young.

These two students left shortly after this conversation, to assume positions of responsibility. The one became pastor of a church. Then began a new era in his experience. His attempt was to produce within men a faith in the realities in which he trusted. To this end he sought to make them conscious of these realities, and to point them to the evidences of their existence. That was a course in "Evidences" which could not be "crammed" for examinations. The effort to express that which had produced his faith, led to a revelation of the fact that his faith had not been produced, consciously at least, by a consideration of evidence. He could not ask men to believe simply because he believed. He could not believe simply because his parents and professors had done so. The dream of the spring day was rudely interrupted. He must search, as others had, for the real in which to trust. He, too, must now, in the tumult of life and thought, painfully search for a glimpse of the harbor-light.

That is an experience which comes to every man who would "point faltering ones up the height." It may come in different ways, but to many the test of ability will be responsibility. It is well for a man if at such a time he can understand the meaning of his perplexity. We do not now speak of the silly twaddle of the weak worldling who lightly lisps out the awful perplexities of the great questioners as an excuse for his own moral perversity and cowardice. We speak of the doubt of that man who would be God-like, though there be no God; who would be Christ-like, though Christ be merely a perfect example and not a divine revelation; who would struggle to overcome sin, though he must do it alone, unaided by divine strength; who would follow the Christ, though the Prince of this World were the God of the Universe, and though he in so doing be damned now and eternally. If men follow the Christ, not when they say, "Lord, Lord!" but when they would do

the things which he commands, may we not say that a man believes most truly in God when he would be God-like, even though he doubt the existence of a Supreme Being who embodies these God-like qualities. Let no such man fear the doubt. Let him face it. To face and not to fear doubt is the work of the sincere man. But he would do well to recognize the fact that his perplexity is caused, not by an unwillingness to believe in God, nor yet by a positive doubt of his existence, but by the incompleteness of his search.

Many Christians share the opinion of a certain minister who recently told an inquiring student that his perplexities were the result of his intellectual conceit. Others would go still further, and denounce as sinful any attempt to exercise the reason in the endeavor to understand the nature of spiritual experience. On the other hand we hear much, in these days, of the "Search for God." Those using the phrase imply that God's relationship to the world is conditioned by such a search, and that faith in Jesus as the accredited revelation of God is its result. Do not these extreme statements result from much the same misunderstanding of God's relation to men?

The voice within that speaks with supreme authority commands a man to do right. Right, to one living in the healthy environment of a Christian home, is the will of Jesus as the perfect revelation of the nature of God. That change of nature, which manifests itself in a desire to obey the Supreme command, expresses itself, in such an one, in that which we call faith in Jesus. Such an one is not conscious of making any search for God, but he is supremely conscious that God has searched for him, and in the light of that countenance he feels the awfulness of his own sin. Moreover, as the voice is not silenced by intellectual perplexity, can we say that the ability of God to touch a man's heart is conditioned by the truth of a man's conceptions? Must we not recognize the mystic meaning of these words, "the wind bloweth were it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit"? Do we not come dangerously near limiting Jesus to a name and making God an idol when we identify that which

we term faith with belief in the revelation in Christ of the perfection of God, rather than with belief in the perfection which is revealed in Christ? Whatever our answers may be to these queries, the fact remains that uncertainty concerning the former is due to intellectual perplexity, while doubt respecting the latter is due to moral perversity.

Now, penitence, which is the mark in a sinful man of belief in the perfection revealed in Jesus, is not produced by a consideration of evidence. It is produced by God. But it is not God's way to do for a man that which a man may do. A man cannot bring about the mystic change of the "new birth," but a man may, and must seek "to understand these things." That belief in Jesus which manifests itself as a desire to do the things which he commands is neither the end of his search for God, nor yet in any way its result. Rather it is the beginning of that search and is itself the cause.

Happy indeed is that man whose lot has been cast in a home of believing parents and in a college of believing men. Thrice happy is the man who responds to the vision of absolute holiness and love, when as yet he has not questioned that Jesus is the revelation of the God that is, and that the impression of holiness speaks of the presence of God. The necessity of the search will not come upon him until he has sufficient moral and mental strength for the test, nor yet until he has in his own spiritual experience the requisite data to solve his problems.

C.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION.*

The Committee on Education respectfully submit the following for adoption by this Convention :—

As a Convention we desire to give thanks to Almighty God for the blessings which have come to our people and to the world through our educational institutions.

Acadia University, whose beginnings date back nearly

*Report adopted at the Convention held in Winnipeg, July, 1900. Published even at this late date for the purpose of permanent record.

three-quarters of a century, founded in faith and self-sacrifice by men who loved God and truth, the Alma Mater of many preachers, missionaries, teachers and leaders of affairs who have served well their day and generation, has performed and is performing a noble service in the provinces by the sea.

Grande Ligne, growing out of the consecration of that noble heroine, Madame Feller, who came over the seas at the call of God to give her life to French-Canadian evangelization, has done a great work in a cause that from a national and spiritual standpoint alike makes large claims upon evangelical Christianity.

McMaster University, established upon foundations laid in the Canadian Literary Institute more than forty years ago, and seeking to realize the great educational ideals of Robert Alexander Fyfe and to perpetuate in these later days with enlarged facilities and opportunities the self-denying spirit and manly sincerity of those whom he taught and inspired, is acknowledged at the end of the first ten years of its completer academic life to be a powerful factor in the work of our churches, from the New Brunswick line to the Pacific coast, and upon the mission fields of India and Bolivia.

Brandon College, which has just entered on its career with much encouragement, not only in the attendance of students, but in the deep and practical sympathy of our people east and west, is looking out with hopefulness on the great field of opportunity before her in the great and growing Middle West, making it her paramount aim, to the utmost of her power, to develop and mould the life of the people for God.

In view of the past of blessing, the present of duty and the future of opportunity and responsibility in our educational work, there are certain things which should be distinctly enunciated and emphasized in this First National Convention of our people.

1. There should be a clear recognition that our schools exist as an integral part of our work as disciples of Jesus Christ, and that it is not our aim merely to produce our share of educated men and women in the community, but rather to fashion, develop, and adjust lives with a view to the purpose of Christ in the redemption of men.

2. In view of the fact that this Christian educational work is concerned with the culture and inspiration of the *life* itself, we recognize its essential relation to every department of our evangelistic and missionary work.

3. In view of the essentially spiritual character of our work it is of the utmost importance that our schools should be intrenched in the hearts of those who love God, and have that mind in them which was also in Christ Jesus.

4. In view of the special conditions under which the work at the present time is being prosecuted by Feller Institute at Grande Ligne and by Brandon College, we commend the work in these institutions to the sympathy and support of the friends of Christian education in the other provinces as well as to those within their immediate constituencies.

5. We have learned with satisfaction that our brethren in British Columbia have come into possession of the nucleus of an educational fund in the form of a house and two lots in the city of Vancouver; that the Convention of that province is waiting only for the opportune time to begin educational work after the model of that being done already in other provinces; and that the importance of a Christian institution of learning, controlled by the churches of the Convention, is receiving the sympathetic attention, not only of pastors and teachers, but also of men of affairs who, it is confidently believed, will contribute freely according to the measure of their prosperity, to the establishment and support of a Baptist school in British Columbia.

Editorial Notes.

THE Annual Founder's Day celebration will be of more than ordinary interest, and it is therefore confidently hoped that a large number of the friends of the University may come to the city to participate in the festivities of the occasion. In addition to the usual exercises there will be special functions in connection with the opening of our new chapel and library, and also a conference of the Alumni in place of the annual public meeting which was omitted last May. On the evening of Wednesday, December the 18th, the undergraduates will have their annual Christmas dinner. On Thursday afternoon the formal opening of the chapel and library will take place, and in the evening the Faculty and students give their annual Reception. Friday will be a busy day. In the morning and afternoon the Alumni will hold two sessions, with a luncheon intervening, and in the evening the exercises will conclude with a public meeting in the new chapel, at which an address will be delivered by President Faunce of Brown University. Such an interesting series of meetings ought to attract a large number of our graduates from neighboring towns and cities. This is the first time in the history of the Alumni Association that such a conference as is proposed will have been held, and much will depend on the degree of success that is achieved this year. For some time it has been felt that something more was needed than the annual public meeting in May if the interests of the University and the Alumni were to be served, and consequently the Executive Committee decided to try the experiment of a conference. Papers on live topics will be read by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, Rev. J. B. Kennedy, Dr. Wilson Smith, Mr. W. W. Charters and others, and adequate opportunity will be given for discusion. Full particulars will appear in the *Canadian Baptist*. Entertainment will be provided for all members of the Alumni who signify their intention of being present. Arrangements will also be made with the railways for cheap rates. Let all who can possibly do so come to these meetings and make them a great success. To facilitate matters in connection with entertainment it is requested that all intending to be present notify the Secretary, Professor McLay. Attention to this will lessen labor and prevent disappointment.

Book Reviews.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOME OF ITS EVIDENCES.*

In this revised and enlarged form we have a lecture given in 1890, by the then premier of Ontario, at a summer resort in New Hampshire, U. S. A few months later, it was delivered before a Christian Endeavor Society in Woodstock, Ont. The newspapers made much of it at the time, and it was published in pamphlet form. In 1898, it was repeated before the medical students of Toronto; and now, with appendix and index, it is put again upon the market. The distinguished author has never claimed for his essay the dignity of a philosophic dissertation. He simply gives the public the result of his own personal study of the subject. As the production of a lawyer, the treatise is logical in form; as the work of a man of affairs, it is popular in style; as the utterance of a Christian, it is reverent in spirit. Any one wishing a practical handbook of apologetics, would do well to secure this publication of our Lieut.-Governor. P. K. D.

MARTINA MERIDEN.†

This is one of a series of excellent stories for girls published by the American Baptist Publication Society. The incidents are interesting, and the lesson the book teaches, though not obtrusively emphasized, is clearly indicated. Martina Meriden's experience leads ter to recognize that to rest content with good resolutions does not bring real satisfaction, and that even in doing good deeds she must be actuated by higher motive than desire to receive credit for doing them. Happiness comes to her when she learns that life should be lived "for His sake." The story is a wholesome one, and might well be in every Sunday School library. B.

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* Christianity and Some of its Evidences. By Sir Oliver Mowat. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

† Martina Meriden, or What is My Motive? By Mrs. A. E. Johnson. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: R. V. BELLAMY, '02.

A PROMINENT feature of our college athletic life is Field Day; a prominent feature of our recent Field Day, held Oct. 25th, was the establishment of three new records. All the elements combined to grace the occasion, and in this they too broke their record; for in previous years rain or cold weather has generally visited us. Entries were numerous, competition in most of the events was keen, and the attendance was large. Moulton was there in charming array, and the fair eyes of the young ladies doubtlessly "rained influence" upon the gallant contestants. The different classes had vied with each other in the preparation of gay banners, which fluttered proudly over the grand stand. The royal red of the dignified seniors was conspicuous, and so was the celestial white of the theologs, whose banner bore Hebrew inscriptions and a certain merry interjection, "Kee oo" (evidently of Hebrew origin also); both of which are indicative of much levity; while the true blue standard of the juniors and the yellow and green of the sophomores and freshmen served as rallying points for those who were not fortunate enough to be either seniors or theologs. Among the students there seemed to be a vague unrest, such as one might observe about a disturbed bee-hive; and many inimical glances were cast at rival banners. Some thought that these banners would look ever so much better if torn into pieces, which might be kept as souvenirs. Nobody dared declare war, however, so the day passed without one of those bloodless battles which delight the heart of man and woman.

To turn now to the sports themselves:—From the result of the pole vault, McMaster can claim the highest position among Canadian colleges; for did not Haydon, by using a pole judiciously, mount nine feet and eleven inches into the unstable air? This height has not been reached by any other Canadian college student, and we suppose that in distant years new generations of McMasterites will look back at this record, and wonder at the exploits of the mighty men of agility who preceded them. Ed. Mihell, of class '04, cut off more than one second from the college record for the half-mile run, covering the distance in 2 minutes 16⅕ seconds. In the high jump, C. C. Sinclair added another inch to his former record of 5 feet 1 inch; and might have done better if he had been forced to it by able competition. The 100 yard dash caused a lively contest between Haydon and J. B. McArthur, who ran a dead heat in the finals. They decided the matter by running again, when McArthur won by a small lead. The team race, which is probably the most exciting event on the programme, was won by class '04.

On summing up the results of the whole contest, it was found that C. C. Sinclair, '02, had captured nineteen points, which secured for him the McNaught Challenge Cup and the Chancellor's medal. A. E. Haydon, of Theology, and G. C. Lamont, '03, each made fifteen points, and are thereby entitled to the Association medals. The points scored by the different classes, and which are counted in the contest for the Matthews' Inter-Year Cup, are as follows :—'02, 22 ; '03, 35 ; '04, 21 ; '05, 14 ; Theology, 16. The Executive are much indebted to those gentlemen who assisted in the capacity of field officers, and also to 'Varsity Athletic Association, for the use of their excellent grounds and grand-stand.

At the end of this department we present a complete list of the events, with the respective winners of them.

J. A. McLean, '02, has the distinction of being the first representative of this term to taste of the hospitality of a sister institution. He went to the Convocation Dinner at Trinity University, and came back reporting an excellent time.

They were talking about college yells. Said the freshman, "I don't see the sense in that word 'fitz' in our yell—'Boom-Fitz-Boom' ; how did it ever come to be used?" Whereupon the sapient theolog. made reply : "It 'fits' in, don't you see?" Apropos of college yells, McMaster is to have a new one, if popular expectations be correct. For a long time there has been felt the need of a lively yell, which, if it shall not supersede the ancient "Boom-on-Mac," may at least be used for variety's sake. The student body, which this year is acting the role of Maecenas, offered a prize of two dollars for the best thing in the "yell" line ; but this recompense is a mere trifle in comparison with the pride one may feel upon hearing his wild cantations howled by a deep-throated mob of students. Judgment was to be passed upon the various efforts on November 15th, after which date we may expect to hear strange things.

The Ladies' Literary League are not able to boast of any increase in their ranks this year, but with the following list of efficient officers, they expect to have meetings that will prove not only interesting, but instructive as well :—President, Miss Blackadar, '02 ; Vice-President, Miss McNeil, '03 ; Secretary, Miss McLaurin, '04 ; Treasurer, Miss Barber, '05 ; Pianiste, Miss Fox.

The first regular meeting of the Society was held on October 24th. The president, Miss Blackadar, gave a short address, explaining, for the benefit of the new members, what purpose the Society serves in our college life, and its aim for the coming year. Excitement ran high, for a short time, in an open debate on a subject in which all were deeply interested. The programme committee are rejoicing in having obtained additional talent with its new members, and feel sure that future meetings will prove as interesting and enjoyable as the opening Literary of the year.

THE tall forward on our first football team, when dressed in his sporting costume, reminds us forcibly of the "long green."

DURING the brief absence of Prof. McKay last month, C. C. Sinclair, '02, gave a couple of illustrated lectures on co-ordinate geometry to the sophomores.

PROFESSOR—(To student in Systematic Theology): "We will now pass on to our next lesson. Do you know anything about guilt?" Student—"No, sir."

THE Astronomy class is engaged in the perplexing problem of endeavoring to find the periodic times of the "old clock on the stairs," which has acquired the reputation of being somewhat erratic.

C. C. SINCLAIR, the champion of Field Day, has received from the Chancellor a very handsome gold medal. It is appropriately engraved and is a valuable souvenir of his exploits in athletics.

THE Athletic Association has had a plate affixed to the base of the Jennings' Cup, with the names of the hockey team engraved upon it. The Association will be highly pleased to have another plate put on next year, bearing the names of McMaster men.

THE excellent health of our resident students justifies the remark that the hygienic arrangements of the Hall are as nearly perfect as possible. Only two or three of the boys have been forced to remain in retirement for a few days, but are all well again now.

OUR representation of athletes at 'Varsity sports, held on Oct 18th, was somewhat scanty, but it achieved very creditable results. A. E Haydon tied with Dalgleish in the pole-vault, but lost in the toss for first place. He also won second place in putting the shot. Our team, composed of E. Mihell, A. E. Haydon, E. J. Farmer, and G. C. Lamont, was second in the team race.

THE Choral and Orchestral Union, familiarly spoken of as the Glee Club, is very much alive again, as anyone may learn who is about the Hall on a Wednesday evening. It is fortunate in again having Dr. Lumley, the Orpheus of the college, as director. Whatever success the club attained last year was due to his boundless patience and untiring energy; and now in his hands we expect to see it improve as a violin improves with age. The other officers of the executive are:—President, E. A. Brownlee; Vice-President, A. W. Torrie; Secretary-Treasurer, W. W. Lailey; Librarian, G. S. Johnson; Pianist, C. C. Sinclair.

A COMPETITION for appropriate college songs is now open. All songs, words and music, are to be sent to the Student Body, and, after January 5th, a committee will decide upon their merits. The best one wins a prize of five dollars; the second best three dollars. Thus, the fortunate winner of the competition will be able to pay for a five years' subscription to the MONTHLY.

M. S. MCARTHUR has rendered a valuable service to the tennis players of the college, by having organized a tournament. Some twenty-five students took part in the contest, which was fought out until the following four remained in the finals:—H. H. Bingham, J. B. McArthur, S. M. McLay, M. S. McArthur. Those who know, say that the championship will be decided between the McArthur brothers.

THE Athletic Association should consider the advisability of establishing a pension fund for the benefit of veterans disabled in football. Messrs. Zavitz and Bellamy have lately been indulging in ignoble ease as the result of injuries received in games; while several other players have been more or less shattered. They may all console themselves, however, by the thought, "Dulce et decorum est pro matre alma mori."

LAST month, Mr. Huddleston, who is an enthusiastic denizen of the chemistry department, unpacked a large shipment of chemical apparatus, that had come all the way from Germany. Among the other things received was an electric fan, which is intended to prevent strong odors from invading the upper portions of the building. It seems that the knowledge as well as the apparatus of chemistry is largely a product of the Kaiser's realms.

THE annual auction sale of the periodicals belonging to the reading room was recently held, and passed off with all the éclat which is the usual distinctive feature of that function. The many-gifted McLean was the presiding divine, and by his wonderful volubility, he drew bids even from empty pockets. About seventeen dollars was realized from the sale, which amount goes to replenish the coffers of the Literary Society.

THE Inter-year Association football matches began on Nov. 1st, and were contested with much energy. However, the first schedule has to be played over again, as all matches resulted in ties. '03 and Theology, after playing for an hour and ten minutes, were not able to score. '04 and '02 played a very fast game, resulting at full time in a draw, neither team having scored. Five minutes was played each way without making any alteration in the score. Another five minutes each way made no difference, and as it had become dark, the game was stopped. The freshman class drew the bye, and will play the winner of the '04 and '02 game.

THE freshman yell is a fearful thing to contemplate. An eminent scholar in philology thinks he has at last got it reduced to written form, in which it reads somewhat like this :—" Pangawangan ! Pangawangan ! meda, meda, naw ! '05, '05, yaw ! yaw ! ! yaw ! ! ! " The meaning of this battle-cry cannot be made out, but we hope to have the freshmen say it in Greek before many moons ; and then of course all will understand it.

MCMASTER'S representative on the executive of the Intercollegiate Debating Union is E. J. Tarr, '02. He holds the position of secretary-treasurer. McMaster drew the bye for the debating contest and hence will not be required to debate until after New Year's. The schedule for the Intercollege debates has been fixed and reads as follows :— Nov. 15th, Osgoode vs. 'Varsity, at Osgoode Hall ; Nov. 22nd, Knox vs. Wycliffe, at Wycliffe College ; Dec. 3rd, Trinity vs. Victoria, at Trinity. The second series of debates will be arranged for later.

WE have discovered a *rara avis*. It is a vertebrate, of the genus *homo*, and can rhyme words in an astonishing fashion. This rhymster worked himself up into a fine frenzy for us, just as a sort of exhibition game, and the following accents fell from his lips :—

Made by neither man nor woman,
Sounds not brute and not quite human,
Neither Mendelssohn nor Schumann,
The Theolog yell—" Kee-oo ! "

THE Theological Society met on Monday evening (the 4th), president G. H. Jones in the chair. The subject discussed was " Relation of the Pulpit to Social Problems." The topic was ably presented by R. H. Mode, M.A., and a lively exchange of opinion followed.

The Society decided to meet every third week of each month, when living and practical subjects will be freely discussed. It was also agreed to hold four open meetings throughout the term, the first taking place on November the 11th, when Dr. Milligan, of Old St. Andrew's, will give an address.

THE foot-ball team which went up to Woodstock to play against the boys of Woodstock College, came back with new laurels and with the satisfaction which is derived from a pleasant visit. Arriving late in the evening of Oct. 25th, our fellows were met at the station and driven to the college, where an excellent oyster supper was soon successfully annihilated. The game was played Saturday afternoon, when a stiff wind blowing down the field favored one side. McMaster won the toss and decided to kick with the wind ; and aided by it they scored five times in the first half of the game In the second half the playing was more even, but although the Woodstock men worked like Trojans, they could not score McMaster was not more successful, so the final score was 5-0 in our favor.

The McMaster players were :—Goal, Baker ; backs, McLaurin, Guyatt ; half-backs, McDonald, Arkell, Lamont ; forwards, Zavitz, McDonald, McLay, McArthur, Lailey. C. C. Sinclair and R. V. Bellamy also went along to act as pall-bearers if any casualties should occur during the match. Their services were not required, however, so they devoted themselves to less solemn duties. As is often the case with conquerors, some of our boys succumbed to the allurements of the vanquished, and did not straggle back to camp until the following Monday. Glorious things of thee are spoken, O Woodstock !

In order to discover worlds for our Rugby players to conquer, the Athletic Association made application for entries to the Mulock Cup series. The application, however, was not granted, on the ground that these games are intended to develop material for the 'Varsity teams, which cannot be recruited from McMaster. Nothing daunted, the gallant captain of the team, J. A. McDonald, sought for other victims, and arranged a match with the Dentals. The dentists won only by the skin of their teeth, the score being 1-0. Defeat again met us at the hands of a stout team from St. Michael's College, who made 12 points to our 5. A brilliant victory obtained from a city team, calling themselves the Victorias, somewhat repaired our fallen fortunes. The score was 22-6, which indicates not that the opposing team were especially weak, but that our players are quickly learning the fine points of the game.

On Monday, Nov. 11th, the Theological Society commenced what promises to be a very interesting and helpful series of open meetings. A piano solo by Mr. A. R. Tilley, quieted the obstreperousness of some of the Arts men who were in the ranks, after which President Jones outlined the course of meetings and promised practical talks from practical men. The Quartette of the University then made its début and was well received. The main feature of the evening was Dr. Milligan's address, based on James iii. 17 :—" James' definition of wisdom." He pointed out that this *sophia* from above has for its essence and fundamental characteristic purity—a pulsing, out-reaching energy. That the man possessing this is characterized as first " peaceable "—evangelical missionary ; then " gentle "—fitting, tactful ; " easy to be entreated "—optimistic ; " full of mercy and good fruits "—not one alone, but both ; " without partiality "—not making special cases ; " without hypocrisy "—with no bye-ends, " no axe to grind." Several times Dr. Milligan was interrupted by applause. The whole address was practical, helpful and highly appreciated. Another selection from the Quartette followed, and the first open meeting of the Society closed with the National Anthem.

Operations on the new chapel and library are progressing apace, and the building is assuming quite a completed appearance. The walls are finished with buff colored brick, while overhead the

massive beams which support the roof are open to the view. They are painted a dark green, which contrasts harmoniously with the color scheme of the rest of the interior. The stained glass windows are also of a buff color and admit a sombre but mellow light. Entrance to the gallery is gained by a stair which winds up the small tower in the front of the building. The gallery has a large seating capacity, and it will likely be the exclusive property of the students on occasions of large meetings. A stage—if a chapel may pretend to a structure with such a worldly name—has been erected at the rear end of the building, and is the delight of all those oratorically inclined. In extempore perorations to a very select audience these budding orators cut a much more heroic figure than they do on some other occasions that we know of.

Much work remains to be done in the basement, which is the future home of the library, operations being delayed on account of scarcity of material.

THE checker tournament has proceeded slowly but with extreme sureness, as is proper to that game. About twenty players entered the series, all eager to show their skill. We visited some of the dens where this absorbing game is played, and were astonished at the cold-blooded, calculating spirit manifested by some in their operations. Julius Cæsar himself never laid more crafty plans of campaign than some of these veteran checker fiends. A man who can win out in a checker series must be a complete master of the law of probabilities as applied to his opponent's moves—a law very useful in mathematics; and from observing the workings of his adversary's mind, his knowledge of psychology is increased; therefore, by all means, let a checker board be found among your books, if you wish to succeed in examinations.

As a result of the preliminary skirmish many have been beaten from the field, and seven players will now contest the semi-finals. The two who win the largest number of points will play for the championship. We recommend that the champion, as a master of strategics, take it upon himself to advise the Americans how to end the Phillipine war.

THE following is a complete list of the events of Field Day, with the winners in each event:—Half-mile run,—1st, E. Mihell, '04; 2nd, E. Hélie, '04; 3rd, G. C. Lamont, '03; time, 2 min. 16⅕ sec. Pole Vault,—1st, A. E. Haydon, Theol.; 2nd, A. G. Vining, '05; 3rd, C. C. Sinclair, '02; height, 9 ft. 11 in. 100 Yards,—1st, J. B. McArthur, '05; 2nd, A. E. Haydon, Theol.; 3rd, G. C. Lamont, '03; time, 10⅘ sec. High Jump,—1st, C. C. Sinclair, '02; 2nd, A. G. Vining, '05; 3rd, A. E. Haydon, Theol.; height, 5 ft. 2 in. 220 Yards,—1st, G. C. Lamont, '03; 2nd, L. C. Fraser, '03; 3rd, J. B. McArthur, '05; time, 23⅘ sec. Broad Jump,—1st, C. C. Sinclair, '02; 2nd, E. J. Farmer, '03; 3rd, A. G. Vining, '05; distance, 18 ft. 9 in. Mile Run,

—1st, E. Hélie, '04; 2nd, W. V. Poapst, '04; 3rd, B. R. Allan, '03; time, 5 min. 34⅕ sec. Putting the Shot,—1st, A. E. Haydon, Theol.; 2nd, G. C. Lamont, '03; 3rd, H. L. Kempton, Theol.; distance, 30 ft. 4 in. 440 Yards,—1st, G. C. Lamont, '03; 2nd, L. C. Fraser, '03; 3rd, E. J. Farmer, '03; time, 57⅗ sec. Hop, Step, Jump,—1st, C. C. Sinclair, '02; 2nd, E. J. Farmer, '03; 3rd, A. G. Vining, '05; distance, 40 ft. 1 in. Hurdle Race,—1st, E. J. Farmer, '03; 2nd, C. C. Sinclair, '02; 3rd, A. E. Haydon, Theol.

On Saturday, Oct. 20th, the Debating Society met for the first time this year, with President P. A. McDiarmid in the chair. The debate, "*Resolved*,—That the visit of Royalty to Canada was a benefit to the country," was quite appropriate. The leader of the affirmative was J. Warner, '04, and that of the negative R. C. Hartley, '05. The judges were Messrs. Watson, Tarr and Hotson, and the critic, H. Procter, B.A. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. On Oct. 27th, the Society met to discuss the subject, "*Resolved*, — That Socialism does not lead to Anarchy," under the leadership of J. McLauchlan, for the affirmative. (The leader of the negative was absent). The critic was A. A. Scott, B.A.; while the judges were Messrs. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., J. N. McLean and J. A. McLean. The affirmative were given the decision. The subject for Nov. 2nd was, "*Resolved*,—That the Farmer is a greater benefactor to the community than the Manufacturer." The leaders were D. G. Munroe, '05, affirmative, and O. Gray, '05, negative. A. C. Watson, B.A., acted as critic, and Messrs. Bellamy, Sinclair and Haydon, as judges. The latter decided in favor of the affirmative. The programme arranged by the committee for Nov. 9th was quite novel and instructive, and consisted of impromptu speeches, the speakers and the subjects being chosen by lot. The speaking was altogether interesting and enjoyable, and there is no doubt but that a similar programme occasionally would meet with the approval of all.

On Monday, Oct. 21st, the Fyfe Missionary Society met, and reorganized for the coming year. The election of officers began the day's proceedings, the following gentlemen being elected:—President, Dr. Welton; Vice-President, D. Alexander; Recording Secretary, H. McDiarmid; Corresponding Secretary, J. E. Miles; Treasurer, Prof. W. R. Smith; Executive: Dr. Goodspeed and Dr. Cross, from the Faculty, and A. C. Watson, B.A., H. B. Coumans, C. Beck and J. MacIntosh, B.A., from the Student Body.

In the absence of Dr. Welton, the Vice-President took charge of the meeting, and called upon Mr. Beck to report his work at Dominionville, where he had just spent a year as pastor. Mr. Beck was able to report numerical, financial and spiritual growth. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Parent, pastor of the Baptist church at Grande Ligne, who spoke very warmly of the work done by the University; and at the same time fittingly introduced to us the three new students from Grande

Ligne, who are enrolled in the Arts course of the year. Mr. Judson MacIntosh was the next speaker. He and Mr. Walker have spent the summer in New Ontario. They have had a delightful experience in pioneer work, and Mr. MacIntosh had been enabled to organize a Sunday school and church at Bruce Mines. A few remarks from Dr. Cross brought the morning session to a close.

The meeting was continued in the afternoon, when D. J. Welsh reported the progress of mission work at Taylor St. The report was encouraging, and showed that much good was being accomplished. A. C. Watson, B.A., who had spent the summer in preaching at Pretty River Valley, then gave an excellent account of his work, with the encouraging tone of which the meeting was greatly pleased.

E. Viens, a student from Grande Ligne, then told of his experiences among the Roman Catholics of Quebec. Mr. Viens hesitated to speak in English ; but his French accent added to the charm of his narrative, which indicated loyal service in the cause of Christ. The last speaker was W. Quarrington, who had spent the summer in the district of Oak Lake. This field was opened up by Rev. W. Peer, several years ago, and has been supplied by students ever since. Mr. Quarrington reported steady progress, several having professed faith in Christ ; and the work was now being taken hold of by a permanent pastor. The benediction, pronounced by Dr. Goodspeed, hereupon brought to an end a meeting from which all had drawn real spiritual benefit.

The Literary Society is now attracting its full share of the interest of the students. Last year the society was thoroughly reorganized by President Matthews, and his successor, Mr. Arkell, is a man who will pursue the same vigorous policy which was then inaugurated. The first meeting of the term was held on Friday, Oct. 18th, and although business formed the chief part of the programme, the attendance was quite large. A debate was the centre of interest at the second meeting. The subject, "*Resolved*,—That the United States has a greater future than Canada," was upheld by Messrs. Fraser and Harkness, their opponents being Messrs. Parker and Vail. As such a question involved a considerable degree of prophetic insight on the part of the debaters, it was deemed expedient to have a judge present who would give a prof-etic decision on the merits of the arguments. Prof. Cohoe was that judge, and he found that the affirmative had the advantage over the champions of Canada. The pleasing arts of music and song were also employed to charm the audience before and after the debate, the artists being Messrs. Tilley and Bingham.

A very interesting meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday evening, Nov. 1st. The programme, which was an excellent one, consisted of a song by Herbert Bryant, sung in his always pleasing manner ; a song, "I'm a Beggar Man To-day," by R. C. Duncan, a member of the freshman class, who is the fortunate possessor of a splendid tenor voice. The usual debate followed, the resolution dis-

cussed being, "That Poverty is due more to Economic than to Moral Causes." The affirmative was supported by C. A. Grant and A. Stokes, and the negative by F. S. Beddow and A. L. Huddleston. After a hard fought battle, the decision was given in favor of the affirmative, by the judge, Professor George Cross, who gave a very comprehensive summary of the debate, showing the weak points in the arguments of the various speakers. The palm for oratory was awarded to A. L. Huddleston.

The meeting of the Literary Society on Friday, Nov. 8th, was one of an exceptional character. For the day or two previous to the meeting, the large bulletin board had spread the news that "Mirth, Music and Moulton" were to be present at the "Lit." Therefore the attendance was large; and all the students were glad to welcome the Moulton ladies to their meeting. The hope that they would frequently attend our meetings was indulged in by all. The following programme was carried out with a great deal of spirit, Moulton ladies supplying two of the most highly appreciated numbers. Reading, H. Piercy; address on the Life of Henry George, H. Bury; vocal duet, E. A. Brownlee and J. A. McDonald; reading, J. W. Hotson; vocal solo, Miss Mihell; reading, H. Piercy; vocal solo, Miss Eastman.

The plan of the executive, viz., to make this meeting a carnival of the college elocutionists, was a good idea; and as a variation from the usual nature of the programme, it was highly appreciated.

It is with much pleasure that we chronicle the success of our senior and junior Association Football teams in the Inter-collegiate League. The seniors now stand second place, while the juniors are doing good work in division A of their series. In the senior series, 'Varsity Arts leads by two points. There are seven teams entered, and all are struggling hard for honors. It is expected that the finish will be very close and exciting.

On Oct. 19th the seniors played the Dentals, and in an exciting hour and a half the wearers of the green and black finally secured one goal. The score is no indication of the superiority of playing qualities of either team. McMaster were the aggressors during the entire game, and, but for a strong wind and an invulnerable goal keeper, the score would have been much larger. During the first half one of our best players, R. V. Bellamy, sustained an injury to his knee, which brought to a sudden end his football career for this season.

On Oct. 22nd a match was played between McMaster seniors and the S P. S, resulting in favor of our boys by a score of 1 to 0. The game was very fast and exciting. A large number of students from both institutions were present and were very enthusiastic in their cheering. There was no scoring done in the first half, but it was only a few moments after half time when that thin green line made a fast and brilliant dash up the field and scored the only game during the match. Both teams worked very hard during the remainder of the game, but the phenomenal defences were equal to all occasions, and kept the goals clear.

The only defeat the seniors have met with yet was that by 'Varsity Arts, the score being 1 to 0 in the latter's favor. The game was played on 'Varsity lawn in the presence of hundreds of spectators. Both teams were evenly balanced, and it was a hard struggle from start to finish. They were tied for first place and the onslaughts on each other's goals were numerous and fierce. The defences worked well and the combination of both forward lines was superb. In the first half neither team scored. About five minutes before time darkness had set in, and it was with difficulty that the players could see the ball. 'Varsity secured the ball and in a rush up the field scored. However the goal was disputed, it being declared by our men to be off side, but it was allowed. In all, it was the fastest and most stubborn contest which has been played by any two teams in the league this year.

McMaster seniors also won laurels on Nov. 6th, by defeating Trinity Medicals, who then held second place, by a score of 2 to 0. One goal was scored during the first half and the other in the last. In the game with 'Varsity, E. J. Zavitz had his ankle sprained and was unable to play in this match. However, the forward line put up an exceptionally fine game, and the half-backs, backs and goalkeeper were invincible. The following was the line up in the Intercollegiate games :—Goal, P. E. Baker ; backs, R. D. McLaurin (Capt.), R. Guyatt ; half-backs, G. C. Lamont, H. S. Arkell, R. A. F. McDonald ; forwards, E. J. Zavitz, R. V. Bellamy, W. Lailey, S. M. McLay, J. A. McDonald. The two first mentioned forwards, owing to their injuries, have been replaced by J. B. McArthur and L. Vail.

In section A of the intermediate series, our second team has a fair chance of being champions. They have played three games out of four to play altogether ; winning one from Normals, drawing with Toronto Medicals, and losing to S. P. S.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR : E. A. BROWNLEE, B.A.

REV. JOHN MCNEILL, B.A., has returned from an eight months' trip around the world. He resumed his work in Winnipeg Nov. 10th.

ONTARIO has given the East a good man in the person of Rev. Alex. White, Theol. '92, who has gone from Claremont to assume the pastorate of the Main Street Church, St. John, N.B.

WE welcome to our halls this year five of our old boys, who have spent some time in active service : Rev. C. H. Schutt, M.A., B.Th. ; Rev. Dougal Brown, Theol. '98 ; Rev. J. H. Cameron, B.A. ; R. E. Smith, B.A., and P. E. Baker, B.A.

THE editor of "Our Graduates" will be pleased to receive from anyone, items of interest for this department.

WE are all saddened at the word that the home of Mr. W. J. Pady has been broken by the visitation of death. Mrs. Pady was taken away on Wednesday the 13th. We extend our deepest sympathy.

THREE McMaster graduates are now at Harvard :—H. B. Tapscott, M.A,, G. H. Grant, B.A., and R. C. Matthews, B.A. Professor McKay, who visited Harvard last month, brought back glowing reports of their work there.

REV. J. D. FREEMAN, Theol. '90, one of the men of whom McMaster is justly proud, has gone from Fredericton, N.B., to St. John, N.B., to take charge of the Germain Street Baptist Church of that city. We follow his career with interest.

RECENT CHANGES :—Rev. C. H. Schutt, M.A., B.Th., from Uxbridge to Century Church. Toronto. Rev. W. H. Cline, B.A., B.D., from Paris to Owen Sound. Rev. P. C. Cameron, B.A., B.Th., from Stouffville to Paris. Rev. T. Cowan, from Sunderland to Uxbridge. Rev. J. Pollock, from Cannington to Gobles. Rev. G. V. Daniels, Theol. '99, from Plattsville to Cannington. Rev. B. N. Nobbs, Theol. '84, from Kentville, N.B., to Carleton, N.B.

MCMASTER men do as others do. The following have entered the ranks of the benedicts since the close of the last college term :—S. E. Grigg, B.A., L. H. Thomas, B.A., B.Th , F. Tapscott, M.A., G. R. Welch, B.A., H. C. Newcomb, B.A., J. H. Cameron, B.A., S. R. Tarr, M.A., J. E. Hawkings, B.A., B.Th., A. P. Kennedy, Theol. '94, J. Pollock, Theol. '99, C. E. Woolverton, '02, and A. R. Borrowman, '04. These have come under our notice. There may be others of whom we have not heard.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. John B. Lockhart, which sad event took place at Fargo, North Dakota, on Sunday, Oct. 20th. Mr. Lockhart was for several years a student of Woodstock College, and though never a student of McMaster, he lived in the Hall when taking his course at the Provincial University. He was thereby well known to many old Woodstock men and to a considerable number of our older theological graduates. He was an excellent football player, and played half-back on the Woodstock and McMaster teams, and also on the 'Varsity champion team in 1888 and 1889. He was a brother of Deacon Thomas Lockhart, of the East Zorra Baptist Church, and a brother-in-law of David Bovington, of the Class of '99. To these and also to his sorrowing sisters and bereaved widow, we offer our sincere sympathy.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS LOAY NEAL.
MISS ILA WEAVER.

MANY of our students took advantage of the kind invitation of the McMaster Literary Society, to be present at a meeting held on Friday, Nov. 8th. The programme was interesting and well rendered.

A RECITAL, including readings, vocal and instrumental numbers, was given by the Moulton students, last Saturday evening. The girls and a few friends comprised the audience.

OUR chapel exercises have been varied the last few weeks by the welcome visits of Chancellor Wallace, Dr. Herr, Mr. Adams, and Mrs. Holman. Special interest was attached to Mrs. Holman's visit, as she was once a member of the Faculty.

THE annual Hallowe'en banquet took place at Moulton, Nov. 1st, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Mrs. Wells did her part towards propitiating the spirits of the evening, by giving a most unique toast in their honor. Other toasts were responded to by members of the various years. Chancellor Wallace and Mr. Weeks responded to unanimous calls for addresses, which were enthusiastically received.

A BAZAAR will be held in the reception room of the College on Nov. 29th, from four to six o'clock in the afternoon, and from seven to ten o'clock in the evening. Articles especially suitable for Christmas gifts will be for sale. A short programme will be given during the evening, commencing at eight o'clock. The proceeds of the bazaar will be devoted to the "New Building" fund.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { E. J. REID, B.A.
LEO. BUCHANAN.

BILL, twenty-four years old.—"Hello, Tom! how did that match with McMaster turn out that you have been talking so much about lately?"

Tom, fourteen years old.—"Why, hello, Bill! How are you? Turning colder, isn't it?"

Bill.—"But I say, what about that match? Did you play it or didn't you, and which side won?"

Tom.—"Yes, it is awfully cold. Looks like rain. I hope it doesn't rain on Saturday."

Bill.—"You little master of evasion, out with it, now."

Tom.—"Bill, you're a friend of mine, and I don't want to fight, but———enough said between gen'l'men."

On the evening of Friday, November 8th we were favored with a lecture by Mr. Reekie. The subject was "A trip to the Holy Land," and the lecture was amply illustrated by views of the principal places of interest visited by Mr. Reekie. The chapel was well filled by students and friends. The lecture was interesting, as well as instructive; at times humorous, at others, pathetic. The Quartette from the First Baptist Church supplied the music, which was much appreciated. When the programme was ended all felt that the evening had been one of profit.

The Annual Association Football match came off as usual. The same little formal invitation being accepted, the same husky eleven came down to the College, and added another chapter to the old, old story. The result, 5-0, was as we expected, only a little more so. We offer all due apologies to the McMaster eleven for not being able to offer them a hotter contest. Aside from the result altogether, it may not be amiss to add, that we think these yearly contests are a good thing, and have a tendency to promote the most cordial relations between the two institutions. It does us untold good besides to come sometimes into close contact with the vigorous pulse beat, warm heart, and manly character of eleven Christian athletes. May they have all success in their Toronto contests.

Hallow'een.—As the town rabble are still a menace this Hallowe'en was spent in the College, as was the last At about 9 o'clock in the evening the students adjourned to the dining-room, where a sumptuous oyster supper was prepared. After supper a short programme was rendered. Our musical prodigy, Mr. Quinones, performed on the piano. The most interesting number on the programme, however, was a clog dance by two of the students. Innocent Mr. McCrimmon insisted in calling this a Greek dance. We are afraid this was due to modesty rather than to ignorance. After these diversions the students went out on the campus and lit a bonfire. It was raining a little. Someone suggested that if they had lit the gymnasium they would have had a better fire and wasted less property.

In the October Monthly, mention was made of the fact that Mr. Overholt had been appointed to a position in Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and that he was about to sever his connection with the College; also that Mr. C. L. Brown had been appointed to succeed him in the mathematical department of the College. On the evening of Mr. Overholt's departure, a ceremony, which took the form of a farewell to Mr. Overholt and a welcome to his successor, took place in the dining hall. After all had partaken of a well arranged supper at which were

present: Mr. and Mrs. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. McKay, and the Faculty, Mr. McCrimmon, on behalf of the Faculty, and Mr. Cameron on behalf of the students, delivered farewell addresses to Mr Overholt, immediately followed by the presentation of a handsome dress suit case, a silver mounted razor strop and shaving brush, showing the high esteem in which Mr. Overholt was held, both by the students and faculty. Mr. Overholt made a very suitable reply, referring to the pleasant time he had spent at the College, and the many recollections which he would carry away with him. Mr. Clarke and Mr. McKechnie from the Faculty and Mr. Burke from the students, then welcomed Mr. Brown to the College and its associations. Mr. Brown in reply thanked the Faculty and students for the kind welcome which he had received, and expressed the hope that their relations together might ever be pleasant and profitable. The programme closed with the "bouncing" of Mr. Overholt and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Inter-Year Matches.—All the inter-year Rugby matches have been played off except one. The 4th year is an easy winner. Great interest is shown in the games. The following is a schedule of the matches and their results :—

Oct. 29—1st and 2nd vs. 4th	score 5-10.
Oct. 31—3rd vs. 4th	" 4-18.
Nov. 12—1st and 2nd vs. 4th	" 0-16.
Nov. 14—3rd vs. 4th	" 5-5.
Nov. 16—1st and 2nd vs. 3rd	" 7-12.

The 3rd and 1st and 2nd play once more, but the result will not affect the standings. The fourth year therefore wins the championship.

Here and There.

Editor: H. Procter, B.A.

We have received the following exchanges this month :—"The Nassau Literary Magazine," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "Queen's University Journal," "The Mitre," "Presbyterian College Journal," "McGill Outlook," "University of New Brunswick Monthly," "University of Ottawa Review," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Sibyl," "Kenyon Collegian," "The Harvard Monthly," "University of Virginia Magazine," "Hamilton Literary Magazine," "The Georgetonian," "Acta Ridleiana."

The *Queen's University Journal* comes to us in a new cover. We congratulate the *Journal* on its new dress, and also on the excellent November number now before us. There are several very fine photographs, including an excellent one of Principal Grant, who has just passed through a very severe illness, but who is, we are glad to learn, making rapid progress towards recovery.

AN ASPOIRING LAY.

A young lady sang in the choir—
Her voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till one starry night
It rose out of sight
And was found the next morn on the spoir

HARVARD LAMPOON.

THE editor of "Here and There" is desirous of knowing how the editorial staffs of other college papers are elected or selected. The editorial staff of the MONTHLY is elected in this wise. At the commencement of each college year the Literary Society appoints a nominating committee to select the best available men for editors of the various departments of the magazine. One of this committee is always a member of the University Faculty. The recommendations of the committee are then ratified by the Literary Society. A new feature of the MONTHLY is the appointment of a reportorial staff, consisting of one from each year in Arts and two from Theology. These, under their editor, are responsible for all college news. We would like the "Exchange" editors of the various college magazines to tell us how their editorial staff is appointed.

IN the *Nassau Literary Magazine* we have a very welcome addition to our exchange list. The magazine is replete with good things in prose and poetry of a very high literary order. Many college magazines are too local in their contents. This cannot be charged against the exchange just mentioned. in which are several excellent stories and poems. We quote the following sonnet:—

THE REALM OF LOVE.

The kingdoms of this world shall pass away.
The enchanted isles, enthroned upon the west,
To charm the seamen to a golden quest,
Are vanished with the tides of yesterday;
The lofty cities where proud kings held sway,
Builded of old on plain or mountain's breast,
With tower and dome and minaretted crest
Lo! They are trodden underfoot as clay.

Yet is one ancient realm inviolate,
A land of gardens in a silver sea,
Beneath the skies of an eternal spring,
And love's far pilgrimage shall consummate
All mortal joy with immortality,
In that fair paradise where love is king.

GEORGE TUCKER BISPHAM, JR.

"WOMAN'S WORK AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY" is the title of a very interesting article in an October number of *The Outlook*. While it is a simple matter for an American man to gain admission to a German university, with the American woman the question of admission is quite another matter. The writer of the article says:—"The attitudes of the professors towards women students differ greatly. While some are very kind to women, others at the same university and in the same line of work, refuse admission to their lecture-rooms to women applicants. In a recent discussion of the question of admit-

ting women to the university, which has appeared in the German press, such objections have been seriously made as these: the women by their variety of dress distract the attention of the men; they disturb the professor by whispering during his lectures; they avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the lectures to 'make up' to the men, diverting their thoughts from their work!" And even when permission to hear the lectures at any given university has been given, this does not imply that it will be possible for the woman to take there her doctor's examination. It appears that there are only two universities, Göttingen and Halle, where degrees are conferred upon women. Whatever may be Germany's attitude to certain theological questions, she is still very conservative in the matter of the higher education of women.

"CHILDREN," said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves, and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice, Johnny Wise turned in the following composition:

"We should not attempt any flites of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me thare is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick lemon candy and my dinner."—*Baltimore American.*

"THE law is something of a centipede," said Pitt to Penn. "What do you mean?" "Well, limbs of the law are very numerous."—*Ex.*

MARK TWAIN recently sent the following letter to Andrew Carnegie: "My Dear Carnegie:—I see by the papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn book; it costs six shillings. If you send me this hymn book, I will bless you, God will bless you, and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly, Mark Twain. P.S.—Don't send me the hymn book; send me the six shillings."—*Times.*

"POP," said little Timothy, "what's the use of givin' so much milk to our pigs?" "So they may make hogs of themselves, my son," replied the bright farmer.—*Ex.*

THE FORERUNNER OF HIS FLOCK. — A country minister in a certain American town took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner:—"Brothers and sisters, I came to say good-bye. I don't think you love each other, because you have not paid my salary. Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. I go to prepare a place for you." —*Household Words.*

T. H. CORNISH, B.A.

A. B. COHOE, B.A.

E. W. PARSONS, B.A.

J. H. HANNAH, B.A.

H. PROCTER, B.A.

J. D. MCLACHLAN, B.A.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
DECEMBER, 1901.

OUR CHAMPION DEBATERS.

We present our readers with a photogravure of the debaters who represented McMaster in the various inter-college debates of last year. The first debate was held on the evening of November the 29th, 1900, at Trinity College, between representatives of Trinity and McMaster. The subject, "*Resolved*,—That the development of the Canadian Klondyke by the Government would have been more advantageous to Canada than by the present method of private enterprise," proved to be very interesting, and both sides advanced strong arguments. Messrs. E. W. Parsons, B.A., and T. H. Cornish, B.A., of McMaster, upheld the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Messrs. E. M. Wright, B.A., and G. G. Ballard, B.A., of Trinity. The judges, Professor Alexander, Professor Ballantyne and Professor Reynor, decided in favor of the affirmative. This placed McMaster in the second series, or semi-finals. This time McMaster was pitted against 'Varsity. The subject chosen was, "*Resolved*, —That Trusts are beneficial to the best interests of society." McMaster debated the affirmative, and were represented by Messrs. J. H. Hannah, B.A., and H. Procter, B.A., while 'Varsity, ably represented by Messrs. F. M. Chapman and W. E. Taylor, supported the negative side of the question. The judges, Principal Caven and Professor Oswald Smith, gave their decision in favor of McMaster. This placed the University in the third series, or finals, with Wycliffe College. On this occasion, Messrs. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., and J. D. McLachlan, B.A., represented McMaster, while Wycliffe was represented by Messrs. R. M. Millman, B.A., and T. H. Cotton, B.A. The subject of this debate was, "*Resolved*,—That a Single Tax on Land would be preferable to the present system of taxation in Canada." Once more McMaster won, for so the judges, Messrs. A. T. DeLury, P. W. Ellis and James Bain, decided. By this victory, McMaster debaters earned the title, "Champions of the Inter-College Debating Union, 1900-1901."

LYRICS FROM "SONG WAVES."*

By the late Theodore Harding Rand.

I.

O June has lit her splendid lamp
In the broad meadow lush and damp,
  Where loves the brook in loops to loiter,
And tufted vernal to pitch its camp!

Last night she veiled the starlit sky,
And walked beside the brook so shy:
  She took from out her beating bosom
A lighted orchis—and passed on high.

At dawn July came o'er the hills—
O light of eye and deep heart-thrills,
  As she beheld the glowing orchis
Whose splendor now all the meadow fills!

II.

A quiet breath distils in calm,
And fills the fields with honeyed balm;
  It cools the rose's cheek, and rolleth
In drops of dew on the poppy's palm—

Each crystal globe filled full of fire,
And flashing like a color pyre,
  All heavened beneath the eye of morning,
To sate the hunger of day's desire.

O Breath divine, that form and hue,
And ecstasy of light and blue,
  Gave to Orion and the Pleiads,
Thou hast begotten the orbs of dew.

*Through the kindness of Mrs. Rand we are permitted to enrich our pages with four nature-lyrics from Dr. Rand's posthumous volume. "Song Waves" would make an acceptable Christmas gift to a lover of poetry.

III.

Across the hills the cattle call,
As black the boding shadows fall ;
  Zigzag the lightning writes its message
That's thundered forth from the mountain wall.

From out the overhanging frown
The loosened rain comes rattling down !
  The swallow's gone, the daisy cowers—
But joy to fields in their tan and brown !

The burnished cypher of the sky
Now lets the loud-tongued thunder die.
  Nature's delight, a timeless rapture,
Glows in her face and rekindled eye.

IV.

Over the brow of lofty scar
Quivers the light of evening star,
  And throws within the gorge's gloaming
A kiss of beams on the brook afar.

Quivers the stream with strange delight
Through all the murmuring hours of night,
  And to the pale moss tells its story,
And lichens fumbling far up the height.

And in its dusk for aye the brook
To cliffy covert, caverned nook,
  Brattles its sweet and starry secret—
Foregleam of day and an open look !

THE PULPIT AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.*

Life is an evolution, and every structure has its peculiar time and place of development. A new complexity demands a new organism. A new activity of function compels a new adjustment of the whole body. The unfolding life enlarges with measured might, but pulsing swell. It has rolled upon us the forces of industrialism, and the finding of their equilibrium has perplexed many a mind, and broken many a heart. Often the waves have been choppy and the night sea rough, but the chilly gloom is breaking into sunlight, and the roar of conflict stilling to the hush of peace.

The subsiding of the erstwhile strife has called into being varying relations and conditions. Hence our social problem. Caught in the currents of industrialism, we are swept into the tides of socialism. But we have as yet scarcely awakened to the fact, for so sweeping and radical have been the gigantic changes, under whose ban we have been brought within the last generation, that their peculiar problems have dazed us rather than aroused us to a sense of debtorship in furnishing a solution of the difficulties thus called into being. The transition has come so swiftly, and the change has been so complete, that the conscience of the people has as yet failed to adjust itself to this new situation. We still speak the language of individualism. We halt and stammer over the new words of socialism. We cling to the inertia and the dead traditions of our fathers, instead of thrusting ourselves into the life and dash and energy of the day, a life cursed by the degrading lust of wealth in organized forms, and leavened by the sacrifice of those who offer themselves upon its altar. It is predicted by the socialist of the Hebrews that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." The first part of this statement is practically realized, but the covering is too thin. The problem to which Christianity is now addressing itself with growing unanimity is not only the saving of all men, but the saving of all of each man. Of all the glories

* Read before the Theological Society of McMaster University, Nov. 4th, 1901.

which crowned the dying century, this was its radiant one. With an abounding optimism it grappled with the problems which were presented for settlement, till now the scientific revolution in thought and method has done away with much of the prejudice and narrowness of vision in matters pertaining to the social state. True, there are those who still keep eyes and ears lightly closed to the facts, who proclaim with much unction that the "old Gospel" is good enough for them; who fritter away their lives in typal formalities, instead of proclaiming the gospel that bids a man live his individual experience to the remotest bounds of his social influence. Says Count D'Alveilla, "Let us not deceive ourselves between the two great problems which hold within themselves the support or the decadence of our civilization—the social question and the religious question. Their relations are closer than our short-sighted economists, or even our state socialists, imagine. It is no longer possible to escape from this double enigma. We must solve it rationally, or the Sphinx will devour us."

Then, is there in reality a problem? If so, what is it? and how are we to solve it? We have only to turn away our eyes from some object of fond devotion, and still our ears to the voice of a selfish ambition, in order to perceive the heart-aches of men, to hear their helpless wail of misery, and know that we are face to face with fellow-creatures bound with the merciless arms of an octopus. It is the outcome of our modern industrial conflict. Economists take this as the basis of their thinking, and all socialists of repute concur in their opinion. Yet, as E. Talmadge Root, basing his remarks on Gen. i. 28, says in the opening sentence of his "Profit of the Many" "The most God-like of all activities is the production of wealth," nevertheless, he calls us to distinguish between wealth and riches. We look about us to-day. Here are men living in kennels that hide in the glimmering shadows of a palace. Here they are huddled in the slums, along lanes like devil paths in Hades, whilst the mansion faces an avenue that rivals in its beauty the angelic boulevards of Paradise. What but present brigandage in commerce has given birth to these grim realities? Every newspaper you pick up details it, every labor strike belches forth

the hidden fire of wretchedness and misery, every union is cemented and sealed by the painful sigh and hopeless groan of crushed and suffering human beings. Scarcely a day passes that does not chronicle its list of inhuman, unjust, and yet legal transactions, wrought by these gambling potentates of individuals and trusts. With Satanic impudence they fain would compel us to bow down before them. They bribe men of eminence to prepare reports, vindicating their existence. But the case cannot be maintained by either economic or moral considerations. Absolutism is always deadly and despotic. Finance demands the liberty, scope, and freedom of democracy.

We allow the justification they plead, but we strenuously condemn its sectarian spirit. They come to us with statements plausible and deceptive, for so far as they are concerned the amalgamation of manufacture saves labor and material. Does it to mankind? As well might we disregard eternity and listen to the argument of the Epicurean for this life. The facts are too patent to escape observation. Laws are disregarded, legislatures and courts are corrupted, private rights are not respected, and the public conscience is stilled by an appeal to self-interest in the way of lower prices. Says Geo. C. Lorimer, in his "Christianity and the Social State," "Children are victims of inequality rapacity, and barbarity. Men are compelled to submit to corporations despotic in spirit, tyrannical in method, openly hostile to liberty and free institutions, and threatening menaces to the pursuit of happiness, and to equality and equal opportunities under the law." Says Hodges, in "Faith and Social Service," "The moral evils which confront our generation, the vices against which we make laws and employ policemen and maintain philanthropic societies, exist and increase not only as the fruit of sin, but as the result of a desire for money. They are so strong that they defy us all. because they are organized upon a business basis with the devil in the firm. They are kept up because they pay: they are controlled and fostered by people who are in pursuit of riches. The plea of personal liberty which is urged against reforms is nothing else than a plea for the personal liberty of some men to make money at the expense of the health, the morals, and the happiness of the community. It is

idle to say that appetites of thirst and lust demand these evils, and that they exist simply as supply. That is but a part, and a small part of it. These appetites are deliberately cultivated; people are intentionally degraded, sin is diligently multiplied, temptation is attractively advertised, custom is sought by agents who go out to create the demand, and it is in the way of business that men and women are ruined, body and soul, because there is money in it." He adds, elsewhere, "The ills that vex society and threaten the future are rooted in the love of money. Men undersell their neighbors, pay starvation wages, maintain sweat-shops, adulterate goods, bribe and are bribed, lie and cheat and steal and murder, for love of money. Rents are collected from unsanitary tenements, which fester in the slums and breed disease and vice, for desire of money. Newspapers print matter which lowers the moral tone of the community, because it sells. Plays are presented in the theatre which corrupt the mind and act as ambassadors to sin ; books are written and printed and sold which appeal to all that is worst in human nature, and the authors and publishers and booksellers know it; pictures are made which insult both art and decency—in order to make money. Genius stands in the market place and the soul is for sale." W. T. Stead writes: "I have studied autocracy in Russia and theocracy in Rome, and I must say that nowhere, not even in the first year of the reaction occasioned by the murder of the late Czar, have I struck more abject submission to a more soulless despotism than that which prevails among masses of the so called Free American citizens, when they are face to face with the omnipotent power of corporations." Is it any wonder, then, that the lips intended for praise, quiver in blasphemy, and lisp at death with a curse—the parting message of the embittered soul as it wings its flight to the shadowland.

Then, there is an industrial slavery to-day, and the expulsive power of a new life, ideal and motive, bids us break the yoke, and set free the slave of blackness. Through the throbbing passion of conflict, the voice of a higher prince than Lincoln calls to us, demanding an answer to Cain's question. The severity of our task is discovered in an attempt at the

solution of this problem, but here, of all men, we have the pre-eminence. We offer the world no such fantastic and utopic dreams as filled the minds of Owen, Fourier or Bellamy; we do not trifle with the materialistic conceptions of Marx, Engels or Sombart, men who find the organ of inspiration in the stomach; we do not believe in the efficiency of the scientific atheism of Zola, but what he calls a "rotting corpse" and what we denominate the living, expansive, vivifying power of Christianity in all its virility, this we offer to men as the solver of all difficulties, the eradicator of all factions, the reconciler of all strife. "Only the golden age of Christ can bring in the golden age of man." So said Frances Willard. We are settled in the conviction that all real progress, social and individual, rests upon a moral basis. As Ruskin reads, in the art and architecture of an age, the expression of its moral and spiritual forces, so we, in social conditions, find the register of moral strength and weakness.

In applying our ethics to this question we are beset with special difficulties. The church that should have kept abreast of the times and declared strenuously the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, and made it invincible by incorporating that teaching in actual life, has failed and failed sadly of her duty, bringing upon herself just contempt and righteous disapproval on the part of those who looked up to her for aid in their helpless condition. To-day we are compelled to still men's minds from this tempest of preconceived distrust and win their confidence ere we can lift them out of the morass that engulfs them. The infidelity of the social movement is not apparent on the surface. We are not apt to get the true perspective of things without delving into its spirit and outlook. At heart it is bitter, pessimistic, and atheistic. Christianity, especially historical Christianity, is usually derided by the uncompromising socialist. Schaeffle, certainly a competent witness, declares that "the socialism of to-day is through and through irreligious and hostile to the church." Karl Marx writes, that the German theory starts "with the decisive, positive abolition of religion," and adds, "the critique of religion ends with the doctrine that man is the highest being for men: and thus with the

categorical imperative of overthrowing all relations in which man is a degraded, enslaved, forsaken, contemptible being; relations which one cannot better describe than by the exclamation of a Frenchman, on occasion of a projected dog-tax: 'Poor dogs! they are going to treat you like men.'" As regards the party in Russia, Stepnaik says: "Absolute atheism is the sole inheritance that has been preserved intact by the new generation, and I need scarcely point out how much advantage the modern revolutionary movement has derived from it." Dr. Draper, speaking of the no-faith of these classes, says: "What is it that has given birth to the nihilist, the communist, the socialist? It is the total extinction of religious belief. With no spiritual prop to support them, no expectation of a hereafter in which the inequality of this life may be adjusted; angry at the cunningly devised net from which they have escaped, they have abandoned all hope of spiritual intervention in their behalf, and have undertaken to right their wrongs themselves."

But even the opposition of infidelity is eclipsed by the scorn and hatred of the so-called Christian socialist. George D. Herron has just penned an article in which he gives utterance to such statements as these: "Christianity is a huge and ghastly parasite, consuming billions of treasure out of the labor and patience of the people, and is supremely interested in keeping the people in economic and spiritual subjection to capitalism." "Jesus was not a socialist, and He came long before any scientific approach to society was possible; but He has left to the world a communistic spirit of matchless strength and masterly sweetness. The socialist movement will receive this spirit and welcome this strength and power, while rejecting the traditions and authority of Christianity." "There can be no greater antithesis, no deeper gulf, than that between Jesus and the Christian system, and to Christianize socialism will be to destroy it, and to perpetuate a capitalized and decadent Christianity." And yet, again, we are hampered by the spirit of Christianity itself. Whilst it is the crown and glory of those inspiring and mental forces which save men, it comes upon our life with imperial commands, as well as with gracious and resistless persuasions. It leaves no part untouched and suffers no rival claimant to power.

"The task of Christian thinkers to-day is to combine these hitherto separated ideals of life. We must find a principle of action which counts business as holy as worship, indeed, as itself a worship in the spirit of brotherhood and help, which all true business implies. A principle of life which holds the forum as sacred as the temple and the workshop as holy as the altar, which treats the physical needs of men as tenderly and sacredly as their spiritual weaknesses, and which draws no line of demarcation between sacred and secular. A principle which leads us to a genuine imitation of Christ in making all life sacred, all service a doing of the 'Father's business.' A principle, finally, which creates no gulf of separation between a man's private character and his public conduct, which will make impossible the self-deception of the man who, intent on private virtues, is yet recreant to public obligations; which, in a word, teaches a man to see in the face of society the reflex of his own character, and will use every resource of brain and heart, of spirit and means, to change that image both in himself and in society into the image of Jesus Christ." We must be cautious, however, in the application of our principle. We must not follow the utopian socialist in his cry for co-operation to the extreme. We must find the golden medium that preserves us from fanaticism in religion, and worthlessness in the world. We do well to modify our ecstatic visions and not too hastily to step aside from a throne of power into a cell of poverty. I mean by all this the retention of individualism to the just limit at which it should then merge into the social state. "Anything that militates against reasonable Christlike individualism is a disaster." An interesting and fruitful inquiry was started by M. Edmund Desmoulins, on the close of the Victoria jubilee (1897), in his book, "What is the secret of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon?" M. Desmoulins says, "We (the French) despise that man (the Saxon) because he does not arrive, like the Germans, with great battalions, or with a perfectly equipped army; we despise him because he comes alone and with a plow. But we forget what is the value of a plow, and what is the value of that man." Herbert Spencer shows convincingly, in his "Study of Sociology," that those nations are making most rapid strides

to progress and civilization, where there is least interference on the part of the authorities with the independent action of the citizen. The emphasis upon this truth gives a healthy tone to the little volume by David Beeton, entitled, "Selfhood and Service." He keeps to the foreground the personality of the regenerated man, while he emphasizes his duty to society. I mention this matter of individualism as a protest against the extremist and to call our minds to the subject, for in the indifference of this land our bias has been to make the individual the sole factor. Our error is as vital as it is fatal.

The intricacies of our science make it fascinating. It possesses the uncertainty, the subtlety and beauty of life. Sunny ripples play upon its broad surface, but it is controlled by under-currents as resistless and mighty as are the ocean depths of existence. If we view life through the field-glass of boyhood experiences, may we not consider its problems from the standpoint of our associations? This seems to be the case, and nothing so exemplifies the fact as the range and variability of the literature on this subject. Much of it is fungus, but some is inspiring, practical, and ennobling. As to style, it is usually unique, for the man who has come into contact with the complex phenomena of social existence will possess a Titanic eagerness of expression that fluctuates with pleasing flexibility. The man who is imbued with the spirit of the social movement, with the intensity of life, and with its revolutionism, is mastered by a nervosity and a kinetic energy that sweeps away all lethargy and lifeless phrase. But in conception and solution there is no such unanimity. Some have too great a fondness of reading a law into social life. Sombart and Adam Smith made this fatal mistake. They dealt with the laws of economic forces as they would deal with the law of gravitation. Ethics, however, touches the situation so repeatedly and so aptly that we must beware of jumping at conclusions. Some have sympathy with the doctrine of Marx, that "all history is the history of class strife." We must exercise constraint here. If the great revolutions of the past have been by and for the middle classes, that of the present is by and for the proletariat. Others see a solution in the reformation of the church. The history of its relation to

the problems that affect men show that here it has been cruelly negligent, and that here also is to be found our remedy. Shall it be a co-operation of the divided church, as some maintain? We may as well ask the world to found a church and take this prerogative from Jesus Christ. No, leave the church individualistic and regenerated in basis, but let its life manifest to the world its consequent democracy and social spirit. Let its life be such that it will commend to the world the ethics of Jesus. Though bitterly opposed to churchism, yet sane and practical, in his "Between Cæsar and Jesus," Herron tells us how Christ may live in Cæsar's realm. The divided church loses its importance here. Says Amiel, "As I understand it, Christianity is above all religions, and religion is not a method it is a life." That is the vital matter, it is one of life. In a volume just issued from the press, entitled, "Jesus Christ and the Social Problem," Peabody gives the most comprehensive and rational treatment yet presented. He treats of the development of life in a new and evidently necessary manner. He shows how Jesus views life from above, approaches it from within, and keeps before Him the ideal of the kingdom of God. These he submits as the basal elements of discipleship. But with every author in this sphere of literature we are bound to differ somewhat. Be this as it may, yet we are all agreed in this, that "if we would follow in the steps of the illustrious dead, then we must to-day learn the new lessons, solve the new problems, rise to new duties, and enlist for the new service to which the voice of Christ plainly calls us." Jesus stands ready to be enthroned in this kingdom of men, and ours is the duty to lead its subjects to His feet. Glorious the day that is dawning, for men with expectant faces are everywhere turning to the Christ, inviting Him to rule over them, and when they find that He will not reign in part, they will surrender to Him in all, and crown Him with their hearts' affections, King of kings and Lord of lords. Let us speed the day that adds new lustre to His diadem, and brings new riches to His store.

R. H. Mode.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
  One mellow smile through the soft vapoury air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
  Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
  And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue Gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
  Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
  Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
  And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear,
  The piercing winter frost, and winds and darkened air.

—BRYANT.

In this beautiful sonnet the poet brings us close to nature's heart. With him we feel its bursting throb and hear her mother's cry to the cruel sun to prolong the slowly ebbing life of her precious offspring. One by one they have been rudely torn from her by the blasts and frosts of chill November. Gamely has she struggled to hold them, but in vain. The cold and the winds are unrelenting. Our stony hearts are moved, and pulse in warm sympathy with hers. We too cry for just one more life-giving smile from the departing sun, for we also know what it is to witness the destruction of cherished hopes and ambitions, and to struggle hopelessly against fate. We both know the November day.

No brilliant summer sunrise! No heaven tinted in glorious hues! Instead, a dark, lowering, mournful sky, through which slowly steals a pale grey light, and the sun has risen. Perchance a stray sunbeam, a ray of hope, slips, unnoticed by the parent sun, through a small break it has found in the prison wall of cloud. But its absence is soon noted, the runaway taken home, and the breach repaired, leaving us all the sadder for its short stay with us. The dark and dreary world seems even colder than before.

A slight breeze begins to blow and our hopes rise. Mayhap the clouds will break, and the sun, which with the birds is leaving us for warmer climes, will smile on us once more.

But no! A chilling mist comes riding on the wind, damp-

ening our spirits like to itself. The wind increases and a drizzling rain sets in. Despair takes possession of the soul. Drizzle, drizzle, drizzle! Will it never cease? Nothing seems to enjoy it. The bare trees shiver and wish for their warm clothes of summer. With a plaintive rustle here and there as the heartless gusts disturb them in their winter graves, the spirits of dead leaves bemoan their fate. Even the wind wails its woe, "and from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day."

The day is nearly done. The drizzle still continues. Our spirits are at their lowest ebb. Suddenly, as if by divine command, the rain forgets to fall, the heavy walls of cloud are burst, and the sun shines forth in farewell splendor, promising to return again and bring new life with him. Our hopeless hearts again take courage, and we go forth with renewed strength to fight life's battles, confident in the future that God has in store for us, just as nature takes the glorious sunset as a promise of the springtime to come, and braces herself for the nearing winter.

J. Herbert Cranston, '05.

NEW ONTARIO INDIANS.

To the person who goes from the older part of our province to New Ontario for the first time there are many things which are interesting and novel; but there are few things which one remembers more distinctly than the Indians of that country. Many things have been written of Indians, but there are few descriptions of the more minute details of their life, and it is these lesser things that mostly interest the traveller. Of these unimportant things I shall attempt to give some account. I shall not write of the Indian in general, of those that inhabit the North-West, British Columbia or Mexico, but of the Ojibway Indians found in the new and unexplored parts of our own province.

In appearance he is what he ever was; a copper-colored man,

with a coarse face, high cheek bones, straight black hair, and keen dark eyes. He is slightly stooped, which suggests him to be, what he is, an easy prey for consumption. He walks with a gliding movement suggestive of stealth, and almost invariably with his eyes directed to the ground. He is in general an average-sized man.

But to understand the New Ontario Indian thoroughly it is necessary to know what kind of country he lives in, for like all mankind he is what he is greatly because of his environment. The country is not a flat agricultural district, but is a succession of hills and valleys. The whole is rock covered with moss, and there is but little soil save in the bottom of ravines, and at the mouths of rivers. All over the surface of the country are scattered numberless lakes, some of which have outlets while others have not. The streams in such a rocky and hilly country are necessarily rough and rapid. Covering the land is a dense forest of spruce, balsam, birch, tamarack, cedar, poplar and pine; and this dense forest is made still more dense, almost impenetrable, by the thick growth of underbrush. When there are deposits of soil the trees reach a fair size; but elsewhere they are small and cling to the rocks, with their roots binding about every projection, and inserted into every crevice. In the inland lakes are large quantities of fish and many aquatic animals, such as otter, beaver, mink and musk-rats; in the woods are found moose, cariboo, deer, bears, wolves, foxes and rabbits.

Another thing to notice about the country is its climate. Being much farther north than we are, there is a much longer period of cold, and a much shorter period of warm weather than here. The greater variation in the length of day and night helps to make the summer warmer, and the winter colder than it otherwise would be. The summer days are nearly, if not quite, as warm as old Ontario experiences, but they come later and go earlier in the year. In the winter the thermometer often drops beyond fifty degrees below zero. The snow accumulates to about five or six feet. During the spring and fall there is much rainy weather.

For generation after generation the Indians have lived in such a country. The white man has adapted his environment

to himself and improved it, as well as himself to his environment. But not so the red-man; he has apparently made little or no attempt to improve his surroundings, and is in advance of his forefathers only in so far as he has been influenced by the white man, which is very little. Indeed, there seems to be but little chance of the Indians becoming thoroughly civilized, or entering the great commercial classes. The reserves everywhere seem to shew that they are not adapted to civilization. The war that was waged against our Canadian Indians, so far as sabres, bayonets and cannon are concerned, may be practically finished; but the advance of the white man, with his commerce and higher civilization, proves to be a war of extermination, and the Indians steadily fall back: they go it is hard to see where. Between the districts occupied by the two peoples there is a thin line of settlements, the people of which are Indians and half-breeds - they partially, but not wholly, accept the civilization of the white man. As the country is being opened this thin line, behind which are Indians, is gradually pushed back, leaving every district that is passed wholly changed according to the customs of the advancing civilization; the Indians fall back before the advancing line, yielding the country wholly to those who are developing it. Energy, industry and development are as effective in removing the Indian as a war of extermination.

An Indian does not settle down in one place and remain there; in fact he could not without changing his method of gaining a livlihood. He hunts and fishes, thus getting meat and furs, the latter of which he trades for things required or wished for. It is easily seen that the one hunting ground would soon become useless and another required, so that the hunter is always on the move. From this we can see that a large acreage is necessary to support one Indian and family and that the country could not be otherwise than very thinly populated.

As the Indian is continually changing his place of abode he cannot have a house of any great value, nor one that would require much time to build. Neither can he have any great quantity of furniture. He builds his house, or wigwam, after this fashion: A number of poles about twelve or thirteen feet long are placed so as to form a cone; that is, the large of ends

the poles are placed on the circumference of a circle about twelve feet in diameter, on the ground, while the other ends come together at a point above. Around the outside of the poles is placed birch-bark, sewn with spruce or tamarack roots into strips about three feet wide. The strips are so placed that each overlaps the lower one like the shingles of a house. The vertex of the wigwam is not covered with bark, but is left open to serve as a chimney for the fire which is built in the centre of the wigwam. When moving, the birch-bark is not left behind as the poles are, but is always carried along to be used in the erection of the next wigwam. In the side of the wigwam is left an opening for a doorway which is covered with a movable piece of birch-bark, or a piece of cloth. The floor of the dwelling is covered with balsam brush. At night the family, together with what visitors may be there, roll themselves in their blankets and sleep upon the floor of the single apartment of the dwelling. The cooking is done over the fire in the centre of the wigwam; or, in hot weather, over a fire built on the ground outside. When the meal is cooked each person goes to the pot and gets out what is desired, and seated upon the brush-covered floor enjoys as much the repast taken from a tin plate held in the hand, as royalty feasting from silver and gold and fed by the wealth of nations.

Always moving, especially in such a country as New Ontario, every Indian requires a canoe. This canoe he builds for himself. It is made of birch-bark and cedar. The ribs are made of cedar split into thin slats, and trimmed into shape with a knife. The outside is birch-bark sewn together with tamarack roots, and all the seams are gummed over with spruce gum. Between the cedar ribs and birch-bark is a layer of cedar split about as thin as card-board, or thinner if possible. If a hole is made in the canoe spruce gum is heated and put on it; or it may be large enough to require the sewing on of a birch-bark patch. Where small holes occur the Indian turns his canoe bottom-side-up and placing his mouth to the suspected spot tries to draw air through, and thus finds the hole. Since the canoe is the best thing for travelling in New Ontario every child is taught to paddle very young. The Indians travel by means

of canoe and portage in the summer, every member of the family doing as much as he or she is able. In winter they travel by means of a toboggan drawn by dogs. During the summer the dogs are not well fed : and going in packs like wolves are very cross and prove themselves a great source of annoyance to any camps that they may be near. The toboggans the Indians use are made by themselves from wood split from a birch tree.

During the summer the Indians gather together in bands, spending most of their time in gossip. They live on the game they shoot and the fish they catch, each one having an old gun and a few yards of net. The small amount of flour is purchased with the possible surplus from the winter's hunt, or the little that is earned by acting as guards and canoemen for explorers ; but the Indians do not earn much in this way because they will not work long. Thus they spend their summers in a very listless way, never troubling themselves about work.

As winter approaches they begin to seek hunting grounds. These are assigned by the chief, and agreed upon. Before going to the hunting ground for the winter, they go to a Hudson Bay man, or some other fur dealer, and get a supply of flour, and a few other provisions. The trader trusts them to these supplies until they return in the spring with their furs. They agree to let the trader have the whole catch ; if it exceeds the account, they are paid the surplus ; if it is less, the remainder of the account has to stand for another year, with but poor chance of ever being paid, because the Indian will probably outfit elsewhere the next season. About the first of October they begin to start for the woods where they remain until spring. The wigwam is left in the same place all winter and is banked around with logs and brush to keep it as warm as possible inside.

In hunting the Indian ranges over such territory as he can cover by going one direction one day, and another the next day ; thus his whole ground is covered only once each three or four days. He seldom uses steel spring traps but rather snares, traps, and dead falls, of his own devising. If he wishes to catch a bear he makes a place that the bear must go into for the bait, and arranges it so that a great weight of logs and stones falls when

the bait is taken. To catch a lynx an impediment is placed on the regular trail in which the animal walks, a hole is left which the animal will crawl through, and a noose is fixed around this hole; the animal gets his neck into the noose and is strangled. Rabbits are snared commonly by use of a spring pole. Much notice is taken of the habits of the animal, for such knowledge is useful in setting snares. For instance animals walk in regular paths, and do not wander indiscriminately through the woods; so that it is better to set snares on these trails than elsewhere.

The red man might to a very great extent free himself from civilization or from any dependence on the white man. All he requires is an axe and a knife, to use as tools; also flour, baking powder, matches and a few cooking utensils; and it is really surprising to see how he can get along even without some of these. He dresses as the white man, only he has not such a dread of rags. He could dress in furs only it is far more profitable to sell the furs and buy common clothing. He makes a slender root do as a string, birch-bark as wrapping paper. In cooking, a stick is placed slanting over the fire and the tin pail which is used as a kettle is put on the end over the fire. For his bed he uses balsam boughs. By means of these and a thousand other small devices he makes himself quite happy in the woods, suffering apparently no inconveniences.

In his great wilderness the Indian lives perfectly contented; indeed millionaires, presidents and sovereigns might envy him his contentment. If it storms so that he cannot get to his net he is not seriously alarmed; he knows it will stop storming sometime, and when it does he will get something to eat even if he is a little hungry now. He works a little while, if work comes his way; and when he has a little, say fifty dollars, ahead, nothing could induce him to work longer. He sits by his camp fire and smokes, and the whole family, old and young, smoke with him; everybody is happy. Or perhaps the whole band engages in a dance, and whirl around the fire in fantastic circles for a whole night.

There is a treaty between the government and the Indians. The latter receive so much, about five dollars each, for men, women and children (but the amount varies), in return for which

they agree to do certain things, such as remain on the reserves provided, abstain from the use of whiskey, not to rebel, nor commit other misdemeanors. As a result of this treaty and the work of the missionaries there are little settlements here and there which have a church and a school; such settlements are invariably spoken of as "The Mission" by those about them. Beyond the schools that are established at the missions there is practically no education among the Indians. But even the settlements are settlements of half breeds rather than Indians.

Among the Indians are Pagans, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics; but the great majority belong to the last. The form of Catholicism is very low, as might be expected among a people so unenlightened. They deem nothing necessary beyond confession to the priest and obedience to him. Morality among them is very low, but they have some redeeming features. They are honest, more so than the white man of the same country. If anything is left in the woods no Indian would touch it.

Here and there in different places where bands of Indians have camped from time to time are burying grounds. Within the memory of some of the older Indians, the dead were buried where they died, and no attempt was made to form a burying place. At present the dead are respectfully placed away, and their graves after being filled in, are covered with birch-bark. Upon the grave of a Catholic Indian is placed a cross, and around the grave a railing made of cedar pickets.

In many respects the Indians of the present are like those of long ago, but in many respects much changed in character. The savage war-like spirit is gone, and he is a thorough coward; he does not prove himself so treacherous as his forefathers are described. He is lazy, and in his habits is filthy, which might be expected of a people who live as they do. One thing is certain, the Indian is thoroughly contented and happy and if one holds personal happiness as the highest aim of life the Indian might be taken as an ideal; but if one believes in duty to self, to fellow-men, and to God, the Indians must be given a low position.

W. C. Gordon, '01.

THE YOUNG MAN AND EDUCATION.

The present might with truth be called the "Era of Education." Schools and colleges and universities are now found on every hand, and hosts of young men and women, the flower of our time, are in attendance. We see many, scarcely more than children yet, who have been instructed, not only in the rudimentary three "R's" of olden days, but also in algebra and geometry, in science and history, in languages, ancient and modern, and in the great and inspiring literature of our own tongue.

Education is no longer a luxury to be enjoyed by a favored few, but has become a necessity with multitudes who must win their bread. A cry to-day, heard from every quarter, is "give us educated men."

In presence of these facts, it is surely the part of wisdom for the young man to make up his mind that he will gain, if at all possible, the advantages conferred by the schools.

The gains of a college education are undoubtedly great and many. Perhaps that which is usually mentioned first among them is knowledge. No doubt information upon a variety of subjects is obtained, and moreover, much of it at least, of a quite desirable kind, but knowledge is by no means the greatest of the gains of a college course.

A much considered advantage of a college education is the social power which it confers. It is as a key opening the best circles of society, admitting to association with men and women of culture and refinement, enabling one to enjoy and appreciate their company, and having entered it, to acquit oneself with credit, and not as a stranger or visitor, but as a recognised member of the fraternity of the cultivated.

Then, such a course of training stirs up and develops the the latent powers of the intellect. Accuracy is given to the mind in its operations. It seems to be fact that few men can think accurately without first going through the rigorous training provided by the mathematics of a college curriculum. The gain of these mathematics is not so much the ability to figure,

as the power to "think straight" in any given direction. The faculty of observation also is trained, and this is of no small importance in after life, as much will constantly depend on astute and discerning observation. Then in college, if anywhere, there is conferred that prime secret of success in mental investigations, the power to concentrate thought, and the final result of all, aimed at at least, if not always achieved, is that triumph of the human intellect, strong and accurate independent thinking.

Next it may be pointed out, that the study of science and history and the classics, enlarges the world of the student, and so enlarges him, giving him many interests, where before he had few, greatly enriching life by imparting to him power to appreciate and find delight in things which to the uneducated are unmeaning. The mind is given scope for thought, and is delivered from pettiness, which is the curse of the ignorant. This broadening enables a man to see things which lie beyond his trade or profession, and should save him from bigotry, from intolerance, from selfishness, and should furnish him with well based convictions, and make him altogether a more helpful member of society. By the study of history and the classics we are made to live, not merely in our own age, but in the great ages of the past. We go back and dwell with those of olden time. Our hearts come to beat with their hearts; we grow excited with their interests; we weep with their tears; we triumph with their triumphs. And all this is not nothing; it is something truly great—this broad sympathy; it is at least a faint image of the Divine. We have become nobler; we, feeling the mystic touch of universal man, have in a fuller measure become men.

All this means much to the student himself, as well as to others. It has been well remarked that for the greater part of his life a man's own self is destined to be his only company. The untutored soul after a while finds its own society, not simply dull, but positively painful. Education may make the company of one's own self not only not dull, and not painful, but an actual delight. An educated mind, even in its loneliest hours, need never lack for employment, nor indeed for pleasure.

In a college education there is another benefit, and one of highest worth, though not always recognised at its full value, namely, the training of the will for self-mastery. A man's success in life depends not by any means altogether on his brains, but largely on his volition, for, no matter how fine may be the mental machine with which he has been endowed, nothing will be accomplished unless that mind be driven to action, and kept in action, by the imperious commands of a disciplined will. All the processes of education are not pleasant, many of them are painful, but therein lies some of their greatest worth, for by such trainng the will is disciplined; a man is compelled to take himself in hand and control his roving desires. Fault is found with our present system of examinations, and no doubt it has faults, and grave ones, but that very system is one of the most potent factors in securing this inestimable good for the student. The fear of an approaching examination will do wonders, even with the wildest and most uncontrollable, and compel a very considerable degree of healthy self-discipline.

It must not be forgotten either that there is education in college life apart altogether from text book and class room—an education, moreover, of immense value, indeed sometimes one is tempted to say the most valuable of all, namely, the education that comes from environment. Frequent contact with strong and disciplined minds, and constant companionship with a body of intelligent and ambitious young men, cannot but have their effect. The very candid and freely offered criticisms invariably bestowed by college mates, give to a student the unique advantage of seeing himself as others see him, and must surely teach him, if anything will, how to shape his conduct discreetly in the less candid, but also less kindly, world of real life. These influences, together with others, such as are connected with literary and debating societies, committee work, social functions and athletics, are potent forces in the forming of character and the development of all-round manhood; and the student who puts himself wisely in the way of these influences, throwing wide the gates of his heart to receive them, will gain education that must be of inestimable value throughout life.

Let us now turn to some rather more general considerations concerning the subject under discussion. Great benefits no doubt arise from what may be called the orthodox system of education, but nevertheless, with it, there are certain very real and insidious perils.

It must ever be a fundamental principle that education is not an end in itself, but merely a means to an end. Owing to the present exaltation and almost worship of education, there is danger of losing sight of this important principle, and thinking of education as itself an end, and of being satisfied with its attainment for its own sake, Education is not to be valued for its own sake, but rather for what it leads to, for what it prepares for and makes possible. The value of education is not in the possession of it, but in the power it gives to perform the duties of life. And any given system must be tested by this question, "Does it fit men for life?"

Important changes may be expected in some of our institutions of learning, when this test comes to be more generally applied, as we are convinced must ere long be the case in this increasingly utilitarian time. Many of our pedagogical plans fail lamentably when tested for practical results. One sharpens his knife, not that it may be sharp, but that it may the better cut something. And surely a man is educated, not that he may be an educated person, but that he may the better *do* something. The soldier is drilled, not that he may be a drilled man, but that having been drilled he may be a more effective arm of war. Lord Bacon, in his terse way, well indicates the true conception of education when he says, "Our studies should neither be a couch on which to rest; nor a cloister in which to promenade alone; nor as a tower from which to look down on others; nor as a fortress whence we may resist them; nor as a workshop for gain and merchandise; but as a rich armory and treasury for the glory of the Creator, and the ennoblement of life."

Another evil, and one unfortunately much in evidence, is that of the foolish conceit which often seems to be a result of the supposed possession of much knowledge. A system which engenders such inflation is sadly at fault, for *true* education

should make men modest, as it reveals not alone the answers to many of the questions of life, but also the great fact of necessary human ignorance. It is essential that a man know something of the limitations of human knowledge, and that he learn what he cannot do, as well as what he can; and perhaps after all, in all our knowledge, the greatest is the knowledge of the lack of knowledge. May it not be that the "why?" is getting overdone in modern teaching? Wonder and awe are great, and questioning may fill us full of them, but much modern questioning does the reverse. Beauty and peace are greater, and are often manifest to him only who can put his questions by. This absurd conceit, which we see in so many who boast of learning, is a serious mischief to its victim, and also to society. It is wont to carry its head with very offensive arrogance in the presence of what it chooses to call "the lower orders," fostering thus those class distinctions which have ever been the source of sad bitterness and hurt, and as if this were not enough, it, not seldom, impudently struts itself even before the lofty throne of heaven. The effect on the individual of such vanity is the precluding of the growth of some of the finest qualities of character, and the shutting out of appreciation of the very things which are greatest in life.

Again, there is great difference between "stuffing" the memory and training the mind. Genuine education is not so much a putting in, as a drawing out. It seems properly to be the drawing out of the powers of the mind, and heart, and will, and the exercising of them, without undue strain, upon worthy objects. Loading the memory with dry, unusable facts is a very small part of real education. Yet such a process seems to be an exceedingly important part of many school systems. The result is those poor, memory-crammed graduates, who seem quite unable to cope with the problems of outside life, where the mind rather than the memory is called upon. A mere child can crowd the memory with all sorts of undigested and disconnected material, and put down a lot of this stuff correctly enough on an examination paper, but how different is this from the exercise of the dignified faculty of reason.

Then, it must be continually remembered that true educa-

tion means, not merely the training of the mind, but the symmetrical development of the whole man, in his mental, emotional, volitional, moral, spiritual and physical nature. The physical should be included, for, as Herbert Spencer puts it, a man must first of all be a good animal, before he can be a good man. It must not escape us that this all-round development must necessarily be the work of much more than text book and class room, and that the student, to gain it, must lay himself open to those influences, already referred to, which pour in upon him from his environment. The individual who goes through college with an average of marks standing, it may be as high as ninety per cent., and receives his degree with honours, but who has not opened his nature to those educative forces outside his text-books, comes forth by no means an educated man. Alas, it is woefully possible to graduate from college, and be nothing more than a learned fool, as Goethe's Faust who pitifully says:

> "I've now, alas! Philosophy,
> Medicine and jurisprudence too,
> And to my cost theology
> With ardent labour studied through,
> And here I stand with all my lore,
> Poor fool, no wiser than before"

Some of the men who fail in their examinations, never securing their degree, leave their school more truly educated than that other class to whom we have just referred, because although they have not been able to gain "a pass," even after honest effort, yet by reason of the advantage they have taken of their environment, there has been in them an unfolding of all-round manhood. They have really been college-bred though they have not been college stamped! It is nothing short of the *duty* of educators to faithfully point out, to "the learned fool," his vital mistake, instead of heaping only encomiums upon his head because of his brilliant record!

In conclusion, may I be permitted to offer three brief suggestions to the young man at college.

First, that, in view of modern conditions, he should not grudge the years he gives to the getting of education. The reaper is not wasting his time while he is whetting his scythe, and the young man who hopes to be a reaper should see to it that the scythe is thoroughly sharpened.

Secondly, the student who is to do the work of "a man" in the world, serving well his generation, will seek, during his college days, not merely knowledge, but character; that is, the true and proportional development of his entire nature; for the fullest service of one's generation cannot be rendered apart from such character.

And lastly, the young man must remember that, no matter how famous and efficient the school which he attends, or how celebrated and able his instructors, his education must be his own work. It will depend on his own diligence, his own receptivity, his own tenacity of purpose, his own acts, and choices, and habits. In a word, the main responsibility of it all rests upon himself.

F. S. Beddow, '05.

RALPH CONNOR AND HIS WORK.

Rev. Charles W. Gordon, better known to the literary world as Ralph Connor, was born in the year 1860. His birthplace was situated amongst the pine forests of the County of Glengarry, and it was there he developed that passionate love for free nature which he expresses so delightfully throughout his works. His parentage was of that deep spiritual and intellectual stock, whose qualities men are proud to inherit. Rev. Daniel Gordon, his father, was a Highlander filled with all the characteristic fire and ire of the Scotch, and possessed of an eloquence which was used to God's glory and the furtherance of His kingdom, in the Presbyterian church. His mother, Mary Robertson Gordon, was brought up a Scotch Presbyterian also. She was a woman gifted with high intellectual powers, and a spirit which at once made friends with even the most refractory. It is said, that at the age of twenty-two she refused the principalship of Mt. Holyoke College, where she was then teaching philosophy, in order that she might marry Gordon and join him in his work in the backwoods of Canada.

The first eleven years of Gordon's life were spent in the Indian Lands of Glengarry. His father then moved with the family to Western Ontario, where our author finished the academic term of his education in a Grammar School, and matriculated into the University of Toronto. As a student, his career was brilliant, and was marked by the acquirement of knowledge with little apparent effort. It was a rare occurrence for him to study hard, yet he graduated from the University of Toronto and Knox College with scholarships and high honors. He took considerable pride in the fact that he was on the half-back line of 'Varsity's Rugby team, and also on one of Western Ontario's champion teams. Very few of the particulars of his life are known, excepting to intimate friends. But much of his work and many of his experiences are sketched for us in his first two books, "Black Rock" and "Sky Pilot," and "The Man from Glengarry" gives us some insight into his earlier life.

The love and geniality of the man have won for him a host of warm friends, among whom are men who have reached a high literary mark both in England and America. His love of and attraction for little children have been specially marked amongst his many pleasing characteristics.

How he came to be known as "Ralph Connor" is a story which involves the fear of a reprimand from the Presbyterian Church for entering the literary field as a clergyman, and also an error of the editor of "The Westminster" in interpreting a telegram sent to him by Gordon, concerning the name which he wished to be signed to his first sketches

As a writer, his style is straightforward and clear. In descriptions of the natural scenery which surrounded his characters, his language is simple, yet ample enough to portray for the reader a realistic and properly toned picture. He sees and describes the mountains just as the mountaineer sees them, and gives us the spirit of the instincts of those men as only a man can who has experienced them himself. The customs and peculiarities of the miner, lumberman and plainsman are explained to us by one who lived their life and who holds with them the sympathy of personal experience. His power of

delving out the deeper parts of those with whom he came in contact is notable.

The story of each of his books is simple, and usually follows out the career of some one person, which involves only a simple chronological narrative, with just enough descriptive parts to enable the reader to fully understand the purpose of each action. Each plot entails the struggle for some great moral principle, and then relates the broadening influence of those who have been able to master themselves through that principle. It has been predicted for him by an admiring critic, that some day he will write a book which shall easily stand first in Canadian classics. Whether this will be true or not, it is certain that he has entered upon a field which offers great possibilities.

Ralph Connor has taken a new and original position as a writer of popular novels, and yet it cannot be said that this position was either looked for or intended. He rather found it without looking for it. His first sketches were written for "The Westminster" with the idea of deepening the missionary spirit of the East towards the great West, and of presenting to the Eastern people a picture of true Western life and spirit. He had lived among the characters whom he describes, and it was out of his zeal for the missionary work he had carried on there that the stories and books grew which have made him one of our foremost Canadian novelists. When he had completed his first sketches he found a place and mission in Canadian literature from which he could not well withdraw.

Like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" his books were written in order that they might benefit those whom they describe. Through him we have been made better to understand the true spirit and nature of those who daily struggle in the development of Canada's natural resources. He makes his own literary ability and the characters of his men and women to become instruments with which he awakens our sympathy with those characters. He appeals to us to lend our aid towards these men that they may be enabled to become better and more useful in this life. We are taught to look upon these rough, hardy men as brothers who are human as we are human, who are able to hope, as we

hope, love as we love, who can struggle for the light as many of us have struggled, and whom God Himself is willing to receive into His bosom as men born again no matter how rough their exterior may be. Connor, believing deeply in God and man, viewed the men he describes as men with souls to be saved however low they may have allowed themselves to sink or how little hope of salvation they held. In his own words he sums up the West as "a country of real measurements" and each man is ranked there simply according the man in him. Yet he was forced to recognize that in many places "man's lust was his only law" because there was nothing else given him to satisfy his natural cravings. In spite of such things he believed that no matter how far down they had buried their souls in the wilderness of the West, they still held enough of the true sense of that manhood to make a struggle for the right when light and hope should be presented to them in a straightforward, earnest, manly way. With his own words he indicates that he writes for those "who outcast from their kind sought to find in these valleys, remote and lonely, a spot where they could forget and be forgotten." He teaches us and them too, that while earthly friends may fail and forget, God never fails and never forgets.

The characters and scenes of action depicted in his books are such as many authors would have rejected. Others have chosen them to portray the baser passion and emotions of man set free in a land where there is little restraint. In so doing they have exaggerated the spirit which prevails in the borderlands of our civilization More especially is this true of the West where men are generally stamped with a character of roughness and wickedness with which we have very little desire to associate ourselves. But the real West is not all the blood and thunder of the story-books. He has shown that under all that external roughness there lurks a true sense of what is just and right and lawful. These rough pioneers have in them the possibilities of victory for the nobler man over the baser man. The struggle may be long and bitter, and the fierceness puts the struggle of many an Eastern man into insignificance. Many have fought the battle and fought it hard, and a large number have won the victory, and with the victory have come those

qualities of steadfastness and truth which we of the East might well be proud of. "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot" have virtually altered our whole opinion of the possibilities of the men of the West. In all his works, while he has given to us a truer picture of these men than anyone else, yet he recognizes that "the light is not bright enough, the shadow is not black enough to give a true picture of that bit of Western life."

Everyone must feel that Ralph Connor's purpose as a missionary has only commenced to be fulfilled. His mission as an author he cannot avoid, but his real place in Canadian literature no one is able as yet to determine. His work has been great and good, his possibilities are surely many. To have worked out the force of moral questions in the characters of such persons was a difficult task, and to have brought them to a logical conclusion which would interest all was still a greater one. His books have been timely in that they were written just as Canada was awakening to the importance of her natural resources and the men who were developing them. With George Adam Smith I feel safe in saying that "I do not think there is any one who shall read these books and not find also that his conscience is quickened. There is a warfare appointed unto man upon earth and its struggles are nowhere more intense, nor the victories of the strong nor the succors brought to the fallen more heroic, than on the fields described in these volumes."

"The men of these books are still there in the mines and lumber camps . . . . fighting out that eternal fight for manhood, strong, clean, God-conquered. And when the west winds blow, to the open ear the sounds of battle come, telling the fortunes of the fight." "It may be that the tragic pity of a broken life may move some to pray, and that that divine power there is in a single brave heart to summon forth hope and courage may move some to fight." If so, these tales have not been told in vain.

E. H. Mihell, '04.

Editorial Notes.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers of The Monthly and all friends of our University.

The good news that Professor McKay is not to leave McMaster has made us all happy. When we learned that he had been offered the Principalship of the Toronto Technical School, we could not but fear that he might accept the offer. We all recognized the many attractions of the position, and were only too conscious of the tempting nature of the opportunity that was presented to our colleague. For a time we hoped we might retain him, and Faculty and students and Governors made strong efforts to do so. But all was in vain, and finally the Chancellor announced at chapel that the happy fellowship of twelve years was to be broken, and that our beloved Professor had decided that the path of duty led him elsewhere. For one long, tedious day our hearts were heavy, and then joy came with the morning. There was deep silence when Professor McKay rose in chapel, on Wednesday morning last, to make what we all expected was to be the final announcement of his intended departure, but what proved to be a statement of his decision to remain with us. Words cannot describe the scene that ensued. Faculty and students rose in a body and cheered as they never cheered before, and when the applause ceased a silence followed that was even more eloquent and impressive. The whole incident was a spontaneous and dramatic outburst of deep emotion, such as few of us have ever witnessed and one that none will soon forget. Later on in the day the students decided to give utterance to their happiness in some tangible way, and on Friday night they tendered a banquet to the Professor and Mrs. McKay, and took the opportunity to present the former with a handsome clock and the latter with a silver tea service. This occasion proved a very happy one to all, and will serve to bind us all more closely together and to McMaster than ever before.

It is surely not necessary for The Monthly to remind Professor McKay of the affection of every member of the Faculty and of every student; he must know that he has had that in the past, and that he will have it in even larger measure in the future. Though we all deeply regretted his earlier decision to leave us, we had no thoughts or words of reproach, but now that he is to remain we wish him to know

that we recognize all he has given up, that we are grateful to him for his devotion to McMaster, and that we do honor to the high and generous motives that actuated him in his final decision to give his life to service on behalf of our college and its students. It is easy to talk of sacrifice, but it is not so easy to practise it. Professor McKay has talked little, but has done much, and actions speak louder than words. We believe that his exhibition of the spirit of Christ will not only enrich his own life, but will also be an inspiration to every professor and student of McMaster. Our University exists not merely to impart knowledge and train the intellect, but also to develop the moral and spiritual nature of professors and students. Professor McKay's action serves to illustrate the spirit that we are all in some measure trying to make prevail in our own lives and in those with whom we came in contact, and it will nerve us all to greater effort in our conflict with the "world's slow stain." It proves to the world that our ideals mean something, and that it is possible in some degree to realize them and make them effective in the lives of men. May God's blessing rest upon Professor McKay and our University is the sincere prayer of all who love McMaster.

It is always gratifying to us to note any manifestations of interest in our college and our students, and particularly so when friendship shows itself in deeds. It is therefore with much pleasure that we announce the establishment of a scholarship of fifty dollars, and of four prizes of fifteen dollars each, to be open for competition among students of the first year. The donor of the Scholarship Fund is Mr. A. C. Pratt, a young business man of the city, who offered it without solicitation, and who in doing so wrote as follows :—"I offer this scholarship because I am heartily in sympathy with the higher education of young men, and I offer it to McMaster University because I have come into contact with a number of her students and professors, and because I have learned to admire and appreciate the McMaster ideals, as I have seen them carried out in the lives of a number of her students with whom I have become intimately acquainted." Such a testimony to the character of our students will surely be a source of satisfaction to all friends of the college. It will be an honor to a student to win a scholarship established under such circumstances. We understand it is to be awarded to the student of the First Year who makes the highest total in the subjects required of all undergraduates in that year, namely, English, Mathematics,

Biology, Bible, and History. Inasmuch as the students are permitted to elect any two out of four languages, and as, consequently, the same two languages are not taken by all students, the standing in these will not be considered in the award of the scholarship. To make up for the omission of these, however, the four prizes will be given for excellence in the languages. Two of the prizes are the gift of Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D., and will be awarded for excellence in First Year Latin and Greek, respectively; one is the gift of Mr. John Firstbrook for excellence in First Year French, and one the gift of Mr. James Ryrie for excellence in First Year German. We are sure that the students will be stimulated to high endeavor, not only to win these rewards, but to show themselves worthy in character and attainment of the kindly generosity of the donors. To the gentlemen who have thus shown their interest in the college we offer the hearty thanks of all connected with the University. May others follow their example.

Book Reviews

MUSICAL MINISTRIES IN THE CHURCH.*

We take pleasure in cordially commending "Musical Ministries in the Church" to all who are interested in the service of praise in God's house. We have read much of it twice and enjoyed it the second time even more than the first, and have no hesitation in saying that it ought to be in the hands of every pastor, every organist and choirmaster, and every member of the Musical Committee of every Baptist Church in Canada. The writer is Dr. Waldo Selden Pratt, professor of music and hymnology in Hartford Theological Seminary. This book, however, is not intended merely or primarily for students of music and hymnology, though they will find in it much of value for them. It is written for intelligent lovers of music and song as an important part of divine worship, and, among other things, aims to be a practical discussion of how the musical service of the church may best effect its proper purpose. Dr. Pratt has the gift of lucid statement and orderly development of his theme, and in this volume never fails to make his meaning clear.

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* "Musical Ministries in the Church." By Waldo Selden Pratt, Mus. D., Toronto: Fleming H Revell. Price Co $1

In the short space at our disposal it is impossible to give an adequate account of the riches of the book. The various chapters deal with the relation of music to religion, with congregational singing, with the vexed question of good and poor hymns, with the service a choir may render, and the inter-relations of pastor, people, choir and organist. Rapid historical surveys not only add to the interest of the book, but also make it possible to view present conditions of church music in their right relations. The first chapter, for example, establishes from history two main propositions, namely, (1) "That the art of music is what it is to-day largely in consequence of what religion has done for it," and (2) "That religion as a social institution owes much to music." That these are true will never be doubted by any one who reads this chapter.

Dr. Pratt impresses the reader as a man of large experience, of sound judgment and particularly of spiritual perception and power. His main interest is not in the technique of music or its æsthetic appeal, but in music as an effective spiritual force. This being so, he naturally bases his discussion upon the fundamental proposition that "the true centre of Protestant music must always be the music of the congregation." He believes in a choir, but he insists that the choir shall not take the place of the congregation; its duty is to lead the singing, not monopolise it. Where there is not hearty congregational singing, church music is not fulfilling its appointed purpose. The characteristics and purpose of good hymns and tunes receive fine and stimulating treatment at his hands. Hymns and hymn singing are a means of social worship, of spiritual self-culture, of mutual edification, and of evangelistic pressure, and therefore intelligent Christians should not be satisfied with poor hymns. Dr. Pratt's opinion as to what a hymn should be will appear from the following quotation, with which we close our present notice:

"The value of any particular hymn is partly to be judged by the state of opinion and sentiment in which its actual use leaves you. Is it true in its thought of God and of Christ, in its reference to all the manifold aspects of sin and salvation, in its representation of the spiritual life? And is it healthy in general tone, affecting in its imagery and masterful in its progress, and sufficiently noble to awaken enthusiasm for what it treats? . . . . If it belongs to the subjective class, challenge it with questions like these. Was it written out of a deep experience of the Gospel? Does it fittingly embody some part or aspect of such an experience? Is it so wrought out that it is true in your own soul-history or true to your

ideals? If it be objective, try it with such queries as these. Is the picture it gives of the nature or providence or grace of God, or of Christ's offices or person, or of the ministry of the Spirit, or of the Christian Church and its activities, joys and hopes, or of the life that now is, or of the life beyond—is the picture that it gives of any of these one that commends itself to you as true? Is it presented with sympathy and insight? Does it have majesty and contagious power? And how does it all affect *you?* Does the attempt to make it your own expression give you a wider vision, quicken into life your dormant sensibility, and rouse within you a higher aspiration? Are you helped to be a larger and a better Christian by it? . . . . . The hymns that we can call good must be on the whole those that do us good in these ways. Only let us beware as we answer such questions that we are not misled into snap-judgments, into foolish mis-interpretations, or into the vagaries of mere prejudice."

THE RIGHT OF WAY.*

The writer of the present review must plead guilty to past failure to appreciate some of the work of the distinguished writer of "The Right of Way," Gilbert Parker, M.P. Having manfully struggled through what at the time seemed, and what still in memory seems, the long drawn out dreariness and unreality of "The Seats of the Mighty," he has during the intervening years religiously eschewed Mr. Parker's work. Returning to it in the present year of grace by way of the volume under consideration, he confesses himself a convert to the fascination of Mr. Parker's art. So much in personal explanation of the reviewer's point of view.

"The Right of Way" will probably evoke some slight criticism. The blasé novel reader may incline to think that at times the story drags a bit; the critic who judges by a high standard will note a melodramatic quality in the incidents; and the average reader may perhaps feel that the ending is rather too sad. But all will agree that in spite of various weaknesses the book is a notable example of contemporary art. Three closely woven strands combine to render it interesting. First of all there is the picture of *habitant* life; then the series of striking incidents that form the plot; and finally there is the portraiture of Charley Steele, the hero of the story. From the first

* The Right of Way, Being the Story of Charley Steele and Another. By Gilbert Parker. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

chapter, with its vivid pen-picture of the melodramatic acquittal of Portugais, to the epilogue, incident follows incident, and scene follows scene with almost breathless rapidity. The chapters entitled "The Wild Ride," "Charley Stands at Bay," "The Open Gate," "The Passion Play at Chaudière," to mention some of the more exciting, can stir even the least emotional reader.

When all is said, however, the fact remains that it is the monocled and questioning Charley Steele who dominates the story and fascinates the reader. His story is a sad one, and so is Rosalie Evanturel's; both of them excite pity. But life with its sadness makes a man of Charley. "A woman's look had stilled the strife. Never before in his life had he relied on a moral or spiritual impulse in him." . . . "In the exercise of new faculties, which had more to do with the soul than with reason, he now believed what was not proved. Labor of the hand, trouble, sorrow, and perplexity, charity and humanity, had cleared and simplified his life, had sweetened his intelligence, and taken the place of ambition. He saw life now through the lens of personal duty, which required that the thing nearest to one's hand should be done first." Thus through bitter experience Charley grows, and leaves the world a better man. He sacrificed himself that others might not suffer, and yet he dies with a question on his lips. Mr. Parker does not solve the enigma. Altogether, "The Right of Way," is an interesting story. The book is well printed and illustrated.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: R. V. BELLAMY, '02.

WE wish our readers a Merry Xmas, and a Happy New Year.

THE report of the banquet in honor of Professor McKay is held over until our next issue.

PROF. DALE has returned to the University, and has resumed his lectures in classical literature and history. We offer him our hearties congratulations upon his marriage.

MANY of the students whose homes are not far distant from the city, ate their Thanksgiving Day turkey beneath the parental roof.

Those who remained in the Hall were served an excellent dinner by our worthy matron.

The checker championship of the College is at last decided. Dr. Lumley played against C. A. Grant in the finals, and defeated him in a series of ten games.

Everybody has admired the signs which advise the public of the meetings of the Literary Society. They are the work of Mr. F. S. Beddow, '05, who is to be highly praised for his excellent and artistic work.

"I am disgusted with your ways," said the irate Freshy, to some juniors. "If I stay here long I'll establish a new *precedent* in this matter." "You conduct yourself modestly," said the junior, "or I'll *press a dent* in your head."

Chancellor Wallace recently visited Harvard University, and several theological seminaries, in order to study their methods of work and their library arrangements. We may now expect to have our new library fitted up in the most approved manner.

Two of our students were recently unfortunate enough to fall victims to sickness, and were removed to the hospital. They are Dr. Lumley and F. E. Maybee. Their illness is not of a serious nature, and we hope to see them back at the Hall soon.

The elaborate new time-table, which has presented an imposing blank to the students ever since October 1st, has at last been filled in. It is ardently hoped that it will have a beneficial influence on the "old clock on the stairs."

The Glee Club Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Bryant, Bowyer, Brownlee and Dr. Lumley, has already had several engagements at outside entertainments. On November 26th they went to Newmarket to assist at a Thanksgiving concert there.

As yet no arrangements have been made for accommodation for our hockey players during the coming season. 'Varsity evidently intends to build a rink again in the Athletic Field, as a new waiting room has just been erected. It is likely that we will be able to make satisfactory terms with the management, as we have done in former years.

Inter-year debates are to be revived, and a schedule has already been drawn out. No doubt a great interest will be manifested in these debates, as the competition is sure to be keen. The first debate is between the Theologs. and Freshmen, the former to be represented by Messrs. Baker and Watson, and the latter by Messrs. Grigg and Beddow.

THE competition for a new College yell did not result satisfactorily at all. Only a limited number of yells were sent in to the judging committee, who did not feel justified in awarding any decision where the rivalry was not keener. The competition is now thrown open until Oct. 1st, 1902, and we hope that both graduates and under-graduates will exert themselves in composing a suitable yell. We want something short and energetic.

MCMASTER evidently has friends among her sister institutions ; at any-rate she should have them now, if her representatives have done their duty. A. R. Girdwood went to the Victoria Conversazione, C. J. McLean to the Knox College At Home, C. C Sinclair to the Dental College At Home, R. V. Ballamy to the Trinity Medical College dinner, H. S. Arkell to the Varsity dinner, and J. L. Mitchener and A. L. Huddleston to the conversazione of the Ladies' Medical College.

THERE may be more than one way of making the students' Christmas dinner a success, but the best and easiest way is for every student to assume a personal interest in it. This is the only occasion when we entertain representatives from other colleges in a public way, and their impression of our loyalty to our Alma Mater is largely determined by the number and the enthusiasm of our students present on the occasion. It behooves every McMasterite to remain for the dinner ; and to dig down into his blue-jeans, and pull out the necessary amount of currency for it.

LIFE is to be one grand sweet dream for the weary student from Wednesday, Dec. 18th, onwards. This will be the programme :— Wednesday evening, the Students' Annual Dinner ; Thursday afternoon, the formal opening of the new chapel ; Thursday evening, the annual At Home ; Friday morning and afternoon, meetings of the Alumni ; Friday evening, address by President Faunce, of Brown University; Saturday, holidays begin. April 16th, examinations begin! We hope that every student will return from his holidays, ready to fight his own weight of wildcats, intellectually speaking.

ON Nov. 14th, McMaster II. Association football team defeated 'Varsity II. by a score of 1 to 0. The wind was very strong against which our boys scored their only goal. The game was fast from start to finish and McMaster showed excellent form, both in combination and individual play. In the Intermediate series of the Inter-College League our boys secured second place in their series ; while in the senior league we stood second place also. The second team was composed of the following players : Goal, Sinclair ; backs, Wright, McKerricher ; half-backs, C. J. McLean, J. B. McArthur, Girdwood ; forwards, Bingham, Fraser, Torrie, Echlin, Dixon.

THE Theological Society met on Monday night, December 2nd, Vice-president Ingram in the chair. H. L. Kempton presented a

paper on "The New Evangelism," in which he discussed Henry Drummond's criticisms on old theology and its methods. A lively discussion followed, in which many vital questions were brought up dealing with the attitude of the Church to the world, men's doctrinal beliefs, and the circumstances which give rise to much failure on the part of ministers. It was generally thought that God's righteousness was not set forth in much of the so-called modern preaching; therefore people had not a proper conception of Him, and were not moved to action. Such meetings are found to be very beneficial to those engaged in pastoral work.

COMING events cast their shadows before. This is the case with a fowl dinner in our venerable dining hall. Giblet soup always appears the day before the fowl dinner is served. But this is not the point which we started out to make. Numerous committees are planning and working in and out of season, making elaborate preparations for the annual At Home. With increased room and new objects of interest, the function promises to be even more enjoyable than those of the past.

When I consider how my "mon" is spent,
Ere half my debts in this dark world are paid;
Would that that lonesome dollar to me lent,
Might call a hundred thousand to its aid:
For Xmas is here,
And home is not near,
And there are presents to be bought by the million.

THE Debating Society is continuing its good work. Topics brought up at its meetings are generally discussed with much animation, and even after the debate is over, the arguments pro. and con. do not cease. For three or four days after the meeting of Nov. 30th, groups of students might be seen about the corridors or in the dining room, expressing their views on the subject, "*Resolved*,—That it is improper for a minister to attend the theatre." Other recent topics of debate have been: "*Resolved*,—That war is necessary to civilization"; "*Resolved*,—That national and international expositions are beneficial to the cities in which they are held." A change in the usual programme was inaugurated on Dec. 7th, when J. N. McLean, '03, gave a talk on Parliamentary procedure. A motion to the effect that the freshmen be obliged to serve the butter in the University dining room, was followed through a maze of amendments, and amendments to the amendments until the original motion was put to the meeting, and carried in spite of much protest from the freshmen. The Debating Society has done an excellent work during this term in affording opportunities of public speaking to the inexperienced. The Literary Society may expect to receive some of its strongest reinforcements from speakers who have received their first training in the Debating Society. New officers for the second term were elected on Saturday, Dec. 14th.

THE library was closed to the students on Dec. 11th inst., when moving of the books to the new quarters began. There will now be plenty of room for all the old books and many new ones.

THE programme for the Literary Society of Nov. 15th was opened by a violin solo by Dr. Lumley, which was heartily encored. Mr. Mihell then read a most interesting paper on "Ralph Connor." A song by Mr. F. Lumley which was greatly enjoyed by the audience was followed by a paper on "Mary Johnson," read by Miss Ardley. This paper gave a most able review of "To Have and Hold," Miss Johnson's most famous book. Mr. Garfield Munro then presented in a very interesting manner a number of incidents in the life of the now famous writer of animal stories, Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton. The audience appeared to thoroughly enjoy the programme and left highly pleased with the quality of the evening's entertainment. On Nov. 29th the style of meeting was somewhat similar. Mr. Blackadar rendered a flute solo. Then E. J. Tarr, '02, gave an able address on "Newfoundland and Confederation," in which he reviewed the condition of that island and its attitude toward amalgamation with Canada. One of our faculty, Mr. Glenn Campbell, spoke on heraldry, illustrating his remarks with blackboard sketches. A paper on Gladstone was given by Ralph Hartley, '05, reviewing the life of that eminent statesman. The usual meeting for Friday of the following week was omitted in order to make place for the open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League.

PUBLIC MEETING.—Although the College News Department contains every month reports from our Literary Society, special interest always attaches to the public meetings held twice a year. On Friday, Nov. 22, the first public meeting of this term was held. A large number of friends of the University gathered to hear an excellent programme of music, reading and debate.

Miss Blackadar, '02, gave as an opening selection, a piano solo, "En Courant," which was well received. Miss Senior, '05, sang very beautifully two solos, "The Sands o' Dee" and "Twikkenham Ferry," both of which received enthusiastic encores, to which she responded by singing "Will he no' come back again?" and "To-morrow won't do." Mr. Miles, always popular in his readings, contributed a Dutch version of "Betsey and I are out" and gave as an encore "Katrina and Fritz." Mr. Boyer, '02, sang a solo and responded to an encore by singing "The Skippers of St. Ives." The main feature of the programme was the debate, subject, "Resolved that the prohibition of Chinese immigration into Canada is justifiable." The affirmative was led by A. E Haydon, B.A., supported by E. A. Brownlee, B.A. The negative was led by R. E. Guyatt, B.A., supported by H. L. Kempton, B.A. Excellent speeches were given by the debaters on both sides. The affirmative argued that the Chinese were a menace to Canadian social institutions and moral civilization. They asserted that a Chinaman was a financial drain on the country, that he usurped labor from

our own citizens, that he would not assimilate; that his manner of living leads to immorality, that his secret societies defy British law, and that his influence was hostile to Christianity. The time of the negative was taken up largely in answering their opponents' arguments; but they also advanced some new views They emphasized the facts that Chinese labor was required in the development of a new country, and that it solved the problem of domestic service; and that the exclusion of the Chinese was against international law and British justice. Mr. Atkinson, editor of "The Star," who had kindly consented to act as judge, gave a complete and interesting resumé of the arguments of both sides. He drew upon his parliamentary experience, giving a description of the style of debate favored in the House of Commons. His decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative, Messrs. Haydon and Brownlee. "Thy Praises, McMaster" closed a programme of much interest, and quite worthy of the University. Mr. J. L. Mitchener, chairman of the programme committee, merits much praise for the complete arrangements made for the meeting.

Class '02 has gained more laurels by again winning the championship of the inter-year Association football matches. This is the third time that it has captured this honor, and much credit is due the team for the excellent way in which they played in all their matches.

On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 11th, the class in Theology defeated '03 by a score of 3 to 0. The wind was very strong and hampered accurate kicking. However, the Theologs. scored in the first few minutes and then kept the ball over the touch line the rest of the first half; thus '03 had little chance to take advantage of the wind, which was in their favor. The second half was very exciting and the playing fast. Both teams played excellent football and much enthusiasm was manifested by the "rooters" on the touch lines. Before time was called Theology scored two more goals, while '03 failed to tally at all.

Naughty-Two defeated Naughty-Four on Nov. 12th, by a score of 2 to 1. The game was one of the best of the matches, very closely contested and interesting. When time was up each team had scored one goal. Ten minutes was played each way, with the result that Naughty-Two scored one more goal, thus winning the game.

November 18th was the date of a great struggle between '02 and '05, the final score being 1 to 0 in favor of the former. The freshmen played a good defence game, but were not aggressive enough in their forward tactics. The game, however, was exempt from rough play, and abounded in many fast rushes. The one and only goal was scored during the last half, from a free kick.

The final match was played on Wednesday, Nov. 20th, between '02 and Theology, resulting in favor of the former by a score of 4 goals to 0. It was the best game of the season Every player was in the pink of condition, and certainly played to win. In the first half '02 scored two goals, and did likewise in the second. However, the score does not altogether signify the relative ability of the teams. Theology played exceptionally good ball, but their combination work

was not up to that of their opponents. Individually, both teams played well, and the rooters were roused to great excitement. Both defences played well and made some phenomenal kicks. W. Lailey made an efficient referee. The players were as follows:—'02, goal, Sinclair; backs, McLaurin, McKerricher; half-backs, Girdwood, C. J. McLean, Arkell; forwards, J. A. McLean, Bellamy, Torrie, Walker, Meldrum. Theology, goal, Baker; backs, Guyatt, Reekie; half-backs, Smith, Haydon, Riddiford; forwards, Mode, Brownlee, Echlin, Sayles, J. A. McDonald.

Fyfe Missionary.—On Nov. 22nd the Fyfe Missionary Society met, Dr. Welton presiding. Professor Smith gave his report as treasurer of the Society, and Professors Clarke and Campbell were appointed auditors. Mr. H. McDiarmid tendered his resignation as secretary on account of his church work and other duties, and Mr. H. B. Coumans was elected to the office by acclamation. Reports from Weston Road, Taylor street, Royce Ave. and Eastern Ave. Missions were given by the students in charge, the work at the latter place being especially encouraging. The Rev. W. E. Norton then addressed the meeting. After a very happy introduction he spoke of the need of conviction, and loyalty to our principles, the value of a thorough mental training, and the cardinal importance of a deep spiritual life.

In the afternoon the Society had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Linton, who has spent a number of years in missionary work in South America. Mr. Linton spoke of the great field there was for work among the Indian population of that country, and also winning the Spanish-speaking people. The door was open, opportunities for colporteur work were everywhere, and men were needed. He also referred to a pleasant visit he had made to Mr. Reekie, our missionary in Bolivia. Dr. Bates was then introduced and spoke on "Temptations from within, and how to meet them." He referred to the universality of temptation, its test of character, its sinlessness when not yielded to, and how to overcome it by faith in God and His word. This address brought the day's proceedings to a close.

Ladies' Literary League.—We extend our heartiest congratulations to our lady students on the great success of the annual open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League held on the evening of Saturday, December 7th. For some time the ladies had been preparing for the event, which has become one of the most enjoyable of the many social functions in connection with the University. The whole programme was carried out without a hitch; and with a gusto that would have done credit to a society numerically much stronger and more pretentious than our Ladies' Literary League. The old chapel, which for probably the last time in its long and eventful history was the scene of a public meeting, had been gaily decked for the occasion with flags and bunting, as had also lecture room No. 5, and the ladies' reception room.

The chapel was filled to overflowing when the president of the League, Miss Mary C. Blackadar, '02, took the chair shortly after eight o'clock. After Miss Emma Fox, '04, had played Moszkowski's "Scherzo-Valse," displaying excellent technique, Miss Blackadar, in a short address, welcomed the audience, among whom were representatives from the Women's Literary Societies of Varsity, Victoria, St. Hilda's College, Moulton College and the Women's Medical College. She touched briefly on the objects and aims of the Literary League, told of its regular meetings and of the programmes which were similar to the one to be given that evening, and made a passing reference to the decision of Professor McKay to stay with McMaster, and to the greater love for McMaster and its ideals his decision had inspired in the whole student body.

An oration was given by a member of each year. Miss Gertrude C. McGregor upheld the colors of the freshman class. She had chosen "Portia" as her subject; and she told the story of this most interesting of Shakespeare's women in simple and beautiful language, and with a quiet, unaffected grace that won the hearts of her audience. The sad story of "Evangeline" was narrated by Miss Mabel E. Culver, '04, who showed considerable oratorical ability, and was the recipient of well merited applause. Miss Annie M. McNeill, '03, struck a responsive chord in the audience when she denounced in terms of scorn the persecutors of Mary, the ill-fated Queen of the Scots. Her address was highly artistic, and from the outset she had the warm sympathy of her hearers as she portrayed the cruel wrongs suffered by the last of the Stuart line. To Miss Augusta Iler, '02, was reserved the honor of speaking for the senior year. Her subject was "Hypatia," and her treatment of the life and death of this foremost of the Alexandrian School of Philosophers, gave evidence of very careful preparation. Her delivery left nothing to be desired; and altogether it was a fitting climax to a feast of good things.

A quartette composed of Miss Isabel Munro, '03, Miss Kate McLaurin, '04, Miss Agnes Barber, '05, and Miss Lillie Senior, '05, sang Stark's "The Angel's Gift" in a very pleasing manner. In entertaining the audience the ladies were assisted by Miss Sibyl M. Bowles, elocutionist, and Miss Nelly Ross, soprano soloist, both of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Miss Bowles' selections were much enjoyed and very clever, especially her rendition of "Robert O'Lincoln." Miss Ross has a sweet voice, and her two songs, "The Rose," by Noel Johnson, and "Villanelle" by Eva Dell' Acqua, were much appreciated. At the conclusion of the literary and musical programme, refreshments were served and a social hour was spent, and was very much enjoyed by all.

MENTION of our newly acquired scholarships was inadvertently omitted from this department last month. The editor-in-chief speaks of them *ex-cathedra* in this issue, and to his department we refer all our gentle readers.

In *The Canadian Baptist* of November 28th we observe an account of the ordination of Mr. J. H. Hannah, B.A., B.Th., at the Park Street Church, Peterboro'. While at the Hall, Mr. Hannah made a reputation for himself as a thorough and successful student. We feel assured that the same characteristics will manifest themselves in his life work.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editors { Miss Lloy Neal. / Miss Ila Weaver.

Our bazaar, which, ever since the beginning of the term, has been the centre of interest to Moulton students is now an event of the past, but an events of which everyone connected with it may well be proud for it was a pronounced success. On the afternoon and evening of November the twenty-ninth, the drawing-rooms presented a very attractive appearance, with decorations of flags and bunting, and prettily arranged booths. "Becky Sharpe," in her pretty booth, "Vanity Fair," had many fancy articles for sale; "The Woman in White," presided over an attractive booth of white articles; "The Sketch Book Booth" proved of interest to the admirers of art, while the "Little Women" in old-fashioned costumes provided their friends with candies of all kinds. A popular resort was "The Wayside Inn," where refreshments, consisting of tea, coffee, doughnuts, cookies and tarts were served by dainty maidens.

In the evening a short programme consisting of piano and vocal solos, readings and drills was given by the students. From a financial standpoint the bazaar surpassed all expectations. Out of the proceeds of one hundred and fifty dollars, one hundred and thirty-six were added to the New Building Fund.

At the bazaar someone made the happy observation that the "Wayside Inn" was 'way inside in respect to its location.

We were much pleased to have with us at our weekly prayer service, two weeks ago, Mr. Drury, a graduate of Oxford, and also a representative of the Scripture Reading Union of England. Mr. Drury gave a most interesting talk, telling of the origin and progress of this Society, and so well did he depict the merits of the system of Bible study arranged by the Union, that a branch has been formed at Moulton.

All are looking forward to the holidays, and many for whom this term at Moulton has been their first experience away from home, can scarcely wait for Friday, the twentieth, the last day of school. In the meantime the examinations are the engrossing subject of attention, and all are eagerly waiting the results of the term's work.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { E. J. REID, B.A.
LEO. BUCHANAN.

THE Rev. J. G. Brown, Superintendent of Foreign Missions, was present and addressed the meeting of the Judson Missionary Society on Tuesday last. His subject was "The qualifications requisite to a missionary." The address was much appreciated.

A CHORAL Club has been organized in the College, and many of the boys have become members. Miss Strong of Brantford has been engaged as instructor. No doubt good results will follow, not only with respect to the singing but also in voice culture.

A SERIOUS misfortune happened to one of our boys about a month ago. Mr. Frank Ritchie, while playing Rugby, had a rib displaced and his kidneys injured. He was tended in the hospital room for some time. A few days ago, being nearly well, he left for his home in Perth. Mr. Richie is one of the prominent members of our Rugby team and a good fellow. We will all be glad to see him back, well, after Christmas.

ON Friday evening, December 6th, the open meeting of the Philomathic Society was held in the College Chapel. An excellent programme had been prepared and was presented as follows: Address, chairman; piano solo, Mr. Quinones; recitation, Mr. Edwards; oracle, Mr. Pengelly; selection, College Quartette; Maple Leaf, Mr. Harrold; address, "The Man for the Future," Mr. Cameron; song, Miss Best; address, "Voyage from Montreal to Liverpool," Mr. McCrimmon.

THE rink committee has been appointed by the executive of the Athletic Association. The following are the members: L. C. Stephens, chairman, C. McDiarmid, K. S Clark, C. E. McDonald, G. H. Frith, W. W. Raithby, W. H. Davies. A new hydrant is being put in in a more suitable position than the old one. Owing to unavodiable delays they have been somewhat late in getting this done. Great interest is evinced in hockey this year, and although we shall miss some of our last year's players, we hope to have a good team. The College is entered in the City League.

SPECULATIVE youngster.—"I don't see what mothers are for, except to be cross, and make little folks do what they don't want to do."

"THE worst thing about thim tunnels," said the Irish tourist, "is that you niver know you're in one until it's too dark to see where you are."

Here and There.

H. Procter, B.A.

The following exchanges have reached us this month :—"King's College Record," "Queen's University Journal," "Acadia Athenaeum," "The Nassau Literary Magazine," "The Georgetonian," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "University of New Brunswick Monthly," "The Mitre," "The Manitoba College Journal," "University of Ottawa Review," "Hamilton Literary Magazine," "Acta Victoriana," "McGill Outlook," "University of Virginia Magazine," "The Montreal Diocesan Theological College Magazine," "The College Index," "The O. A. C. Review," "Ontario Normal College Monthly," "The Athenaeum."

The *McGill Outlook* is a college journal issued weekly. Very little fiction appears in its pages and but little verse. The aim seems rather to chronicle the doings of McGill men and in this the *Outlook* succeeds admirably. The following sonnet, "Winter," by Martha Martin, is worth quoting :

"Alas ! sad Nature sits aside to mourn,
For Earth lies at her feet quite cold and dead,
The Autumn blushes from her cheek are fled,
Her gold and crimson garments from her torn,
And there she lies of all her beauty shorn.
Now tenderly by hoary Winter led,
A troup of starry snowflakes gently spread
A winding sheet about her, to be worn
Until the morning when a robin's song
Will rouse her. Earth will rise and live again
In budding sweetness of a new-born Spring,
In all the fair unfoldings that belong
To that glad time of hope and promise when
The joy of life suffuseth everything."

The *King's College Record* for November contains a very interesting article taken from the "Church Eclectic," entitled "Shelley's Attitude Towards Religion." The writer maintains that three things conspired together to form the scepticism of Shelley—his life, his character and his philosophy. Of this latter three distinct stages have been traced. In the first stage, as exemplified in "Queen Mab," God and nature are identical; body and spirit are of one essence. The second stage shows the philosophy of Hume and the denial of the reality and eternity of either matter or spirit. Witness the drama "Hellas." While the third stage reveals Shelley under the spell of Platonism, "holding the faith that the things of sense, the things that are seen, are but the faint reflection of the eternal realities, the things that are not seen." "Adonais" clearly sets forth this final stage of Shelley's sceptism. In concluding his study the writer agrees with John Addington Symonds that "it is possible to combine a religious faith with frank delight in natural loveliness to be a Christian without asceticism, and a Greek without sensuality." Poor Shelley failed in these three respects.

THE latest addition to our exchange list is the *Ontario Normal College Monthly*. We are glad to note that one of its associate editors is a McMaster graduate. In the November issue the editor-in-chief pays a tribute to his predecessors in words which every editor of a college paper would gladly echo:—"It is always well to assume responsibile and honorable positions in a spirit of humility, especially when predecessors have established a standard of excellence which can with difficulty be equalled, but certainly never surpassed." This speaks well for the *Monthly*, and the contents of the number before us bespeak a good year for the magazine. An article on "The Place of Facts in Literature," by Mr. H. H. McPherson, is worthy of special mention.

THE DISTORTED MIRROR.

I stood before the glass of jealousy,
And in that troubled mirror saw the world,
Turned upside down and topsy-turvy whirled.
Constancy was a fickle stream run dry;
My dearest friendship but a pretty lie,
I was myself the only steadfast friend
On earth; all generousness was at an end,
Of all alive generous alone was I.

Dry eyed and powerless, silent there I stood
And drank with eager lips the poison draught,
Torturing myself and revelling in the pain;
Joying to feel along each burning vein
Gall flowing fast where once had flowed my blood;
Then at myself and the sick world I laughed.

—L. P. C. in *University of Virginia Magazine.*

BENJAMIN I. WHEELER, President of the University of California, writing in *The Intercollegian* says:—"One of the best things to acquire in a college course is the habit of doing day's work regularly and punctually as the days bring them around. Prepare every lesson. Attend every lecture. Go when it rains. Go when you have a headache. Cuts and all allowances of cuts are an abomination. When you get into business your employers will not allow you cuts. They will not tolerate a man who, when he faces a duty or is to do a thing, estimates for a moment the possibility of choosing whether he will do it or will not do it. Life has no such easy going elective system, and colleges ought not to have. Life wants men who do things because they are appointed to do them, not because they elect to do them."

DEVOTION.

In chapel, I peeped at a maiden fair,
With rose-tinted profile 'neath wimpling hair,
But demure meditation, alas, reigned where
In chapel, I peeped at a maiden fair.
Soon dimples danced daintily, smiled a brown eye,
'Twas flirting, *perhaps*. Do you wonder why
In chapel, I peeped at a maiden fair,
With rose-tinted profile 'neath wimpling hair.

—*College Exchange.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1902.

THE DEDICATION OF THE CHAPEL AND LIBRARY.

McMaster University has just completed one great stride forward in the march of progress. For over a year an energetic band of artizans has been engaged in building together stone, brick, and wood, until now there stands finished a magnificent new chapel and library,—a glorious monument to the generosity and self-denial of those friends of the University who contributed to the funds required for the erection of the edifice. It was appropriate that the building should be opened on Founder's Day, December the 19th, 1901, and therefore the services of dedication were held on that day. There was present a large number of the students, the Alumni, and those interested in the work of the University ; as were also the ladies of Moulton College. On the platform there was assembled a company of distinguished men. One lady, Mrs. McMaster, the widow of the founder of the University, also sat there. Her the students ever delight to honor, and she received an enthusiastic ovation as she took her seat beside the Chancellor. Among those upon the platform were : Chancellor Wallace and the members of the Faculty, the members of the Board of Governors, Prof. Goldwin Smith, President Loudon of the University of Toronto, Chancellor Burwash of Victoria Univer-

sity, Principal Caven of Knox College, Prof. Clark of Trinity University, and Dr. Thomas.

Congratulatory messages were received and read from many who were unable to be present. These were Principal Sheraton of Wycliffe College, President Trotter of Acadia University, Principal Massé of Feller Institute, Principal McDiarmid of Brandon College, Prof. Newman of Baylor University, President Strong of Rochester Theological Seminary, and President Faunce of Brown University. Dr. Newman's greeting was characteristic. It was a pleasure to receive it, it will be equally a pleasure to read it.

Cancellario, Senatui, Artium et Theologiae Facultatibus, Alumnis, Studentibusque Universitatis MacMasteriensis, amicis dilectissimis, salutationes et congratulationes sinceras mitto, in corpore absens, praesens in spiritu. Datum Waconi die xvi Decembris, Anno Domini MCMI. — ALBERTUS HENRICUS NEWMAN.

After the invocation by Professor Farmer, and the singing of the "McMaster Hymn," Mr. Edmund Burke gave an "Account of the Building" and Professor McKay read appropriate passages from Scripture. The audience was then led in the prayer of dedication by Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D., Professor Welton, and Rev. Dougald Brown. A beautiful dedication hymn was heartily sung, after which addresses were delivered. Dr. Cross spoke on "How to use a Library"; E. J. Reid, B.A., on "Training in Public Speaking among McMaster Undergraduates"; and Rev. W. J. Pady, B.A., B.Th., on "A Graduate's Memories of Fyfe Day and the Chapel Services." Chancellor Wallace was to have spoken on "Prospect and Duty"; but owing to the lateness of the hour and the presence of a number of guests, whom all wished to hear, he postponed his address until some future occasion.

The words of Mr. Burke, the architect of the new as well as of the old building, were concise and business-like. He gave a short sketch of the erection of McMaster Hall, and showed how inadequate had become its accommodation on account of the rapid growth of the University. He then described the general structure and plans of the new chapel

and library, the cost of which he estimated at $33,000. Now that our library is provided with the best facilities, and is in a position to add largely to its number of books, Dr. Cross's paper was very timely. He outlined the purpose of education, and showed that the means to it was the impact of mind upon mind. Thus the possession of a good library was a prime necessity for teachers, who are guided by the writers of books; and also for students. The latter should endeavor to confine their reading to those subjects which they are studying. Dr. Cross enumerated the essential requirements of a perfect library, as good and numerous books, proper arrangements, and an able librarian. He here took occasion to eulogize our capable and accommodating librarian, Miss White, and if one might judge from the applause, it was apparent that the students have quite as high an opinion of her as the Doctor.

The address by Mr. Reid, who is an Alumnus of McMaster, gave ample proof that the training which he received while an undergraduate had not been in vain. His speech was well thought out, beautifully worded, and delivered in an easy and graceful style. He introduced his remarks by a reference to the progress among all the Baptist institutions of Canada; and then went on to show the need of public speakers in a country like ours, where speech is free. Oratory he described as the art of persuasion, and an appeal to the human feelings and to reason. McMaster, he said, through her curriculum and such agencies as the Literary Society, trains her students in public speaking; and does not fail to cultivate the imagination and judgment, two qualities necessary to the orator. Mr. Reid urged every student present to face the future courageously, and to go out into the world earnestly endeavoring to carry out the high ideals of his Alma Mater.

Mr. Pady's subject gave him an opportunity to indulge in reminiscences of Fyfe Day and the chapel services, both of which, he said, consecrate the student to God. He treated the subject in relation to the student as a test, a training, and a treat. Enlarging upon each of these divisions, he illustrated his remarks by anecdotes, some amusing, some serious, of the meetings that he attended while an undergraduate.

There was now only one thing lacking to complete our new building. That was a name. The Senate, however, had attended to this matter, and Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., acted as their spokesman. Mr. Thomson said in substance:

I am requested by the Board of Governors to say, that the Senate and Board have unanimously decided, so far as that can be done by associating a name with a building, that this Hall shall be a perpetual memorial of one of our former educational leaders. I refer to the Rev. J. H. Castle, D.D. (Loud cheers and great applause.) Dr. Castle was not only the first President of Toronto Baptist College, but was intimately associated with the founder and with his wife,—the honor of whose presence with us to-day we all appreciate most highly —(Cheers.) in every step which led up to the establishment of this work. He was spared to us until after we had secured our University charter, and it was our good fortune to have the benefit of his counsel in shaping our plans for the development which has since taken place.

Were it necessary for me to justify on wider grounds, the use of his name in this connection, I might remind you of the commanding position he occupied and the great influence he exerted in all our denominational work. The lamented Dr. Fyfe found the Baptists of these Provinces feeble and isolated congregations, whom he led into union and strength. From the nature of things, it was not possible for any other man ever to occupy so relatively commanding a position. If, however, any man could aptly be denominated Dr. Fyfe's immediate successor, that man was undoubtedly Dr. Castle. His coming amongst us marked a new era,—an era of progress, and of brotherly love.

Hence it is with entire confidence, that the Senate and Board rely on the unanimous concurrence of our people in this beautiful edifice, chapel and library combined, being known in perpetuity as "CASTLE MEMORIAL HALL." (Loud and prolonged applause.)

At the end of the programme, the Chancellor called upon Professor Goldwin Smith for a short speech. The learned and venerable gentleman rose, and spoke briefly upon the part

which Baptists had played in securing religious liberty. He characterized them as fearless in their uncompromising pursuit of truth. Baptists are pledged by their principles and history to promote truth, and to keep for the world its heritage of liberty, and he hoped that McMaster would be an effective agency to that end. In conclusion, he extended his congratulations to the University upon the acquisition of its fine new chapel and library.

President Loudon, Chancellor Burwash, Principal Caven, and Professor Clark were enthusiastically received, and conveyed congratulatory messages to McMaster from the institutions over which they preside.

Thus Castle Memorial Hall was dedicated to the educational work of McMaster University and of the world at large

R. V. Bellamy.

DR. FAUNCE'S LECTURE.

The concluding exercises in connection with the dedication of Castle Memorial Hall were held in the new chapel on Friday evening, December 20. The speaker of the evening, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University, was introduced by Chancellor Wallace to an eagerly expectant audience,—expectations by no means disappointed, for on few occasions has so truly eloquent an address been delivered in McMaster. Dr. Faunce's subject was "The Contribution of our Schools to State and Church." His thoughts—strong, clear, helpful thoughts—were clothed in admirable rhetoric and exquisitely finished diction, and throbbed with a contagious enthusiasm. This was the lecture's excellence,—it gave pleasure, it was instructive, but best of all, it inspired the hearers with hope and courage.

On rising to speak Dr. Faunce was warmly greeted, especially by the occupants of the students' gallery. Greetings from Brown University, with a brief account of that institution's progress, and congratulations on McMaster's rapid, sturdy growth were the subject of a few preliminary words. Introducing his

subject, Dr. Faunce reviewed the great advance in the apparatus of living and in the discovery of facts, which the nineteenth century had made, and showed that a school must be judged by its contribution to this advance. While invention and industry are providing men with great material equipment for life, it is the office of the school to enable men to use this equipment for the highest ends, for "what real worth has an incandescent lamp, if it help us not to more clearly see our duty?" Virtues, not policemen, are the guardians of our homes. The true aim of education is *to make men*, men with large hearts and clear minds and strong wills, men who will dare follow high ideals, who will strive heroically, who will grow forever.

Our schools make three great contributions to the State, unification, moral seriousness, and trained intelligence. To see how real a thing the first of these is, we must remember how great a number of students there are in the schools of the land, rich and poor, native and foreign. All these, in their plastic years, are put into the uniform mental environment of the schools, and are moulded into citizens, not devoid of individuality, but having so much in common that they give the State a real and true unity which legislation or commerce never could. It is the unity, not of staves in a barrel, but of branches in a tree. In higher education, this effect is even more pronounced, through the migrations of students and professors, and the intermingling of ideas and ideals made possible by summer schools and educational conferences and conventions.

The second great contribution of our schools to the State, namely, moral seriousness, finds its root in the fundamental kinship between religion and education. The assets of a school are not so much the things visible as the things invisible, not so much in the treasurer's report as in the spirit which pervades the school's life. Who will reckon up the value in gold of *one good college song*? College spirit is a thing of real worth, a thing which passes down from father to son, and binds the present to the past and lays hold upon the future. Faith, hope, sacrifice, aspiration, these are a school's true assets. (At this point in the address the spirited strains of "Thy praises, McMaster," with a lusty round or two of "Boom on Mac," were interjected

by the gallery, as if to cap the climax of the speaker's splendid periods.) Continuing his discussion of this second contribution, Dr. Faunce remarked that our educational system is criticized as being deficient in the development of productive scholarship, but defended it on the ground that the primary object of our educational institutions is not the discovery of scientific data, but the development of noble all-round manhood. In the attainment of this end the efficiency of the elective system is questionable; for it fosters an untrue conception of education, it being the student's object (when following the elective system) to "pick out the plums rather than to eat the pudding." The doctrine of interest which plays so important a part in the kindergarten does not similarly apply to the university, and in a course which allows the student to study only the thing in which he is interested and to avoid the disagreeable tasks, there is lacking that element which gave something of granite to the character of the old time teacher. College freedom contributes an essential quality to the moral contribution of the school to the State. The professor's aim is not to inculcate a set of views, but to impart a love for truth and furnish equipment for the finding of truth. In our system freedom of and responsibility for speech are combined in such a way as to encourage in the student fearlessness, self-reliance and honesty.

The third and most obvious contribution is that of trained intelligence. This for a nation's welfare is indispensable. Growth in mind must precede growth in material possession. Every advance in technical education is bright with promise of industrial and commercial progress. In medicine the scientific method is opening more and more a magnificent field for work, not in the curing but in the prevention of disease. Our forefathers hunted the wild beasts of the forest; it is ours to hunt the infinitesimal germs of disease, a warfare worthy of man's best effort. So, too, in theology, the method must be scientific. It has not always been so. Too many have engaged all their powers in the defence of what they had assumed to be truth, rather than in a search for truth. But more and more the minister is becoming a student, a thinker, a follower of truth, and candor, toleration, love for new truth, the spirit of the university, are becoming the spirit of theology.

Before dealing with any specific contributions of the schools to the church, Dr. Faunce spoke earnestly and powerfully of the great need of education as a *sine qua non* of the church's growth. The Baptist denomination is devoted to the Bible as the supreme charter in faith and life, it must therefore be as broad as the Bible, not with that breadth which means looseness in morals or compromise in doctrine, but broad enough to meet human needs at every point. A church that professes to be founded upon the Bible in all its departments must be a great church. Such a church must *educate* or perish. For Moody, Finney, Spurgeon the pulpit was not far-reaching enough. The great educational works which stand as their monuments are proof that they with their clear vision saw that for the church, for the kingdom of God on earth, there is no future without education. The apostles were no weaklings, but men of strong native powers brought to high effectiveness by three years of constant tutoring under the Teacher of teachers. Paul was a man of magnificent intellect burnished in the best schools of his day; nor were his colleagues men of inconsiderable mental equipment. The same is true of the leaders in the sub-apostolic age. From 500 to 1500 was an age of spiritual darkness, but it was also an age of intellectual darkness. Then came the great burst of intellectual life—Erasmus, Melancthon, Calvin, Zwingli, Luther, men who would have moved the world as mere intellectual powers apart altogether from religion. There is natural law in the spiritual world, "If God needs not our knowledge, He needs our ignorance still less." Though He uses weak things to confound the mighty, yet in each case the weak thing is the very best thing for His purpose. A carbon filament serves better in an incandescent lamp than a crow-bar would. While the Creator stoops to use human instruments, it is always instruments *prepared* for His service.

Being so absolutely essential the schools surely have some contributions to make to the work of the church. These contributions are the power of growth, and the power of service. The school gives men who will not stop growing. Everywhere we may see enterprises kept back because the men promoting them cease growing and become fossilized. The methods, the

ideas of twenty years ago will not do to-day. Only as the teacher is himself progressive can be send forth progressive pupils. The church cannot grow if its leaders are no stronger, no larger, after two or three decades of active service than they were at graduation. If the school gives the church men who will *go on growing*, it renders invaluable service. And side by side with this contribution, is the gift of the power of service. Our power to do depends upon our ideal of doing. We should ask ourselves, as we leave the school for the world, "What am I going out for—to get or to give?" In every city one finds the wealthy moving out, away from the masses, to luxuriate in broad avenues, wide lawns, clear air. That is the spirit of the world. The spirit of Christianity is not such; it is to *move in*, into the place of greatest need. He does genuine service who brings his faith into the slums of unbelief, his love into the abodes of vice, his strength into the place of weakness. If during his course the student has seen Truth, so that he asks as he turns away at last from college halls, "Where am I needed most?" the school has given its greatest and grandest contribution to the Church and to the world.

And so the cause of education is a great and worthy one. The friends of education are the best friends of national life and of Christianity. There can be no investment of time and energy and gold yielding more magnificent dividends than devotion of these to the work of Christian education. The story of the miser who lost his hoarded gold, but, in his search for it, found instead a homeless child, whose golden curls, fairer than all his coins, were an unfading joy for his waning years, fitly figures the case of those who, spending money and time and talents for the education of to-day, lose them forever as such, but find them to-morrow in sons and daughters, disciplined and strong and brave, who, in the homes and laws and industries of their land shall extend the kingdom of God.

A. C. Watson.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

In the spring of 1880 the firm of Langley, Langley & Burke, Architects, was commissioned by the late Senator McMaster to prepare plans for a Baptist Theological College to be erected in Toronto. After visits to Newton, Brown, the Episcopal Theological College, Cambridge, Mass., and other colleges, by the late Rev. Dr. Castle and the writer, the plans of the present Main Building were matured, and the contracts signed on July 14th, 1880, when work was immediately commenced. The building was completed in the fall of 1881.

The contractors were:—For the masonry, Robt. Snarr; carpenter work, Moir & McCall; sheet metal, Douglas Bros.; roofers' work, Geo. Duthie; plumbing and steam heating, Bennett & Wright; plastering, Rundle & Co.; glazing and painting, Wm. Elliott.

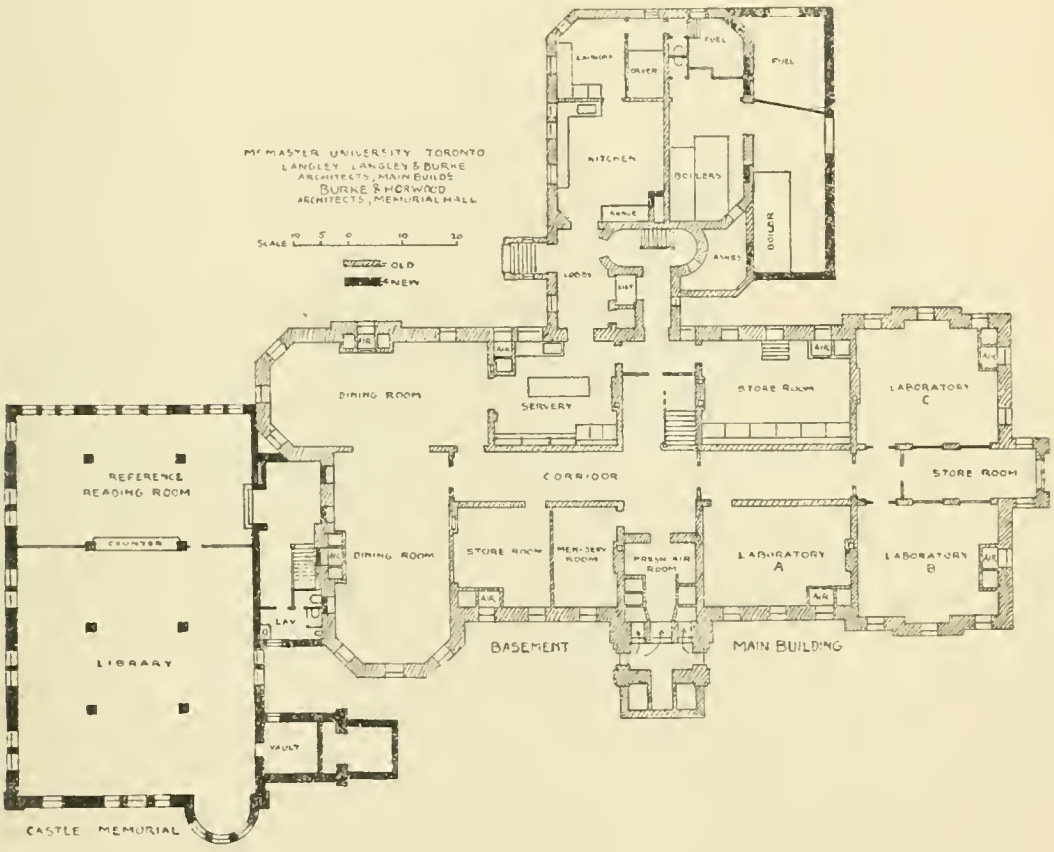
Mr. Edward Langley (who superintended the work of construction), Mr. Snarr and Mr. Elliott have gone from us to the great majority. Two of the old firms connected with the erection of the Main Building, Mr. Duthie with his sons, and the Bennett & Wright Co., have executed the contracts in their respective lines in the New Building.

When Senator McMaster, Dr. Castle and the architects discussed the plans and laid out the lines of the Baptist Theological College, more than twenty-one years ago, they little dreamed of the tax which would, in a few years, be placed on the then generous accommodation provided. The Theological College is now a full-fledged University, bursting its bounds and overflowing into store rooms, hallways, nooks and corners, till one is almost tempted to cry out "hold!" From stoke-hole to Chapel, room has been sorely needed for years past, and professors, students, steward and attendants have been unduly crowded and inconvenienced, yet withal hopeful, cheerful, and doing well their work despite every drawback.

The study and dormitory accommodations once intended to serve some 47 students, now do duty for Chancellor's office, Faculty room, three class rooms, biological laboratory, reading

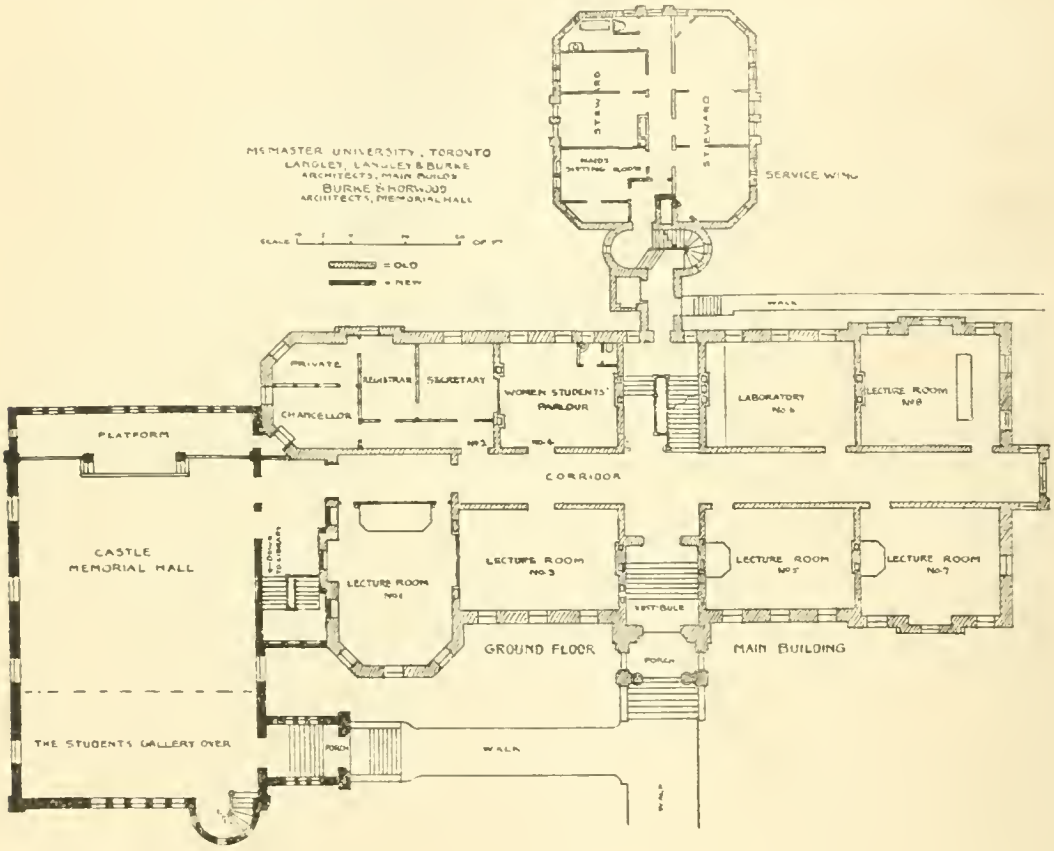
room, hospital and 76 resident students, while the Registrar has had to annex for his office the end of one of the corridors. The four class rooms on the ground floor are practically as in the days when three or four professors comprised the Faculty, save that one has been turned into a physical laboratory.

The original reading room has been changed into a parlor



for women students, and the parlor or reception room into a reference reading room, while the Chapel has had to do its original duty as well as that of a class room. The old Library has been as badly overtaxed as the other portions of the building, if not more so, with books overflowing to floor, ledge, cornice and window-sill. The old gymnasium in the west end of the basement, where the budding theologians wrestled with physical things, has long since disappeared, giving place to laboratories, where the wrestlings are now

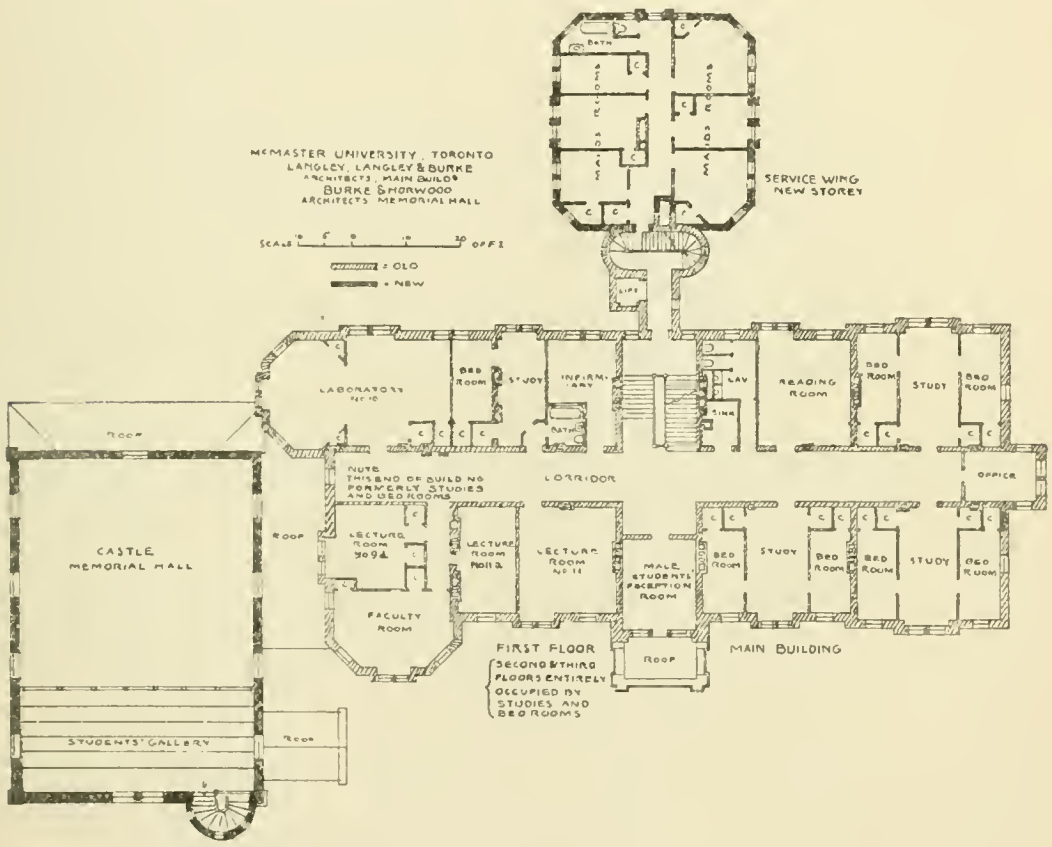
with spirits, and pungent vapors which will not down, and which often rise to regions where they are an unwelcome intrusion. An adjoining store room has also been impressed into service as a laboratory, with hopeful indications of the beginning of a museum around its walls and in the corridor adjoining, where, by the way, hang two of the old gymnasium ladders. It is easy, therefore, to perceive that with but a



moderate addition in number, both professors and students will, perforce, suffer increasing inconvenience from crowded quarters.

The same laundry, kitchen, pantries and dining rooms do duty in serving the greatly increased throng of students. The laundry is entirely inadequate, both in area and equipment, for the work. And notwithstanding all this crowding and overcrowding, and adaptation to diverse uses, the old building, with its substantial construction and simple details, shows little evidence of wear and tear, and the passage of time.

During the past summer, in addition to the more important work in front, and in answer to a most imperative demand for adequate accommodation for the steward's household, another story was added to the service wing, permitting the removal of the maids from the steward's floor and the inconvenient loft which some of them were forced to occupy, to the new story which contains some six comfortable well



warmed bedrooms and a lavatory, and gives the steward and his good wife the long-looked-for and much-needed privacy and comfort of a self-contained suite of rooms.

A commodious annex has been built to accommodate an additional boiler, with provision for a large store of fuel. The steam mains have been re-arranged and enlarged, giving a much better supply to the more distant radiators. The supply of fresh air to the indirect radiators in the basement, which heat the class rooms above, is now drawn from a single source,

permitting easier and more satisfactory regulation. The system of air delivery to the class rooms will, however, not be entirely complete and satisfactory without the installation of a fan. Preparations have been made for this installation, when funds are forthcoming.

The old Library room will be immediately sub-divided into offices and arranged to accommodate the Secretary and Registrar, each with a room, and the Chancellor with a public and private office. The old chapel will be used as a class room, and will be reduced in length by the taking off of a passage or corridor in extension of the present corridor, which will then extend through to the new building. The old reference reading room will also be turned into a class room, and both rooms may be transformed into refreshment or reception rooms on special occasions, by the removal of the desks.

It may be of interest to state, in passing, that several studies were made in 1893-4, on the suggestion of the late Dr. Rand, for Hall and Library at the west end of the Main Building, in combination with a future wing to extend southerly along the west boundary of the site. The placing of the Hall and Library at the east end has, however, resulted in a more satisfactory solution of the problem, and will leave the west end free for a better scheme, embodying additional class rooms, professors' rooms, dormitories, etc.

The New Building has been designed in a free treatment of the Romanesque style of architecture, adapted to modern requirements, and in harmony with the character of the Main Building. The foundations were built in the autumn of 1900, just twenty years after the erection of the Main Building. The corner-stone was laid a year ago, on Founders' Day, by Mrs. S. M. McMaster, who is with us again on this day of Dedication.

This Convocation Hall, now for the first time occupied, covers an area of 48 ft. x 75 ft. It is built, like the Main Building, of brown Credit Valley stone, trimmed around the openings with red brick. The walls inside are lined with buff pressed brick. The timbers of the roof are of massive form left rough from the saw and stained a moss green, while the

ceiling between is of southern pine in natural color. The wood finish of the platform and gallery is of ash, stained to harmonize with the timbers of the roof.

A massive triple arch at the south end, supported on brown stone columns, marks the alcove and platform. Appropriate stalls or chairs have been designed for the use of the Faculty, but their construction awaits the gift of some generously disposed friend of the institution. At the opposite, or north end, is the Students' gallery, reached by a curved stairway starting close to the entrance, and designed to seat ordinarily about 165 persons; the students, with their well-known capacity for cramming, are expected to far exceed that limit.

The floor of the Hall will seat between 500 and 600 people. The permanent seats, which will be portable and folding, are, unfortunately, not yet finished, but will be ready for the next session. The entrance porch is finished in harmony with the Hall, and is reached by a walk which leaves the main walk at a right angle, close to the main porch.

Between the Hall and the Main Building, and kept low to avoid as much as possible the obstruction of light to the Main Building, is a hallway connecting the old with the new building, and opening on to the extended corridor in the Main Building before mentioned.

Access is gained to the new Library in the basement, beneath the Hall, by a broad staircase, and through a doorway protected by an automatically closing fire-proof door. The Library, occupying the same area as the Hall above, is of fire-proof construction, having brick-cased iron columns and vaulted concrete ceiling, which also forms the support for the flooring of the Hall; with these precautions the Library becomes practically an isolated room and safe from damage by fire. The walls are lined with pressed brick, as upstairs. Advantage has been taken of the sloping ground of the hillside, to obtain a high ceiling, some 16 ft., and ample window surface.

The two southerly bays of the Library are arranged for the reference reading room, and the balance has been devoted to the book stacks, the area being sufficient to contain double or even treble, the present collection. A partition of open

grille work, with a counter in the centre, guards the library section. The present antiquated shelves have perforce been retained, and re-erected, pending the generosity of the friends of the University, and the necessary increase of shelf room of the simplest and least expensive character. Small tables are placed at convenient points in the Library for the use of the Professors in their word of study or research.

A large fire-proof vault for the storage of books and papers of value is located beneath the entrance porch, and lavatories are installed in the basement hallway beneath the stair landing. The artificial lighting of the new building is by electricity, with specially designed fixtures, no gas being used. The wearing qualities of the books will thus be extended and the comfort of the occupants largely enhanced. The windows throughout are filled with specially designed leaded glass of soft amber tint. The heating is by steam, as in the Main Building, and a small fan has been installed as an aid to the ventilation of the Hall, drawing fresh air from out-doors, and delivering it warmed, through registers in the front of the platform.

The contractors for the work are as follows:—Mason work, Robt. Robertson; carpenter work, George Henry; steel and iron work, The Dominion Bridge Co.; fire-proof flooring, A. Gardner & Co.; roofing, Geo. Duthie & Co.; plumbing, heating and lighting, The Bennett & Wright Co., Ltd.; plastering, George Rudlen; painting, Joseph McCausland & Son; lead glazing, The Robt. McCausland Co. Architects, Burke & Horwood.

The total cost cannot as yet be given accurately, the accounts not having been made up, but may be approximated at $33,000.00. This amount will include the various improvements in the Main Building, the service building, boiler house, electric lighting, and alterations of Library fittings.

EDMUND BURKE.

JOHN HARVARD CASTLE

First Principal Toronto Baptist College.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF HUXLEY.

The life of Huxley is the uneventful life of a student and teacher. He was born in 1825, at Ealing, a quiet English village, and the most exciting events of his career are the struggles by which he rose out of poverty and obscurity, and the battles which he waged with the other intellectual giants of his day. There is almost nothing left us by which to trace his intellectual evolution. Of formal schooling he had but little. Two years spent at a public school he describes as a pandemonium, and after that he had "neither help nor sympathy in any intellectual pursuit" till he reached manhood. Meantime he had prepared himself for entrance to the Medical School of Charing Cross Hospital, from which he was graduated in 1845. Shortly after passing his M B. examination he entered the medical service of the navy, and was appointed assistant-surgeon of H.M.S. Rattlesnake, about to proceed on a four years' cruise in the Australian seas.

Huxley's fame dates from this voyage. He went forth an unknown student and returned a trained and successful investigator with an assured reputation. His plan had been as original as successful. Instead of burdening himself with large collections of specimens which might enrich a museum, he concentrated his attention upon the little-understood and unpreservable forms of animal life, and in that way made a valuable addition to Morphological Zoology. And this was accomplished on a small ship, under a tropical sun, with poor scientific equipment, and without books. In recognition of these researches he was elected F.R.S. in 1851, and a year later was awarded the Royal Society's gold medal, valued at £50.

The four years following the return of the Rattlesnake were troubled by financial perplexities and difficulties in bringing out the results of his voyage. He sought for various professorships, among others, the chair of Zoology in the University of Toronto, but without success. The tide of fortune turned in 1854, when he was appointed to lecture in succession to his friend Forbes in the Government School of Mines; within

a few months four other important positions were entrusted to him. Henceforth recognition and honors poured in upon him, and though the way was sometimes boisterous and rough, the storms were often of his own seeking. Learned universities were proud to confer honorary degrees upon him; he was for ten years secretary of the Royal Society; and in 1883 attained the highest honor that can be shown a British man of science—the Presidency of the Royal Society.

The last ten years of Huxley's life, spent in retirement from active professional duties, were devoted to philosophical and religious controversies with Dr. Wace, Gladstone, the Duke of Argyle, and others. Such was his force of thought and expression, that whether we regard him as a scientist, a philosopher, or a writer of pure and vigorous English, he must be reckoned one of the outstanding figures of the nineteenth century.

The two things that distinguished Huxley's early scientific work were a remarkable exactness of observation and an alertness to see the bearing of any new discovery; and these were joined to a clearness and conciseness of expression that have never been surpassed. What course his subsequent endeavors might have taken is uncertain, for he was predisposed to follow physiological lines; but the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859 had a tremendous effect on Huxley, as on the whole scientific world, and opened before him new avenues of thought and investigation.

Darwin like Huxley had won his scientific spurs as naturalist to an exploring expedition, but on his return to England, unlike Huxley, having an ample fortune and being of a retiring disposition, he withdrew to his country home and spent many years in indefatigable labors and brooding. The publication of his theory of Natural Selection was the signal for an outburst of popular and religious indignation. The quiet student who was the cause of all the commotion seems to have been abashed at the outcry. He had said if he could secure the approval of Hooper, Lyell, and Huxley, he would consider his theory safe. Lyell, who more than any other man had smoothed the way for a theory of organic evolution, was reluctantly won to the new

teaching. But Huxley who had no such religious scruples as had perplexed the great geologist, became at once an ardent convert and prepared for the gathering storm. To Darwin he wrote: "I am sharpening up my beak and claws in readiness." No one saw more clearly than Huxley the gaps in Darwin's chain of evidence; and he especially insisted upon its incompleteness, until it was shown that two varieties produced by artificial selection might become infertile to each other and thus attain the status of separate species.

What greatly impressed him was the simplicity of the theory and its fruitfulness to explain a thousand hitherto inexplicable difficulties and to give direction to new biological effort. Accordingly he set himself with vigor to its defence; he became, as he said, Darwin's bull-dog. His advocacy was altogether of a different type from the calm judicial treatment of Darwin, who hated controversy and who withdrew the more from the public gaze the more he and his theories were derided. Huxley took up the cause from conviction, but pursued it in a manner born of pure love for the fray, with more purpose perhaps to deal hard blows to his opponents than to win them to his views. With a pen dipped, as Darwin expressed it, in aqua fortis, he met the attacks alike of churchmen and scientists. With renewed interest he prosecuted his studies as to the relationship of man and the higher apes. He sought new evidence for the transmutation of species, and taking advantage of the opportunity afforded him by his position on the Geological Survey, he poured forth paper after paper descriptive of extinct vertebrates, almost every one of which he showed to be a missing link.

It is possible that but for the strenuous support of a few adherents, chief among whom was Huxley, Darwinism, after the first strong outburst of disapproval, would have fallen out of the popular attention, and working its way quietly first among the biologists and later among the educated public would in time have come to be received as one of the unassailable strongholds of science. Such at least had been the history of some previous theories, such as the fundamental principles of geology. Even Newton's law of gravitation was met by similar

opposition, narrower it is true, because the reading public was smaller, but quite as intense. Gravitation dethroned God, it was said ; it was no longer God who upheld all things by the word of His power, but He was displaced, and upon His throne sat the demon of universal gravitation.

It is strange that whenever any hitherto unexplained phenomenon receives a natural explanation, the tendency of the human mind is to jump to the absurd conclusion that explanation leaves no room for the Divine operator, to raise the cry whenever science shows the stages of a natural process, "Materialism ! You make the universe run itself, and have ousted God !" It is hard to understand how a generation that would tolerate the creation of worlds out of cosmic dust according to the nebular hypothesis (the populace usually says *by* the nebular hypothesis) and that would allow the six days of creation to be spread over millions of years according to geology, would yet strain at allowing a similar course in organic creation. For the demand in all these cases is of the same nature, namely, the substitution of creation by slow and orderly processes, instead of creation by direct fiat. The popular objection is based upon the mistaken notion that this substitution is putting a different agency in place of God. But these are not agents—neither gravitation, nor cosmic or geological evolution, nor organic evolution by natural selection. They are merely processes. They are not powers, but methods ; and method implies mind, a plan and a worker.

The attitude towards Darwinism in the early years of the controversy varied greatly, according to preformed convictions and opinions. Many Christians were profoundly moved, some with indignation at what they regarded as an attack upon the dignity of man and his Divine origin ; others, like Lyell, with dismay and trembling as they found themselves cut loose and drifting from all that they held most sacred. Some few, like Charles Kingsley, were able to reconcile an acceptance of the new teaching with the old faith. Some opponents of Christianity, like Haeckel, exulted in the belief that Darwinism had dealt a death blow to religious dogma and the existence of God. Even Darwin, who "felt compelled to look to a First Cause

having an intelligent mind," goes on to declare that "the old argument from design in nature, as given by Paley, which formerly seemed so conclusive, fails."

Huxley's views seem to have undergone a change as years advanced, though he afterwards, on collecting his essays, makes the boast that he found no reason to change a word. This is scarcely borne out by a comparison of his early with his later essays. Writing to Kingsley on this subject, he said: "I have a great respect for the old bottles, and if the new wine can be got to go into them and not burst them, I shall be glad. I confess I do not see the way to do it. . . . I don't like this state of things for myself—least of all do I see how it will work out for my children." A year later, while pointing out that the design argument of Paley cannot be held in the exact form in which it was originally stated, he speaks of the Darwinian hypothesis as reconciling "the apparently diverging teachings of the Teleologist and the Morphologist." The latter view he afterwards worked out more clearly and thus performed a service for religion as well as for science. In 1869 he wrote: "It is necessary to remember that this is a wider teleology which is not touched by the doctrine of evolution, but is actually based upon the fundamental proposition of evolution." Elsewhere he pronounced against "belief in chance and disbelief in design." To be a teleologist and yet accept evolution, it is only necessary "to suppose that the purpose was foreshadowed in the molecular arrangements out of which the animals come." At another time he declared that the mechanist is always at the mercy of the teleologist.

R. Wilson Smith.

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES OF AN AUSTRIAN UNIVERSITY.

Since the beginning of the Renaissance and the decay of the Greek and Latin standards of learning, German students have everywhere been looked up to as leaders in the world of thought. This is no less true to-day than centuries ago, when so many eminent poets, philosophers and musicians flourished. The German educational system has radiated its influence to our own country until it has touched the simplest kindergarten child as well as the most profound philosopher.

It will perhaps be interesting to the students of McMaster to hear something of the every-day life and customs in a modern German-speaking university. The one of which I shall give a few glimpses bears the prodigious name of Kaiserliche-Königliche-Karl-Franzens-Universität in Graz, the founding of which dates back as far as 1585. It is the third largest university in Austria, and like every other educational institution is under government control, which means a great deal more in this country than in Canada.

Its present buildings, eight in number, were only erected a few years ago, and consequently they are fitted with every modern convenience for the study and progress of science. They occupy a large square in the prettiest part of the city, and a short distance away is a botanical garden, which is kept exclusively for the use of the students. The severely plain architecture of the buildings is relieved at intervals by stone ornaments and statues, among which are those of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Kant, Leibnitz, and Newton. The main building is in the form of a closed rectangle, in the centre of which is a courtyard planted with rare shrubs and trees. Inside, it presents a very elaborate appearance, and its broad halls with marble pillars and stairways, mosaic floors and vaulted ceilings decorated with allegorical paintings, remind one of a Greek temple.

The University has five Faculties, Arts, Medicine, Law, Catholic Theology, and Pharmacy. Half the students in attendance are studying Law, while Medicine and Arts claim the

next largest numbers. According to last year's calendar, there were 1652 students registered, of which 49 were women. Only eleven of the latter were taking regular courses, but this record is not so small when one considers that the University has been open to women only since 1897, and has not yet had the honor of one " sweet girl graduate."

The college year extends from the first of October to the last of June and is composed of two unequal terms, the division being made at the end of March. They are quite separate, however, and registration has to take place at the beginning of each. Lectures begin every morning at seven o'clock, Saturdays included, but the students do not object to early hours, for they have been accustomed to them from the kindergarten up. In all the Faculties except Arts, written examinations are held at the end of each term, but more liberty seems to have been given in this one course. The students in Arts are subjected to oral tests from time to time, but the real examination does not take place till the required work is completed. The courses are not planned so that each student must cover a certain amount of work each term; he may extend his college course over as many years as he chooses, provided it is not less than four. Not being obliged to take their work in any particular order, the students consequently are not divided into years as we have them in Canada, but class themselves according to the special subjects they are following up. For each subject there is a Seminary composed of a lecture room, a study room and the Professor's private office. Each study room is supplied with six or eight hundred books for the immediate use of the students in that department. They are largely books of reference, and are quite separate from the University Library, which contains 180,000 volumes and 1,756 manuscripts.

Graz University has attracted students from many neighboring countries, and side by side in the lecture room are to be found Austrians, Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Greeks, Poles, and Englishmen. The Austrians are renowned for being great linguists, which is naturally to be expected from a people coming in contact with so many nationalities.

It is needless to say that politics and patriotism are the cause of many a struggle among the students. This is especially true with regard to Austrians, Hungarians and Czechs, whose attitude toward each other is a reflection of the irreconcilable parties composing the Reichsrath at Vienna.

The national differences found in the University naturally hinder the students from uniting as a whole in any common enterprise. They have no College Literary Society, no Athletic Association, no Debating Union and no "Fyfe Missionary." Still, they are not without their private clubs, which are formed mainly on the basis of politics and religion, and these are so far recognized by the University as to be given an important part in all college functions. Their meetings seldom take place in the University buildings, but in some café, where a great deal of beer drinking and smoking is carried on. These societies have one distinguishing feature in common, namely, the wearing of a peculiar cap of blue, red or green velvet, according to the club color. Periodically one club challenges another to a friendly duel, which is accepted as a point of honor, and the scars received on these occasions are borne proudly by the students. College campus, college colors and yells, which mean so much to every Canadian student, are quite unknown here. The wearing of caps and gowns, too, has never been introduced even among the professors. The latter, however, are to be seen in full military dress on certain great occasions, such as the presentation of the Emperor's diamond ring, which is sometimes won by students taking a very high standing in certain courses.

Every year a new University Rector is elected from among the many professors, and his inauguration is one of the few occasions during the year on which the "Aula" or Assembly Hall is opened. The exercises of this day are so peculiarly German, that I shall give a short description of them. The first thing which attracts one's attention on entering the Aula is an immense statue of the present Emperor Franz-Josef, situated in the front of the hall, just above the platform. As the students and their friends are assembling, chosen members from the various college clubs march in with

elaborate silk and gold banners and form themselves in a double semi-circle on each side of the Emperor's statue. They are dressed like sixteenth century princes, wearing velvet hats trimmed with large white ostrich plumes, and each carries a rapier. A bugle and drum in the back of the room announce the coming of the procession of Beadles, Rectors, Deans and Professors, and as they enter the room these "Princes" raise their rapiers and hold them in position till all are seated. First of all, the retiring Rector makes an address, giving a resumé of his year of office, after which he introduces his successor. At this the thousand or more students who fill the hall shout "Vivat, crescat, floreat Alma Mater! Heil dem neuen Rector!" Then the new Rector makes his inaugural address, at the conclusion of which the students, led by the glee club, sing a Latin college song, and the rapiers are again raised while the procession marches out. It is the custom, after this affair, for the students to drive in procession through the city; so carriage after carriage, drawn by two, four or six horses, form in line before the college.

There is very little ceremony connected with the granting of degrees, and few of the students take any interest in it. They are doled out on different days during the autumn to five or six students at a time, and the exercises, which take place between eleven and twelve a.m., are attended only by a few friends of those graduating. It is claimed by the Englishmen in the University here that it is more difficult to obtain a degree in Austria than in Germany, but after graduation they are all rewarded with the title of Doctor, no matter what course they have taken. Frequently Englishmen who are aiming at graduation from Heidelberg, or some other German university, come here to spend a few terms with Dr. Karl Luïck, whose reputation as an English philologist is second only to that of Prof. Schröer at Freiburg. These two German professors are said to be on a par with our own Englishmen, Skeat and Sweet.

In Germany and Austria the extremely low fees have put a higher education within the range of all, and in many cases, according to special arrangements, students receive free tuition.

Here, of course, as in every university, there are many who attend merely for the sake of the college life, or as a fashionable means of filling in time; but the majority study very hard and do not allow many outside interests to attract their attention. On the average they are older than the students in Canada, probably because they are not allowed to matriculate from the Gymnasium into the University under the age of eighteen. German students are not many-sided men, but through patience and perseverance they accomplish much in their special lines of study, which doubtless accounts for their success as students, and is the secret of the renown which they have gained throughout the world.

GRACE N. WALLACE, '02.

Graz, Austria.

TO A BLADE OF PRAIRIE GRASS.

I open the book wherein thou art pressed,
But my eye cannot read, for thou bringest unrest.

I hear the lost whispers and strayed wisps of song
Of numberless grasses, when the evenings were long

And the long sea sounds of the prairie winds roll
Like waves from eternity over my soul.

I hear the chill sobbings of myriads of flowers,
As they died one by one in Summer's last hours;

And mine own heart's sad crying to fathom the stain
Of thy ineffable sunsets—in vain!

Unrest! Ah! To reckon the sobbings, the dead!
To find end to the winds, and depth to the red!

Though unsightly and frail, thou art unto me
A thought wandered hither from infinity.

W. SHERWOOD FOX, '00.

THE ALUMNI CONFERENCE.

The Alumni of the University took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the dedication of "Castle Memorial Hall" to hold their annual meeting. On this occasion the meeting took the form of a conference, and was in every way a success. Two sessions were held, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, and both were attended by a goodly number of graduates, many of whom were from out of town. Rev. Walter S. S. McAlpine, B.A., B.Th., President of the Association, presided, and much of the success achieved was due to his efforts.

The first paper of the Conference was by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.A., B.D., of Montreal, on "What Baptists Stand For." In the absence of the writer, Dr. Cross read the paper. Noting the fact that at the present time there is a general and sincere desire for a larger measure of unity among all Christian people, Mr. Gilmour pointed out that no step may be considered that involves a surrender of true and cherished principles on the part of any one. The organizing idea of the Baptists is the place of the individual in Christianity, and his duty as well as his right and privilege to express this in the New Testament manner. This yields a body of doctrines that are so closely bound together by a logical nexus that danger to one is danger to all. These may be enumerated as, (1) Regenerate church membership; (2) Scripture the standard in religious matters. The regenerate heart has the right to interpret for itself the oracles of God; (3) The right of all members to have a voice in the government of the Church, and of each Church to govern itself; (4) The right of the individual to approach the spiritual apprehension of God through the ordinances on the ground of his participation in the new life, that is through Jesus Christ in the new birth; (5) The right of soul liberty. The regenerate man is a son of God and is answerable directly to God; (6) The separation of Church and State, a free Church in a free State.

The Rev. J. B. Kennedy, B.A., B.Th., then followed with a

paper on "The Church and the Masses." Mr. Kennedy prefaced his remarks on this topic by the statement that when he was among the poor he defended the rich, and when among the rich he defended the poor, the humorous implication of the second part of which as applied to his audience amused us all. He then proceeded to show that the average church attendance in Toronto was about 75,000, and to inquire why the masses separated themselves from the churches. Perhaps the Church was at fault in separating itself from the masses. Money moves up town and frequently the church moves with it. It often binds heavy burdens on the poor, particularly in the down-town churches, where men often do not go to church because they have not five cents to spare for the collection plate. Love of display in the church also keeps the poor away. What is the use of being doctors of divinity if we do not contain the divinity of Christ? Yet with all its defects the Church to-day is the best and noblest institution on the earth, and the best men and women are to be found within its pale. The Church is asking how it may reach the masses, and the time will come when it will learn that its highest duty is not to minister to the wealthy, but to be in touch with the poor and needy.

Both of these papers were provocative of discussion, participated in by about a dozen members of the Association. An adjournment then followed to the dining-room, where Mrs. Pritchard, the efficient Matron of the Hall, had prepared an excellent luncheon. This new feature of the annual meeting was exceedingly enjoyable, and our only regret was that the time for social intercourse was so short. No speeches were to be given, but the Alumni insisted upon hearing a few words from Chancellor Wallace, who was greeted with loud cheers. The Chancellor welcomed us to the Hall, and expressed his gratification at the loyalty of the graduates of the University.

At the afternoon session papers were read by Professor Wilson Smith, on "The Life and Work of Huxley," by Mr. W. Charters, B.A., on "McMaster as a Preparation for the Professions," and by Professor McLay, on "McMaster as a Preparation for Post-Graduate Study." Dr. Smith's paper appears in part in the present number of THE MONTHLY, and the other

two, by vote of the Alumni, are to appear in permanent form elsewhere. It is therefore unnecessary to give their substance in the present report.

In the business meeting various reports were read and adopted. The Executive Committee was asked to consider the advisability of formulating some plan whereby the members of the Association may have the opportunity of making some small annual contribution to the funds of the library, and also a plan looking to an equalizing of the expenses of those who attend the annual meeting of the Association. The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year :—President, Rev. L. S. Hughson, B.A., B.D.; First Vice-President, Miss Jessie E. Dryden, B.A.; Second Vice-President, Rev. Dougald Brown; Third Vice-President, Rev. S. E. Grigg, B.A.; Fourth Vice-President, Miss C. A. Sanders, B.A.; Secretary, R. Wilson Smith, Ph.D.; Corresponding Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, M.A.

MY CATHEDRAL.

Against the quiet sky far to the west,
Like some vast oriel window stand the pines,
Whose tracery the sun encarnadines,
Though sunk to rest behind Monadnock's crest;
Here will I fly, with care and grief oppressed,
Where on God's own high altar lamps do shine,
Lit by the night against the day's decline,
And take my fill of worship, peace, and rest.

Thus where within the solemn minster gloom,
Kind nature chants her own sweet evening hymn,
And favoring stars their shrouded lamps relume,
Above the arches vast and cloisters dim,
I feel those tears of joy that needs must come,
And fill life's golden chalice to the brim.

GLENN H. CAMPBELL, '00.

OUR NEW COVER.

THE MONTHLY appears this month in a new dress in honor of the opening of the new Chapel and Library. For some time we have felt a strong desire to make a change in the outward appearance of our magazine, but financial obstacles have been in the way. Thanks, however, to Mr. W. E. Robertson, B.A., formerly our Business Manager, and perhaps even more to the energetic efforts of our present able Manager, Mr. T. E. Meldrum, '02, we are now out of debt, and are therefore in a position to pay some attention to the adornment of our paper. As far as the editors are concerned, we are all well pleased with our new cover, and hope that the readers of THE MONTHLY may like it as much as we do.

We have a special reason for satisfaction in the fact that the design used is the production of one of our own clever students, Mr. E. J. Bengough, '03. Of his own accord Mr. Bengough offered to make a design, and in his letter to us suggested that the process of clay-modelling should be used. This process is being employed in many leading magazines for advertising and decorative purposes, but as far as we know THE MCMASTER MONTHLY is the first college magazine to adopt it in a cover design. It is capable of giving fine bas-relief effects, as may be seen by an examination of our new cover. The process is simple, though much skill is required to get good results. After the design is made it is built up in clay as in ordinary clay-modelling, which is really only an improved form of mud-pie making. The model thus made is set up in a suitable light and photographed, and from the resulting photograph a photo-engraving is made. Mr. Bengough not only conceived the chaste and artistic design, but also with his own hands made the clay model, which he then photographed for the engraver. In a double sense, then, our new cover is the production of Mr .Bengough's artistic skill. The editors of THE MONTHLY, and students of the University, are under a debt of obligation to Mr. Bengough for his kindness in the matter. It is a gratification to know that we have among us fellow-students capable of such excellent artistic work.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

THE MCMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY is published by The Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms, One Dollar a year in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. A. F. McDonald. Advertising Rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

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VOL. XI | JANUARY, 1902. | NO. 4

Editorial Notes.

THE opening of our new Chapel and Library, an account of which will be found in another part of THE MONTHLY, is an event that means much for McMaster University. It is an obvious evidence of growth and an earnest of larger service and development in the future. Twelve years ago our Arts department was opened with nine professors and sixteen students; to-day we have seventeen professors and lecturers, over 175 graduates in Arts, and 140 undergraduates. To this number may properly be added 20 Theological students who take the Arts Course in the first and second years. With this addition our numbers are 160. In the Theological department there has been a steady growth in efficiency, and an increasing tendency on the part of students for the ministry to take a full Arts Course before commencing regular Theological study. Both the Arts and Theological departments have been strengthened thereby. If all signs do not fail, the next twelve years will witness still larger expansion in influence, even though our numbers should not increase in so great a proportion as during the past decade.

Our graduates are now beginning to take an active part in the religious, professional, and business life of Canada, and every year will see them taking a larger share therein. McMaster relies on them to commend her to the people of our country. Even in our own denomi-

nation our University has not yet taken the place in the affections of the people it ought to hold and is surely destined to hold, but we can see evidences of a change coming. One of these is our new Library and Chapel. This is the gift of the people, not of a few rich men, but of a large body of men and women of moderate means, some of whom have been obliged to sacrifice in order to make their contributions. These have generously given of their means because of their interest in McMaster, and henceforth will surely have a larger affection for her than ever before. Their example will lead others to a similar interest; indeed, it has already done so. Various friends are establishing scholarships and making gifts that will help the University in its work. Altogether the outlook is in every way hopeful. For the past and the present we give thanks to God, and go forward with confidence.

In view of all this we take the present occasion to give public expression to our heart-felt appreciation of Chancellor Wallace and of his devotion to McMaster and his indefatigable labors in her behalf. If we are now in possession of a beautiful and well-appointed Chapel and Library, we owe it in large measure to Chancellor Wallace. Others have done much, but Chancellor Wallace has done more. The members of the Senate and Board of Governors, the Faculty, the Alumni, the students, and our friends generally, have all done a share, but by common consent Chancellor Wallace has done much more than any other single individual. For three years the raising of the building fund has been his constant thought, and many an anxious hour has he spent in devising ways and means to bring the plans to a successful issue. He has gone up and down among the people, in public and private he has shown them what our college is doing and can do, he has won their sympathy and gained their financial support, and by wise oversight and splendid executive ability has achieved success. He was the very man to do all this, and no man could have done more than he. He has borne the burden, and a heavy burden at times it must have been. But he has shown unflinching courage in the face of all obstacles, and he has his reward in the successful completion of Castle Memorial Hall. All friends of the college owe him a debt of gratitude, but most of all the undergraduates and his coadjutors on the Faculty are sincerely grateful to him for all that he has done. We trust that among the sources of satisfaction his heart may have, not the least may be that he possesses in full measure the loyalty and affection of every student and professor. We cannot repay him, but there is One who can, and with Him the reward for service is adequate and sure.

O. C. S. WALLACE
CHANCELLOR McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

Book Reviews

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY.*

"The Man from Glengarry" is a stirring story, a worthy successor of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot." It is a tale of the Indian Lands of Glengarry and the lumber camps of the Ottawa, and gives a vivid picture of pioneer life in Ontario. Like all of Ralph Connor's work, it is wholesome in tone, and full of life and human interest. One secret of Ralph Connor's success is that his stories represent a return to nature. Generally speaking they take the reader away from the artificial atmosphere of society and out into the rude welter of life; they show us men in the raw and portray the elemental passions of unsophisticated human nature. These are the stuff out of which the greatest masters have woven their most moving creations, and it is these that form the warp and woof of his best work. The first chapter of "The Man from Glengarry," with its description of the stern fight between the rival gangs of lumbermen on the Ottawa, is an illustration of this fact; it grips the reader, not only because it is well done, but also because the love of conflict is a fundamental fact of human nature. Even finer, because more difficult to do, is the account of the logging-bee, and the exciting contest between Ranald McDonald and Aleck McGregor. The death of McDonald Dubh, or Black Hugh as he was called, is well done too. These three incidents are excellent examples of Ralph Connor at his best.

In characterization he does better on the whole with his men than with his women. Mrs. Murray, of course, is well-drawn; she is a noble woman, but at times one has a feeling that she is rather too faultless. It is said that she is an idealisation of his own mother, and if this be so, one can only say that Ralph Connor was greatly blessed in his mother. Her life, as depicted in this book, is a rebuke and an inspiration to us all. Kate Raymond is practically her understudy. Maimie St. Clair does not win sympathy at any stage of the story, and to be a successful character she ought to. On the other hand practically all the men do, even Le Noir and Lieutenant DeLacy, though the latter is the poorest example of Ralph Connor's characterization, the reason for this being that he does not know the type of man De Lacy represents.

* "The Man from Glengarry." A Tale of the Ottawa. By Ralph Connor. Toronto: The Westminster Company.

In spite of many excellences, "The Man from Glengarry" has an obvious weakness, namely the evident falling off in power in the latter half. In the earlier portion Ralph Connor is unique, for there he is writing of what he knows better than any living writer, and consequently is successful. But when he transfers his scene to the city and tells his love story, he is conventional, not to say commonplace. The reader's interest is fairly well sustained, for he tells his story well enough, but well enough will not do. Had he not done much better in describing Western life in his earlier stories, he would never have won fame. Many can surpass him in telling a love story, but are there any who can do better than he in his chosen field? Judged by even a moderately high standard Ranald McDonald's love story leaves much to be desired.

There are only a few bits of nature-description in the book. The best is that at the beginning of the chapter entitled "Sugaring-off." Who can read it and not hear the sounds and smell the smells of early spring? Was there ever a truer suggestion of the spirit of our Canadian spring-time. Every line in it verifies itself to the heart of one who has had experience of the breaking year in a Canadian sugar bush.

CIRCUMSTANCE.*

This is the somewhat enigmatical title of a novel by S. Weir Mitchell, the author of "Hugh Wynne," "Dr. North and His Friends," etc. The book is full of interesting reading. It is an effort on the part of Dr. Mitchell to show the effects of circumstance upon human character. Whether the unique and singular title is clearly justified is a matter which each reader must decide for himself. The book is well written in a clear, picturesque style which abounds in many apt comparisons almost of the nature of aphorisms. The various characters are clearly drawn. The scene of the book is laid in Philadelphia, and the plot moves on to its climax, involving several and distinct types of character.

John Fairthorne, rich, learned, eccentric, is the central figure around which the scenes of the story are set. Mrs. Hunter, adventuress and entirely unscrupulous, is the most complex character, and the one who seems most truly to justify the title of the book. Her

* "Circumstance." By S. Weir Mitchell. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

various plots and schemes are well told, and told without that lack of color and concrete incident which often mars works of which the motif is similar to that of "Circumstance." Mary Fairthorne is the most pleasing character and in the main the most admirable. Luke Pilgrim, Roger Grace, Sydney Archer, Martin Blount, and Cyril Knellwood, the rector, are all different and most life-like types, and their various movements and interests help the play of light and color throughout the story. Taken all in all "Circumstance" is a good book for a careful reader, and not the least of its charms consists in the fact that it introduces the reader to an order and condition not too remote and alien to rob them of vital interest. It is with regret that one concludes its reading. B.

PATRIOTIC SONG.*

In this volume Mr. Arthur Stanley has given a comprehensive and well-selected anthology of English patriotic poetry. Its value as a contribution to imperial sentiment is considerably enhanced by the fact that colonial contributions to the poetry of the Empire have not been overlooked. The Motherland is learning to know and appreciate her kin beyond the seas, and this collection ought to increase her knowledge and respect for her colonial empire. Of the colonies, Canada occupies the chief place, being represented by fourteen selections from twelve poets. Readers of THE MONTHLY will be pleased to know that one of the fourteen is "The Whitethroat," by the late Dr. Theodore Harding Rand. The contributions by Canadian poets are by no means the poorest poetry in the volume. Most of the great English masters are drawn upon, from that rare old patriot, Will Shakespeare, to Tennyson and Browning. As a result the intrinsic value of the collection as poetry is high. Much poetry of the true ring has been culled from minor poets of the past and present. Indeed, not a little of the worth of the volume consists in the fact that it makes the work of so many minor poets accessible. The introduction by Bishop Welldon is altogether too short to be of any value; it might better have been omitted. Mr. Briggs has done well to re-print the book for Canadian readers.

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* "Patriotic Song." A book of English verse. Selected and arranged by Arthur Stanley, with an introduction by the Right Rev J. E. C. Welldon, Lord Bishop of Calcutta; late Head-Master of Harrow School. Toronto: William Briggs.

SUNDAY SCHOOL COMMENTARY.

Arnold's Practical Commentary on the International Lessons for 1902 will be welcomed by all Sunday School workers who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of the same. Six commendable features of the work may be noted. (1) The neat class record with spaced columns for the name, address, and attendance of the scholar for every Sunday in the year. (2) Helpful suggestions for the teacher as to the best methods of preparing and presenting the lesson. (3) A clear setting forth of the ground covered by the quarter's lessons as an introduction to each quarter. (4) The authorized and revised texts given side by side in compact form followed by critical notes. (5) A practical application of the important truths set forth in each lesson. This application is outlined in a way which is easily grasped by the teacher and furnishes a helpful summary for the class. (6) Striking blackboard illustrations of the lesson. The book is published by Revell & Co. at the moderate price of 50 cents, thus bringing this well-bound and valuable volume within the reach of all Sunday School workers.

L. B.

THE GIST OF THE LESSON.*

This is a lesson commentary in a nutshell, a neat, attractive, leather-bound booklet for the vest pocket, containing the full text of the International Sunday School Lessons for 1902, with revised version readings, valuable notes and concise exposition on each. It is well-named. It supplies no little valuable information, suggests pithy and spiritually toned comments on the lessons, and is very suggestive. To busy teachers it should be especially welcome, for its compactness makes its contents available for many odd moments, which might otherwise go unimproved. Mr. Torrey, himself a busy worker, has, in preparing this little book, rendered the army of Sunday School teachers great assistance in their work.

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* "The Gist of the Lesson." By R. A. Torrey. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. 1902. 25 cents.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR : R. V. BELLAMY, '02.

T. E. MELDRUM, '02, says he had a Merry Xmas. He married a wife upon that day. All his friends extend him their sincerest felicitations.

THE officers for the Debating Club for the ensuing term are :— President, J. N. McLean ; Secretary, J. H. Cranston ; Committee, E. H. Mihell, J. B. McArthur, G. M. Warner.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION has moved its trophies, tablets and pictures into the hall-way which leads down into the library. This place will be reserved for the Association henceforth.

F. C. MABEE of the Monthly staff is back at the Hall, having completely recovered from his recent illness. C. C. Lumley, '03, unfortunately, is still in the hospital but is slowly recovering, so that we expect to have him again with us soon.

THE students came back from their holidays looking well, and seemingly anxious for work. Many good resolutions pertaining to hard labor have been made, and the professors will, no doubt, find it difficult to keep their classes busy. This state of affairs has occurred before.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION will this winter provide itself with green and black streamers, which may be purchased by loyal supporters of the hockey teams. These colors will match the uniform of the team, and will be more representative of the University than the indiscriminate colors of the conventional plaid.

ANOTHER scholarship has been secured by the University through the kindness of friends of McMaster. The amount of it is one hundred and fifty dollars, and is awarded to that Arts student who ranks highest in his second, third and fourth years, and then goes on to take a three years course in theology within these walls. It is gratifying to observe that people are becoming interested enough in our work to offer such prizes.

MCMASTER students have reason to congratulate themselves upon the superior excellence of the speeches which are delivered at such functions as the Xmas Dinner. The speeches of our fellow students whom we hear on these occasions, show signs of elaborate and careful

preparation, and add much to the enjoyment of the evening. We hope this high standard will always be maintained and become a characteristic feature of McMaster banquets.

THE skating and hockey rinks in Varsity athletic field were in readiness for the students when they returned from their vacation. An excellent sheet of ice covered both rinks. The hockey rink is about thirty feet longer than the one which was built last year, and is now the regulation size. McMaster students are ardent lovers of skating and hockey and many have bought tickets for the rink. The hockey team has obtained satisfactory hours for practice, and expects to again carry the green and black to victory.

MCMASTER will soon be into the intercollege debating arena again, and will endeavor to uphold her glorious record of last year. She will be represented by two of her ablest sons, A. E. Haydon, B.A., and H. S. Arkell, '02, who are to meet the debaters of Trinity University in our chapel on January 31st. The subject is, "*Resolved*—That the prohibition of the immigration into Canada of Chinese and Japanese laborers is justifiable."

DURING the holiday season carpenters were busy in the Hall and accomplished some alterations in the old building. The south end of the old chapel has been partitioned off to afford a passage into the new chapel, and the rest of the room has been converted into a class room, well supplied with blackboards, desks and chairs. The former reference reading room has also been fitted up similarly. The old library is now occupied by three neat and capacious offices, where the dignitaries of the University will soon preside.

WE need scarcely call the attention of our readers to the fact that the MONTHLY has donned a new dress. The cover was designed by E. J. Bengough, '03, and the clay model from which the cut was taken was also his work. This simple but chaste and classic design seems to us to be peculiarly suitable to the journal of an university, and we hope it will find favor in the eyes of those who see it. F. S. Beddow, '05, also submitted a very artistic design. McMaster has reason to congratulate herself that she has two such able artists within her walls.

THE third year rally at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Starr on January 10th, opened the season for class festivities. The guests were received by the genial President, Mr. McLean, and the Vice-president, Miss Munro, after which the entertainment took the form of a library party. Then, if at no other time, was felt the great advantage of extensive reading as well as of "sharp wit and ready humor." Miss Norton carried off the palm of victory in the contest, and was presented with a copy of "The Canadian Treasury of Verse." The Honorary President, Professor McKay, was then called upon for a speech, and he expressed

his pleasure at being a *class* president instead of president of a college or even of the United States. After refreshments were served, the artistic skill of the gentlemen was taxed to the utmost, by requiring them to cut out of black paper the profiles of the ladies, who were quite startled at finding themselves possessed of such classical features. These silhouettes were then mounted and their identity guessed, with some trepidation and much speculation. Miss Fox won the prize, a picture of Beethoven. Altogether, a very pleasant evening was spent, and the third annual Rally of "Naughty-three" became a thing of the past.

Now that there is an increase in the public accommodation at the Hall, two long-felt wants of the students again present themselves before us. What they want badly and must have is a reception room where they may entertain their friends. If a lady calls upon a student he can find no place where he may offer her a chair, and if a gentleman calls during study hours, his host must either interrupt the other occupants of the room, or go skulking like a thief about the corridors with his friend. In the second place it would be an excellent thing if a larger and more suitable reading room were provided. The present one is already too small and is inaccessible to the lady members of the University, who are entitled to all its benefits. We would humbly present these pressing wants and needs to those who sit in the seats of the mighty.

THE first of a series of inter-year debates was held on the evening of December 13th inst., the opposing parties being the freshmen and theologs. The former were represented by F. S. Beddow and W. J. Grigg, and the latter by A. C. Watson, B.A., and P. E. Baker, B.A. *Resolved*—"That classics should be optional in secondary education" was the subject of debate; and strong arguments were advanced on both sides of the question. Messrs. Beddow and Grigg, speaking on the affirmative, said that the old curricula classics were not suited to modern conditions, and that the time devoted to classics might better be spent in more useful subjects. Messrs. Watson and Baker replied that liberal culture was the end of education, and that therefore the study of classics was necessary; and they protested strongly against giving education too much of a materialistic trend. Dr. Tracy gave an able and lengthy summary of the debate and awarded the decision to the Freshmen, who he said, had excelled both in style and argument.

THE first meeting of the Debating Society this term was held on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11th. It took the form of a Mock Parliament and the following bill was introduced:—"That the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors, except of such quantities as shall be kept in government store-houses for commercial and individual purposes only, be prohibited in the Dominion of Canada." The bill was brought in by the Government and was upheld by Messrs. Stevens and S. McArthur, while the leading Opposition speakers were Messrs.

Duncan and Poapst. The honorable gentlemen all brought forward very creditable and convincing arguments. The Opposition maintained that total abstinence would be of great benefit to Canada, but argued the question, whether or not prohibition was the most feasible and beneficial way of bringing it about. The debate was finally opened to all members of the House and the arguments were minutely discussed by both sides. Mr. H. Procter, B.A., acted as critic.

It has been suggested by some that in future the Students' Xmas Dinner be done away with, and that we entertain representatives at our At Home instead. It is true that many of our boys do not remain for the dinner, and that some of those who attend do so for loyalty's sake merely. As for ourselves, we would regret to see it become a thing of the past, as it is a time-honored function, and one that may be made very enjoyable. We would remind our readers that there is a correspondents' column in the 'Monthly,' and any communications from them on this subject would be gladly received.

It was recently officially announced that a new method is to be adopted in determining the standing of a student. His standing is judged by the final written examinations alone in the following subjects: Mathematics, biology, English Bible, history, physics of the second year, psychology, logic, history of philosophy, economics, geology, evidences, education, ethics, and astronomy in the Arts course; and history of preaching, hymnology, church polity, pastoral theology, history of doctrine in the Theological course. The standing in all other subjects depends upon the results in the final examinations, and also upon the results of the year's work in class.

With this number and at the commencement of the new year the McMaster Monthly enters with renewed vigor upon a career which is most promising. The rapid growth of our University will increase the sphere of influence and the importance of this journal. But the fact that the Monthly is now on a sound financial basis is the most potent means of infusing new life into its sturdy frame. For many years a large and ever increasing debt hung like a black frost on these blossoms of literary effort, but now all is fair. Three years ago a vigorous business policy was begun by Mr. W. E. Robertson, and under him the debt was greatly reduced. Mr. T. E. Meldrum has continued the good work, and paid off the last note in December. The Monthly owes its heartiest thanks to these gentlemen, who have displayed great ability and energy in a position which is not the most pleasant in the world. We will now have more money at our command, and will be able to improve our paper. By and by when we become very rich we will erect a monument to these two business managers, and mayhap the editor of this department will receive some pecuniary reward for his hard toil. May the happy time soon come!

When Professor McKay announced at the chapel as his final decision that he would stay with McMaster in spite of the tempting offers of the Technical School, the delight of the students and professors knew no bounds. The good news was totally unexpected, and was greeted with greater enthusiasm than the old chapel ever accorded to glad tidings before. Staid professors shouted and cheered like boys gone mad, while the students did things which are hard to explain. It was at once decided to tender Professor McKay a banquet, in order to express our appreciation of him in tangible form. Every student was enthusiastic in supporting the banquet with subscription and with offer of assistance in preparation and programme. By Friday evening, Dec. 6th, everything was ready, and the members of the Faculty, together with the lady and gentleman students filled the dining-hall. The modest banquet was soon disposed of, and it seemed to have a very exhilarating effect on some of the boys in the rear of the hall, if one might judge from the noise made by them. Three toasts were proposed and responded to, and were supplemented by a large number of songs, readings and musical selections, so that the evening passed very pleasantly. P. E. Baker proposed the toast to Professor McKay, and took this occasion to present to him the students' gift, a handsome clock and a pair of candelabra. The Professor made a characteristic response, expressing his attachment to McMaster, and incidentally referring to his views on secondary and technical education. J. A. McLean proposed a neat toast to Mrs. McKay, who quite won the hearts of the students by her charming response. To her was presented a silver tea service. Finally the toast to "Our Faculty" was proposed by A. C. Watson, who spoke in fitting terms of the noble character of those who teach in our halls. The Chancellor replied, and with exquisite art, gave a short biographical sketch of each member of the Faculty. It will be many years before any student will forget the occasion when outsiders attempted the steal our beloved Professor McKay; and in connection with the event, they will remember this banquet with a great deal of pleasure.

With the revolving course of the year another of those functions which we call 'At Homes' and hold on Founder's Day has glided into the past; but the memory of it will perhaps be written more indelibly in the hearts of those who were present, than in the pages of this journal. The old Hall wore its handsomest trappings and testified eloquently to the skill and patience of the gentlemen who had charge of the decorations. Castle Memorial Hall alone remained unadorned except for a few palms placed upon the platform, upon which was stationed the orchestra that furnished music for the promenades. The elegant simplicity of the new building, however, made it the centre of attraction to all the visitors, who expressed their delight at its beauty and evident usefulness. At the entrance to it stood the Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace and H. S. Arkell, President of the Literary Society, who, assisted by Mrs S. M. McMaster, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. Mc-

Kay and Mrs. Farmer, received the guests with hospitable cordiality. While the reception was in progress, a short but excellent programme was rendered in the old chapel, consisting of the following numbers :— Selection, " The Burgomaster," by Harbord Collegiate Orchestra; Piano Duet, " Norwegian Wedding March," by Misses Blackadar and Layng ; " Zenda Waltzes," by Harbord Collegiate Orchestra ; Instrumental Solo, by Miss Guyatt ; Intermezzo, " Salomè," by Harbord Collegiate Orchestra. Shortly after nine o'clock the promenading commenced, there being a programme of ten numbers ; and while many indulged in this form of amusement, others sought the gaily decked dining-room, where refreshments were served Others again wished to see where and how the students lived, so they trooped upstairs, and through the corridors lined with bunting into the study-rooms. These were found very handsome and comfortable ; and the discreet owners gave no sign that they were especially fixed up so as to give the best impression. A number of cozy-corners discovered in sundry nooks added their share to the delight of the visitors. The owners of room 16 had converted their quarters into a museum, where they displayed a miscellaneous collection of curious and interesting articles, all duly admired by the sight-seers.

A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presence of the ladies of Moulton College. The students all hope that they had such a a pleasant time as will induce them to come again. The chairman of the ushering committee introduced a very convenient arrangement by providing a room where gentlemen's coats and hats might be checked. The crush that has occurred in former years, through having the promenading on the first corridor, was obviated by placing the orchestra in Memorial Hall. Altogether the function was enjoyable, and the Literary Society is to be congratulated upon its success. It owes the heartiest thanks to all those who assisted in any way in the preparations.

NEVER perhaps was a college function more successful than our Twelfth Annual Christmas Dinner, held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 18th. All went merry as a marriage bell, and Father Time never seemed to hasten more quickly in his flight than he did on that memorable evening. Heaps of good things to satisfy the cravings of the inner man were on the tables, and the one hundred and sixty or seventy guests seated around did no small justice to the goodly spread. The quotation from Macaulay at the foot of the Menu Card, " And how can men die better than facing fearful odds," seemed only to inspire to greater deeds of mastication and deglutition There were present, Chancellor Wallace, the members of the Faculty, several members of the Board of Governors, representatives from other colleges and universities, and the various learned professions, and last, but not necessarily least, the students and their friends.

After all had eaten to their hearts' content and faces all around were smiling satisfaction, President Harry Procter proposed the toast of " King and Country " in a neat and loyal speech, and " God Save

the King" was sung in response. H. S. Arkell, '02, spoke to the toast "McMaster University" in eloquent and forceful language, and suitable replies were made by Professors W. R. Smith, Ph.D., and D. M. Welton, D.D. With the toast of "Our Alumni" were coupled the names of A. R. Girdwood, '02, as proposer, and Rev. C. H. Schutt, M.A., as respondent. Both speeches were up to the mark. Bright and witty were the words with which M. D. Coltman, B.A., proposed the toast to the "Learned Professions," and equally so were the replies of Dr. G. D. Porter and Alderman Thos. Urquhart. The toast to our "Sister Institutions," proposed by J. H. Cameron, B.A., brought forth expressions of friendship and goodwill from W. H. Vance, representative from Wycliffe College; A. E. Hamiltom, University College; W. H. Hamilton, Victoria University; J. H. Wilson, Trinity Univ.; Leo Buchanan, Woodstock College; R. D. Schooley, Osgoode Hall; W. J. Chambers, Toronto Medical College; A. E. Knapp, Dental College, and P. C. McLaren, Normal College. The toast to "The Ladies" gave H. Bury, '02, and A. L. Branch, '02, opportunities to soar into unparalled flights of oratory, while the hearers listened in breathless silence. The toast to "Athletics" was the last on the list, but was one of the treats of the evening. The toast was proposed by R. V. Bellamy, '02, in both a humorous and serious vein, and his "hitting" the Board of Governors for a "pie" in the shape of a new gymnasium and a grandstand was loudly applauded. The announcement by E. J. Zavitz, '02, who replied to the effect that the Faculty had seen fit to consent to our entering the intermediate intercollegiate rugby football union next fall was hailed with delight. With the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," one of the jolliest gatherings on record broke up and melted into the night.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: E. A. BROWNLEE, B.A.

MR. H. B. TAPSCOTT, M.A., has been granted a scholarship at Harvard University.

MISS E. E. DELMAGE, B.A., is associate editor of the *Ontario Normal College Monthly.*

MISS E. R. DELMAGE, B.A., is Vice-President of the Literary Society at the Normal College, Hamilton.

MISS OLIVE M. CLEMENS, B.A., has been appointed teacher in modern languages in the Lutheran Co Education College, of Hancock, Mich.

Rev. W. Harris Wallace, Theo. '97, of St. Thomas, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Stouffville Baptist Church.

Rev. B. Davies, Theo. '90, of Litchfield, Mich , has entered upon the pastorate of the church at Fenelon Falls. McMaster welcomes him home.

Mr. James Allen, an old Woodstock College boy, has been appointed to a position in an Episcopal Church Industrial School for Indians, in Battleford, N. W. T.

Two McMaster men have received appointments in the civil service at Ottawa, Mr. A. T. McNeill, B.A., in the Department of the Interior, and Mr. F. R. Crosby, B.A., in the Department of Finance.

Word comes to us that Mr. Herbert Jordan, M.A., is finding his work pleasant and interesting at the University of Chicago. He is lecturing at present to the first and second years in Euclid and Trigonometry.

Mr. Lyman C, Lauchland, B.A., now a member of the second year in medicine in McGill, has been honored with the Presidency of his class. Evidently Mr. Lauchland is as popular at McGill as he was at McMaster.

Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., Master in Classics at Woodstock College, has been compelled to give up his work for the year on account of ill health, and is now at his home in Ottawa. Mr. E. J. Reid, B.A., who formerly had charge of the Preparatory Department, has taken up Mr. Teakle's work. Mr. Wier, of McMaster, is filling the position left vacant by Mr. Reid.

We are glad to know that in increasing numbers McMaster graduates are finding a place among the instructors in the High Schools of Ontario. Three men, who left us in 1900, and who have since graduated from the Ontario Normal College, are among the number: Mr. E. E. Wood, B.A., who is now head of the Mathematical and Scientific Departments at Niagara Falls; Mr. D. W. Gunn, B.A., Instructor in Mathematics at Waterdown, and Mr. A. C. Newcomb, B.A., who has charge of the Classical Department at Desoronto; Mr. Robert Shaw, B.A., has a position in Elora High School; Mr. A. M. Overholt, as announced in last month's issue, has also been made Assistant Mathematician in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. We believe that McMaster sends forth a class of men whose influence will be felt in the secondary education of our province.

Here and There.

EDITOR: H. PROCTER, B.A.

WE beg to acknowledge receiving the following college exchanges during December:—"The Ottawa Campus," "Queen's University Journal," "Brandon College Quarterly," "The Sibyl," "The Nassau Literary Magazine," "King's College Record," "Ontario Normal College Monthly," "Acadia Athenæum," "The Advance," "The College Index," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "The University of New Brunswick Monthly," "The O. A. C. Review," "McGill Outlook," "University of Virginia Magazine," "Vox Wesleyana," "Presbyterian College Journal," "Trinity University Review," "University of Ottawa Review," "The Kenyon Collegian," "The William Jewell Student," "The Columbia Literary Monthly."

THE "University of Virginia Magazine" for December is a most interesting number. There is a breath of freshness and variety about it, which is delightful. Poetry, essay and fiction in plenty are all present to interest and instruct the rambling reader of the hour. "Niagara" is a tuneful poem, but the writer who undertakes to reproduce the harmonies of the inimitable Poe has a difficult task. "Winnonee" is one of those beautiful, bewitching poems of Indian romance. Fantastically woven in with Nature in her most attractive aspects, the poem is rhythmical, artistic and delicately wrought. "Her Life" is a pathetic love story, in which the characters are well painted, and the contrast aimed at by the author, clearly brought out. The best production among the fiction articles is "Bad Ike of Sunken Valley." It is a picture of Western character. The author is to be congratulated on an attractive piece of characterization. The essays show careful preparation, and as well as being instructive, are very pleasant reading.

THOMAS HUXLEY'S FAMOUS DEFINITION OF EDUCATION.—"That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

"The William Jewell Student" is a welcome addition to our exchange list. The Christmas number lies before us, a distinguishing feature of which is the number of poetical contributions; all are good. Fiction is not neglected. Of the articles in a more serious vein, "The South in Literarure" merits a careful reading. We quote the following poem, entitled, "Life," by R. L. Biggart:

There is implanted in each breast
A seed, whose ripened food is rest;
But all our labor is in vain
Without God's sunshine and His rain.

In childhood's hour, this seed sends out
A fragile shoot, a tiny sprout,—
Which lifts its head above the sod
And looks, for nurture, up to God.

In youth, the blossom time of life,
There's need of hoe and pruning knife,
To clear away the hindering growth
And offer hope for greater worth.

Anon, a fuller life appears,
With strength to combat early fears;
The toil time comes with labor stern,
To teach each man that he must earn

The ripened fruit. How sweet the praise,
Which comes to us from well-spent days!
But all our efforts are in vain
Without God's sunshine and His rain.

The "University of Ottawa Review" for December is a Christmas number and reflects great credit on the students of the University. Most of the articles are in keeping with the evident design of the number. Not the least interesting feature of the "Review" is the very attractive cover, with its border of holly and mistletoe. A poem, "December," and an essay on "Nature in In Memoriam," are worthy of special mention.

THE OPTIMIST.

The air is still; gray seamless clouds enfold
The sere brown fields, while Earth grows numb with cold,
And not a sound is in the expectant air
As the first scattered flakes drift by, save where
The chickadee
Seeks, glad at heart, for Winter's scanty fare.

And when the gale to swirling storm-wraiths rends
The snow that ceaseless hurrying descends,
The dauntless little bird in black and gray,
Clinging to his short life as best he may,
Sings at his work,
A cheery optimist, though rough the day.

Samuel Duff McCoy, in *The Nassau Lit. Mag.*

An editorial in "The University Monthly" of the University of New Brunswick, on College Songs, says: "It is somewhat generally, and we venture to add, justly felt, that our college songs are decidedly out of date"; and adds, "There is nothing like a good song to arouse the *esprit de corps* in a body of college students." McMaster can sympathize with the spirit of this editorial, for recently the student body of the University authorized the opening of a competition for a new college yell and McMaster song. Only college men can realize the value of a good yell and a rousing song.

"Potassium iodide and sulphur under slight pressure, give an interesting result, as follows:

KI plus 2S equals KISS.

This experiment is dangerous, as the above result may not be accomplished, and, instead, the reaction may be violent. Therefore this experiment should be tried in the absence of light, and when few (usually two) are present."—*Ex.*

"That the temperance movement is making way in Germany is proved by the fact that the University of Breslau lent its great hall the other day for the Annual Conference of the Society for Combating the Abuse of Spirituous Liquors. In his opening address the President, Baron von Diergawdt, declared that three millions of marks were annually spent in the German Empire on intoxicating liquors, and only twelve millions on food. The professors of the Breslau University have issued an appeal to the students pointing out the ends of indulgence in alcoholic liquors, and protesting against the folly and indecency of drinking contests."—*Ex.*

Holland now enjoys a distinctively Christian ministry governing her affairs. This was the result of the sweeping victory of the Christian parties in that country's recent parliamentary elections. The leader in the struggle that has ended in the complete overthrow of the liberal party in State and Church, says *The Independent*, is Dr. Abraham Kuyper, professor of theology and rector of the Free University of Amsterdam. In a document addressed to the representatives of the Anti-Revolutionary Party, assembled in Utrecht, he declared that, the issue at stake is the question: Do the Christians constitute the majority of the people of this country. This question has now been answered by a heavy majority in favor of the Christian party. The official party programme has not yet been announced. The victory of Kuyper and the Religious Party is the result of years of steady agitation on the part of the Calvinistic hosts. It really signifies a revival of the old Calvinism of Holland that does not forget the spirit of the Synod of Dort. Kuyper has again and again proclaimed the principle of his master, Groen von Prinsterer—namely, the absolute sovereignty of God. In his journal, *The Standard*, he has been for many years contending for

these ideas, and as founder of the Anti-Revolutionary party he organized the destruction of liberalism."

THE REASON.

How oft we wonder why men are content
To let the precious moments idly fly,
And leave the good undone without a sigh
To show that they their sore neglect repent;
We wonder, too, why lives so few are spent
For noble aims: men come and live and die,
And after they are gone forgotten lie,
Because to help the world no hand they lent.

'Tis not because they do not wish the best,
Nor is it that low aims will satisfy,
But rarest fruit is bought at rarest price,
Which means that men must freely dispossess
Themselves of all they have and break each tie,
And *self* include then in the sacrifice.

—F. C. S. in *Notre Dame Scholastic.*

A More Serious Affair.—Mr. Collegebred.—"Yes, Jack Stalwart got his neck broken in that game yesterday. Pretty tough luck, but not near so bad as what happened to Pickerupp." She.—"Oh, dear! What happened to Pickerupp?" Mr. Collegebred.—(in a ghastly whisper) "He fumbled the ball."—*Judge.*

The Germans are rated as a very serious people, but now and again their newspapers contain bits of stray humor. Here is a clipping from the *Fliegende Blaetter*:—"Young Wife.—'I received to-day a beautiful diploma from the cooking school—on parchment—and I've celebrated by making you this dish. Now, just guess what it is?' Young Husband.—(Chewing on his burnt omelet) 'The diploma.'

President Harper of the University of Chicago, recently received the following letter from a prospective girl-student at Pecatonica, Ill.: "Dear Dr. Harper—I know you will be pleased to learn that I have decided to attend the university school of education this fall. I am going to Chicago next Saturday on the morning train, and as I have never been in the city before, I would be glad if you would meet me at the depot. I am five feet four inches tall, have light hair and eyes, and a pleasing appearance. I shall wear a dark-brown travelling skirt and a blue waist with white yoke. I think I shall know you from your pictures, but for fear I make a mistake, will you please wear your card in your hat?"

Easterner.—"Are the Doukobours in the North-West being assimilated by the rest of the population?"

Westerner.—"Don't know, really. I haven't assimilated any yet."

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1902.

THE SIXTH BEATITUDE.

In the sky of bright sapphire that tints
With its color the tremulous sea,
In the purple hills vocal with hints
Of repose, age and deep mystery—
The pure in heart
Shall see God!

In the peace of the night, starred and stilly,
In the moss-rose's color and form,
In the deep golden heart of the lily,
In the tempest-torn soul of the storm—
The pure in heart
Shall see God!

In the opaline clouds of the morning,
In the mystical moon's silver beams,
In the diamond-strewn sky, night adorning,
In the pearl-dropping cascades and streams—
The pure in heart
Shall see God!

In the wonder of joy and of sorrow,
Of the first—and the last—coming breath,
In dark nights when we long for the morrow,
In the beauty of life and of death—
The pure in heart
Shall see God!

B. W. N. GRIGG.

BARTHOLOMEW JOHN TIMPANY.

The subject of this sketch was personally unknown to most readers of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY, but the fact that he was the father of the beloved Americus V. Timpany, the first Canadian Baptist foreign missionary is in itself a sufficient reason for our interest in him.

Mr. Timpany was of Irish-American extraction, his great-grandfather coming from Ireland to settle in New York State, then serving with the rank of Major in the British army during the war of Independence, and at its close removing with other loyalists to the wilds of western Nova Scotia. Here, in Digby Neck, was B. J. Timpany born, on July 9, 1810. His parents, being faithful Episcopalians, duly had him christened, but their lonely home being nine miles from Digby the nearest post office, the babe had grown to a lusty youngster at the time. When the clergyman held him up and tried to put the water over his face this young anti-pædobaptist vigorously resented, and getting a hold on the minister's wig, jerked it off and threw it on the floor. So, he relates, his mother told him.

His early life on the farm was without many intellectual or religious advantages. He attended, indeed, the school as much as circumstances permitted, and there he learned to read the Bible and repeat portions of the Catechism and Prayer-book; but he never saw a Sunday school till he was thirteen years old, or heard a sermon till he was fourteen, or looked at a newspaper till he was twenty. His mind and heart were often hungry. At eight years of age the roar and the sight of the incoming tide and the efforts of a drunken man to escape from it impressed his mind with the thought, "There is an awful God." At the age of fifteen he determined to read his Bible through and did so, finding it more interesting than his former Sunday sports. Through this and the influence of some Wesleyan Methodist meetings in the neighborhood he experienced agonizing spiritual struggles, which resulted after the space of five years in a conviction of his salvation in Christ and a desire to confess Him publicly by immersion. This his father forbade

until he should be of age, but his own convictions prevailed and he was baptized by Elder Peter Crandal, at Digby.

In June, 1837, Mr. Timpany left Nova Scotia for "Upper Canada," and after a journey of one month by sea-vessel, canal-boat and lake-steamer, he reached Port Burwell on the Lake Erie shore, Elgin County, Ontario. He soon took up land near by and through his energy, industry and remarkable business ability, he rapidly became one of the wealthiest and most influential men of that beautiful and prosperous country-side. In 1838 he married Sarah Ann McConnel, with whom he lived most happily for fifty-three years, and who bore him three sons and four daughters, five of whom, Mr. Charles Timpany and Mrs. D. T. Augustine, of Aylmer, and Mrs. A. Cohoon, Mrs. Hurd and Mr. John Timpany, of Calton, are living.

Mr. Timpany did not unite with the Port Burwell Baptist Church on his arrival in the country on account of a division then existing in it, but on the formation of the Jubilee (now Lake Shore Calvary) Church, a few miles west, he became a member. On taking up land where the village of Calton now is, he set himself at once to work for the progress of the cause of Christ there. As his eye rested one day on a pretty pine grove on his farm, he was heard to exclaim: "There will be a fine site for a church some day!" He donated that spot for a church building,—it is to-day occupied by the beautiful edifice of the Calton Baptist Church,—gave liberally to it, was the chief supporter of the organization in its earlier days, labored in its prayer-meeting and its Sunday school as superintendent and Bible-class teacher, and continued to delight in its services up to a few months before his death, when he became too infirm to attend.

On the birth of his eldest son, Mr. Timpany relates, "I was divinely impressed he was to be a missionary or evangelist, and named him *Americus*, after this continent." The death of the eldest child, a daughter, two years the senior of Americus, at the age of twelve years, and her joyous confidence while she was departing, made a deep impression on the mind of the father and the son, to whom it brought the first light of God's grace. The conversion of the boy and his baptism brought

great joy to the father's heart. He aimed to educate Americus for the work of an evangelist, and with that end in view purchased and partly paid for a scholarship in the University of Rochester, but changed his mind and sent him to Woodstock. On the very day of their arrival in the town, after a drive of forty miles, the Canadian Literary Institute building lay a heap of smouldering ashes. The dauntless courage and unselfish devotion of Dr. Fyfe and his colleagues were shared by young Timpany and helped to bring him to the decision to give his life to the Telugus.

This was not in accordance with the intention of the father, whose interest was rather in the home field. But the career of Americus and his noble work in India were dearer to his father's heart than even the latter was aware and were afterwards spoken of by him with pride and joy. The children that were old enough to be left in Canada after Americus's visit were taken in charge by him, and after our missionary's death the widow and her family received his tenderest care.

Mr. Timpany was one of those remarkable, but little-known men found, thank God, not unfrequently amongst the farmers of Canada, the very back-bone of the country and (may we add ?) of the Baptist denomination. He was vigorous in body, keen in intellect, active and successful in business, kind to the poor, generous even to an enemy, and profoundly religious. He read his Bible and thought for himself and his heart was ever young and hopeful. The writer of this sketch will never forget those occasions when he visited the old man on his death-couch at the old homestead, and heard him recite the praises of the Lord. He "went away" July 11, 1901, at the ripe age of ninety-one.

GEORGE CROSS.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hamlet, prince royal of Denmark, was the only son of an illustrious father. Reared amid great luxury, surrounded by everything that material comfort could desire or paternal love suggest, sheltered from all trials and vexations, following his own natural inclinations, Hamlet grew into manhood, handsome, noble, thoughtful, brave, but with little tenacity of purpose or decision of character.

His happy life at court drifted along rather uneventfully until he was about thirty years of age when his father died very suddenly. Almost broken-hearted at the loss of so noble a king and so tender a parent, Hamlet was cast into a state of deep melancholy and depression, by the over-hasty marriage of Gertrude his mother and his uncle Claudius, now king of the empire. Full of shame that his mother, who had apparently loved her first husband dearly, could so soon forget his beloved memory and thus debase herself, Hamlet was led to suspect foul play by a most extraordinary occurrence. Two of his friends brought him the startling news that a ghost—"in the same figure, like the king that's dead"—had appeared to them, and Hamlet decided to watch with them and if truly his father appeared, to speak with him, "though Hell itself should gape and bid him hold his peace."

Startling as was the very appearance of the ghost, its revelation to Hamlet was more startling still. It had been generally believed throughout the kingdom of Denmark, that a serpent had stung the king while sleeping in the orchard, but the ghost made known the truth, that he had been murdered by Claudius, —"the serpent that did sting thy father's life, now wears his crown,"—and with passionate words appealed to Hamlet to avenge "his foul and most unnatural murder."

Hamlet's whole being revolted at the very thought of such treachery as his uncle's, and strong in his indignation at such a great wrong, he vowed to be his father's avenger and that speedily. Sharing his fearful secret with no one, the gentle, meditative soul of the prince was well nigh crushed by the

burden laid upon it, and in anguish of mind Hamlet exclaimed, "The time is out of joint; oh cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

From this time onward, Hamlet's whole being was given up to one idea of avenging his father's murder. To the accomplishment of this end he directed all his energies, all his thoughts, and divested his life of all else, even his love for gentle, beautiful Ophelia, daughter of Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain. While Hamlet was to be blamed for his fatal indecision which delayed action until action was useless, his intentions were of the best, and so far as his will and emotions were concerned he intended to carry out his purpose, but through a fatal procrastination, from which he seemed powerless to free himself, he let opportunity after opportunity pass by, until at last he himself was involved in the downfall of his enemy, As he himself puts it,

> "And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard—their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action."

To give himself an opportunity for better observing the king and to facilitate his revenge against his villianous uncle, Hamlet feigned madness and uttered many speeches fraught with double meaning. Players came to the court at Elsinore; and somewhat uncertain as to the identity of the ghost and the truth of its message, Hamlet closely observed the king while they enacted a scene depicting his father's murder as related by the ghost. Unable to bear the sight of a repetition of his dastardly deed, Claudius, in great agitation, rose and sought his own chamber, where, overcome by feelings of deep remorse and in agony of mind, he exclaimed,

> "Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
> It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
> A brother's murder."

With no doubts now as to his uncle's guilt, Hamlet went to his mother and with burning words upbraided her for her shameful marriage, and while in her chamber killed Polonius who was

listening to their conversation in hiding, having mistaken him for Claudius, the king.

After this incident of the play, Claudius became convinced of the danger of Hamlet's presence at Elsinore, and using the death of Polonius as a reason for his immediate departure from Denmark, prevailed upon the prince to sail at once for England. Out at sea a strange restlessness pursued Hamlet, and one night, having obtained possession of the king's commission to England, he unsealed it and read its base purport, that with all possible haste they should murder Hamlet. Hastily making out a new commission to the effect that the bearers should immediately be put to death, he sealed it with his father's signet and put it in place of the first. The following day Hamlet boarded a pirate ship and in it returned to Denmark.

Upon his return to Elsinore, walking about in the churchyard, Hamlet saw a funeral procession approaching, which proved to be that of Ophelia, who, distracted with disappointed love and grief at her father's death, in her insanity had drowned herself. A sea of pent-up love and emotion seemed all at once to break over Hamlet, and leaping down into the grave he passionately exclaimed, "This is I, Hamlet the Dane!

> "I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
> Could not with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum."

Claudius, foiled in his first attempt against his nephew's life, now took recourse to another plan. The king laid a wager with Laertes, the brother of Ophelia, that in a dozen passes with Hamlet, he should not surpass the prince by three hits, and this wager was submitted to Hamlet, who suspecting no treachery, readily consented. Laertes was to fight with a poisoned weapon, whose slightest wound meant certain death, and to make doubly sure of their victim, the king was to prepare a poisoned drink to be given to Hamlet when he grew warm with the contest.

But "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley!" Hamlet was an excellent swordsman, and pleased at his apparent success, the Queen proposed his good fortune and before Claudius could prevent her, had drunk of the poisoned wine, Laertes succeeded in giving the prince a scratch with his fatal

weapon, but in some unaccountable manner they exchanged swords, and he himself also received a thrust from it. Wounded to the death, Laertes acknowledged that he was justly slain by his own treachery, and from his dying lips Hamlet received confession of the whole plot. Spurred on to his long-delayed revenge by these terrible events, Hamlet stabbed the king and, with his dying voice expressing the wish that Fortisbras be elected king of the State of Denmark, expired. Thus ended a life of great possibilities, but one whose usefulness was destroyed beneath the burden of a task for which it was not fitted.

ISABEL MUNRO, '03.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.*

All sincere and successful searching for truth has for its incentive the desire to be truthful. To attempt to search without such a desire is to court failure; while to have such a desire and decline the search is, to say the least, to plead guilty of inexcusable intellectual sloth. That the two should go hand in hand is manifest by the resulting anomalies where a separation is effected. The search for truth by those who do not desire to be truthful is productive of such results as, scientists who refuse to use their knowledge in the arts of life; irreligious theologians, purveyors of heresy, and impious preachers, wolves who have acquired with their false fleece the ability to bleat, a place to bleat in and a people to bleat at. On the other hand, the enthusiasm to be truthful, untaught by the knowledge of truth, is productive of artists devoid of science attempting impossible and hideous creations; of enthusiastic religionists, ignorant of theology; producers of bigots and bigotry; of pious preachers with nothing to preach, and such monstrosities. For the latter class there is even more hope than for the former. It is better to be a sincere "ruler" turning away sorrowfully to consider in solitude the query, Would I be truthful? than a jesting Pilate flippantly asking, What is Truth? and refusing

*Third of a series of articles written by a graduate.

to stay for an answer, lest it come as a rebuke to moral apathy. The one absolutely essential prerequisite for a successful search for the truth is the desire to be truthful.

What does it mean for a man to be truthful? Carlyle in his vigorous and mysterious protest against shams, says that we are to note, "First, that *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men;* secondly, that *he wears Clothes*, which are the visible emblems of that fact." These invisible bonds are almost infinite in number. The recognition of family ties, of social obligations, of business duties, of national responsibilities, implies the existence of various relations between man and man and between God and man. The visible emblems of these facts are the words men speak, the deeds they do, the doctrines they teach, the things they make—in fact, all that bears the impress, and hence is the expression of the mind of man. Truthfulness is conformity between the visible emblems and the invisible fact, between the sign and the thing signified, between the show-of-the-thing and the thing itself. Untruthfulness is the lack of such conformity. It is the signifying of something that is not.

The most generally admitted bonds are those binding man to man. The simplest of these arise from the common necessities of a common life. The necessity for the interchange of commodities gives rise to the system of barter. Truthfulness in such interchange involved a knowledge of the character and value of the commodity offered in exchange and a correct representation of that fact. Truthfulness in our elaborate commercial system involves the observance of the same simple principle. Moreover, the observance of such a principle would go far toward solving the problems of our modern industrial world. It would, at least, free society from such hurtful pests, as oppressors of labor, bargain hunters, market manipulators, wild-cat speculators, and rogues generally.

But the fact of the interchange of commodities implies the existence of a division of labor. This division in a democratic country is not arbitrary, but is voluntary. We say of the work that a man volunteers to do, that that is his profession. To entèr a profession, is to profess to be willing and able to do that

portion of the world's work. Such a profession on the part of one unable and unwilling to do the work, is an untruth. Truthfulness in this respect would relieve us of ignorant politicians, inefficient officers, scheming lawyers, ignorant doctors, shiftless farmers, lazy preachers, and quacks generally. The effort to fill a position for which one is not qualified leads ofttimes to results which are exceedingly amusing. When men with the consistency of jelly-fish thrust themselves into positions demanding firmness and dignity, and substituting a poker of iron for the wanting back-bone, attempt to hide the deformity with a frock-coat or the robes of office, they lend themselves for a laughing-stock to the public. For the time of revelation will come. A back-bone will bend when occasion demands, but such bending on the part of a poker destroys its usefulness forever. When a man devoid of piety seeks to lead the people in spiritual matters and spends all his energy in attempting to fill the moulds left by his predecessors or created by the cranks of his congregation, he need not wonder if the world cries "Hypocrite." If politicians, anxious for office, and not content to stand or fall by what they are, will shape their course with every wind that blows and smile on every head that wags, the world must needs laugh. But, enough! Methinks it's sickish. The game of bluff is an amusing game to watch, but it is not a game for honest men.

But the most intimate relations into which men enter are included under the term "friendship." The bond we call "love." The nature of the bond varies with the demands and intensity of the love. The emblems of the bond also vary, from the warm hand-clasp of brothers, to the solemn marriage vows of husband and wife. Here, again, truthfulness is conformity between the emblem and the fact. Untruth in friendship is the profession of sentiments which do not exist. Forced attentions are not the emblems of affection, nor is lack of affection supplied by lying pretensions. For a bankrupt to profess solvency and thereby obtain the wealth of another, is bad; but for a man to profess emotions which he does not feel, and thereby gain the affection of another soul, is a hundred-fold worse.

Further, a man is called upon to express not only his own

soul and his attitude toward all men, but also the souls of others. The necessity of this is felt in the simplest, as in the most complex, forms of society. Such institutions as courts of justice and commercial agencies manifest the necessity for such witnessing. The flippancy with which we enter upon this task is evident at such functions as five o'clock teas, sewing circles, and club dinners. The difficulty of truthfulness respecting another is great—for who can understand the soul of his friend. But the wrong done by untruthfulness in this respect is admitted by all who have suffered at the hands of gossips, backbiters, and intimate enemies. From Sinai has been thundered forth the word, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." To wilfully misrepresent the soul of another is to lie, and of all professional liars these are the meanest.

But the most stupendous task which devolves upon a man is to express the soul of God and His attitude towards men. There are various ways of performing this task, in each of which a man may be untruthful. Ordinances, church organizations, and denominational doctrines are all methods in use. The absolute truth of these expressions is determined by their conformity to the fact. The test is not yet and will not be until "We see as we are seen and know as we are known." But a man's truthfulness in the use of these modes of expression is determined now. All expressions of a relation between God and man are double in their signification, and apply on the one hand to the attitude of God to man, and on the other hand to the attitude of a man to God. A man does not become truthful in practising ordinances and professing doctrines that correctly express God's attitude to men, if these same ordinances and doctrines do not express the attitude of the man to God. The submission to the ordinance of baptism is not a truthful act unless a man has died to self and has risen to newness of life. Membership in a democratic church is not a truthful act unless a man can say that One is his Master, even Christ, and all men are his brothers. The profession of orthodox and peculiar doctrines no matter how true respecting God, may be for a man a most infamous lie, if these doctrines do not truly describe the man's own relation to God. Ceremonial observances, forms

of church government and statements of doctrine in themselves are nothing; but regarded as the emblems of a man's relation to God and of God's relation to a man, they are of all emblems the most significant.

But not only in such a way is it possible for a man to give expression to the mind of God. He himself should be that expression. In the beginning God said, "Let us make man in our own image." To be a truthful man is to be an expression of the divine image. Who, then, is the truthful man? Here, indeed, is a task for Diogenes. Stand on the street and watch the crowds as they hurry past. Are these men with hard, set faces, ready to humble and ruin others in the pursuit of gain, expressive of the divine image? Are these creatures, plying their awful work of destruction, the dream of the divine mind? Do these who reel and stagger and spew forth from vile lips, coarse jests and awful oaths, express the mind of God? Leave the crowded thoroughfare and seek the solitude of a lonely wood. Look into your own heart, and as hideous, ugly creeping things spring up to meet your gaze, ask: "Is this the expression of God?" To say so would be the most awful lie it is given to a man to make. Rather query,—

> "Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
> To have dominion over sea and land;
> To trace the stars, and search the heavens for power,
> To feel the passion of Eternity?
> Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
> And pillared the blue firmament with light?"

And as answer to his query let the truthful man say: "This is not the divine image. I am not a man. I am a man in the making. My ideal is the divine image. My ideal is Jesus. I will be my ideal when the day's work is done."

We must live. We may live truthfully.

C.

THE STORY OF EVANGELINE.

On the outskirts of the little village of Grand Pré and near Minas Basin, lived gentle Evangeline with her stately and stalwart father, Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of the neighborhood. At peace with God and the world he dwelt on his sunny farm. Evangeline had many young friends, but none were so dear to her as Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil, the blacksmith. He had been her companion since childhood. They had studied from the same book, had played with the same toys, and had shared in youth's joys and sorrows. Now when both were blossoming into manhood and womanhood, the childish affection had grown into a pure unselfish love

Evangeline was fair to behold. Her black, shining eyes lit up her face with a beautiful light, yet how softly they gleamed beneath her waving, brown tresses. Her cheeks glowed with the rosy hue of health. When, attired in her Norman cap and blue kirtle, she went down the street after confession, a heavenly light seemed to shine upon her countenance and encircle her form, and " when she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Spring has passed into summer, summer has glided into autumn, and now Indian summer, that most beautiful season, is crowning the trees with glory and filling the earth with peace and stillness. The days become shorter. As the twilight descends, the evening star appears in the dark vault of heaven. Peace reigns within Benedict's home as well as without. The old man sits in his armchair before the glowing fire-place. Evangeline, diligent as ever, is seated near her father spinning. Footsteps are soon heard, the door opens and Basil, the blacksmith, and Gabriel enter. Basil brings the news that English ships ride at anchor in the harbor. He thinks it bodes ill for the peaceful Acadians, but Benedict will not believe that they are there for any harm. Whatever be their design it will be learned the following day when all are commanded to meet in church. Meanwhile the notary enters to settle the bridal contract. The evening passes quickly. When the curfew rings

out the hour of nine, the guests depart. Silence soon reigns in the household.

The next day dawned clear and bright. The morning was spent at the bridal feast. A short time after noon a sonorous peal of the church bell burst suddenly upon them. The men thronged to the church. The afternoon passed, the sun sank in the west, but no sight of those who had entered the church. Alas! the dread news, that they must leave their native land, soon spread throughout the village. Evangeline waited at her father's door until sunset,

> "Then all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
> Cheering with words and looks the disconsolate hearts of the women."

The great red sun disappeared, and

> "Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded."

Four days passed away. On the fifth the Acadian women and children came to the beach with the household goods. The boats plied busily all day long carrying the freight to the ships. In the afternoon the men were released from the church. Disorder prevailed on the shore. In the confusion of embarking, wives and husbands, mothers and children, were torn from each other. Thus Gabriel and Evangeline became separated, for it was her lot to remain with her father while Gabriel departed that night.

> "Half the task was not done when the sun went down and the twilight
> Deepened and darkened around."

In the midst of the household goods and waggons, the houseless Acadian farmers lay encamped for the night. Silence reigned in the streets and "from the church no Angelus sounded." Evangeline strove to comfort her heart-broken father, but when he perceived in the distance his native village in flames, he fell from his seat and his soul returned to its Maker. In haste by the sea-side they buried him. The next morning they all abandoned the well-known shore, and were landed far asunder on separate coasts.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city, from the cold lakes of the north to sultry southern savan-

nas, seeking friends and homes. Lowly and meek in spirit, Evangeline waited and labored among them. Many a time she had started in her search for Gabriel, but in vain.

At last, Evangeline and Father Felician, with a band of the exiles, sailed down the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi. One night as they were anchored in the shade of luxuriant foliage, a light, swift boat darted past without observing them. At the helm sat Gabriel. He was aged, and sadness was legibly written on his brow. Oh, that some friendly power might have made Evangeline conscious of his nearness. The next evening as

> "The sun from the western horizon,
> Like a magician, extended his golden wand o'er the landscape,"

they slowly entered the Têche. Through the amber air above the crest of the woodland, they saw a column of smoke arise. They disembarked and went towards the house. At the gate they were met by a herdsman whom they recognized as Basil. He gave them a hearty welcome and a merry evening was spent in renewing old friendships. Evangeline was sorely disappointed to find that Gabriel had just left his home, but Basil promised to follow the fugitive lover with her the next day.

In the morning they set out. Many days passed by without hearing any news of Gabriel, still hope spurred them on. They proceeded until they came to a mission where they heard that he was a week ahead of them. Then Evangeline decided to remain at the mission, while Basil returned home.

Long, sad years glided by, and again she started in her search but in vain. Finally, she gave up and went to live in the city of Philadelphia. Gabriel was not forgotten. His image, clothed in the beauty of love and youth, still remained in her heart. When a pestilence broke out in the city, she became truly a sister of mercy. One sabbath morn she wended her way to the almshouse. As she passed from pallet to pallet, cheering the suffering ones, she was suddenly arrested by a feeling of wonder. A cry of anguish burst from her lips. On the bed before her was stretched an old man. Motionless, senseless,

dying he lay. He seemed to recognize the gentle voice which whispered in accents tender, "Gabriel, O my beloved." Tears came to his eyes, he endeavored to whisper her name, but the unuttered words died on his lips. In one brief moment all was over, the restless unsatisfied longing and constant anguish of patience were ended now. As she pressed the lifeless form to her bosom, Evangeline meekly bowed her head, and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee."

MABEL E. CULVER, '04.

THE TREASURES OF THE SNOW.—JOB 38: 22.

He bringeth the wind out of His *treasuries.*—Ps. 135: 7.

When the white-armored hosts of the snow armies march,
Effacing the sky's cerulean arch,
Filling heav'n with their rythmic, aerial beat,
Muffling earth with their soundless, innumerable feet,
To a motion more numbing than noise ever heard,
As the lines pulsing onward are steadily whirred,—

When the wind's shrill fife sets the pace hard and fast,
More, more and more legions swinging dizzily past,—
Till the world seems the ghost of a wonderful stream
Where the waters flow on in a pale spectral dream,
All the ghosts of the leaves of dead summers' trees
Borne along in a semblance of autumn day breeze,—
All the translucent spirits of otherday rain
Caught, whitened, and poured out unceasing again,—
All the sands of all shores in a swift phantom drift
Wan as fog 'neath the moon, and as hopeless of rift,—
All the universe parting in fragments aghast,
Speeding on without pause in a blanched, blurring blast—

O thou questioner! accounter of each passing show,
Who thinkest by searching God's secrets to know,
Hast thou entered the treasures of snow?

BLANCHE BISHOP.

LIFE AND WORK OF HUXLEY.

(Concluded.)

To define his exact attitude towards religious questions, Huxley invented the name agnostic, derived from the inscription seen by Paul on the altar erected by the too religious Athenians. Agnosticism has come to have many phases: with Herbert Spencer it took the form of the dictum, "God is unknowable"; with Huxley, "God is unknown." Huxley's position is usually distinguished as scientific agnosticism, by which he meant a receptive attitude of the mind towards truth, a willingness to weigh all the evidence and submit to it absolutely untrammelled by authority or tradition, an attitude of suspended judgment until the facts have been examined, and a refusal to believe in anything whatever until it is sustained by sufficient and satisfactory evidence. "The golden rule," he said, "is give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted."

This seems a perfectly proper position to take. It is what justice requires of the student at his book, of the editor at his desk, of the judge upon his bench; should it not also be the position of every one who ponders and meditates upon the great concerns of life and the soul? But what is *evidence?* Ay, there's the rub, for what to the Christian experience is a satisfying and assuring proof of God's providence and revelation is wholly rejected by the agnostic to whom all knowledge is reducible to sensations. Scientific agnosticism must either beg the question of the nature of evidence, or carry the question over into metaphysics and thus sacrifice the claim of reasoning as in ordinary every-day affairs. Just at this point, it seems to me, Huxley's system failed. In his effort to find a rational and absolute basis of knowledge, he alternately made man an automaton, finding a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, or blotted out the material world, leaving it only a series of pictures in the mind.

This two-sidedness of Huxley's agnosticism sometimes led

him into strange difficulties. While we are listening to the good Dr. Jekyll, the idealist, we find ourselves suddenly gazing into the repulsive features of Mr. Hyde, the materialist. Huxley seemed to delight in achieving this startling transformation one way or the other. Take for example his "Physical Basis of Life," a paper which has probably evoked more discussion than any other piece of secular writing of equal length. The argument may be briefly summarized thus:—There is a three-fold unity underlying all the diversities of vital existence, a unity of faculty shown in the possibility of including all vital functions under a few primary physiological activities, a unity of form shown in the fact that all living bodies are composed of cells, and a unity of substantial composition of the protoplasm which he termed the physical basis of life; and just as the properties of water are the result of the properties and arrangements of its constituent molecules, so "all vital action may be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm that displays it." Huxley then went on to say that past experience had taught him that "gross and brutal materialism" would probably be the mildest terms applied to these propositions. "Nevertheless," he continued, "two things are certain; the one that I hold the statements to be substantially true; the other that I individually, am no materialist, but on the contrary believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error." "This union of materialistic terminology, with the repudiation of materialistic philosophy I hold with some of the most thoughtful men with whom I am acquainted."

As the path of escape from the materialistic slough into which physiology is thus shown inevitably to lead, Huxley reminds his readers that this terrible matter is but "a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness." Why then fall down in terror before the idol we have ourselves made? We may well inquire which the ordinary reader, unlearned in philosophy, is likely to regard as the greater evil, materialism or this way of escape from it.

Let me remark parenthetically that I remember well the effect which a first reading of this essay produced upon me as a boy. Then, as now, I was unwilling to accept either its con-

clusion or its chain of reasoning, but found it difficult to put my hand upon the broken link. It is now easy to see that Huxley proved his unity of composition by the most specious reasoning, making no distinction between living and dead protoplasm, but proving in fact, if he proved anything, that the protoplasm of dead mutton is the same as that of a live man, and that of a dead man the same as that of a live lobster. The conception of protoplasm set forth in this essay is not that held by the biologists of to-day: protoplasm must be as diverse as are the various manifestations of life.

Again you will find Dr. Jekyll transforming himself before your eyes into Mr. Hyde in the "Descartes' Discourse," where we begin with "*cogito, ergo sum*" as the ultimate indubitable fact and reach the belief "that we shall, sooner or later, arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat."

With such passages as these in his most widely-read works, is it any wonder that he has been charged with "giving a mighty impulse to materialism?" Yet it is certain that Huxley was not a materialist; it was his "materialistic terminology," not his "materialistic philosophy" that misled his less thoughtful readers. The chasm between mind and matter was as impassable to him as to his friend Tyndall, and was emphasized repeatedly with his usual vehemence.

The later papers in the *Nineteenth Century* in which Huxley set about examining the foundations, historical and scientific, of the Christian faith, are sufficiently recent to be wel remembered by many who read this article. No attempt will here be made to follow his line of argument. His attacks on the authority of the Scripture have far less value to me than his philosophy, for I do not assent to their fundamental proposition that the truth of Christianity is to be tested by the scientific or historical accuracy of the Bible narrative. Even could he have made his case good against the first chapter of Genesis, or the Universal Deluge or the Bedevilment of the Gadarene Swine, as he termed it, that would scarcely touch the great fortification of Christianity which is embodied in the Christian testimony of all time to its transforming and sustaining moral

power. Christianity does not profess to offer scientific evidence, but inspiration and regenerating power. The experience of Christian people and still more of one's own self who has put himself into the attitude of faith in God, is something to be reckoned with, apart from any record of miracles, as a subjective truth with an objective significance that cannot be set aside.

I wish, in conclusion, to point out a phase of Huxley's agnosticism which has frequently been overlooked, namely, his concession to the Christian point of view. He did not deny the existence of God or the immortality of the soul; but rejected them because he regarded the evidence as insufficient, preferring to return the Scotch verdict "not proven." Though he subscribed to the doctrine that God is unknowable, he made no attempt to develop it. Spencer's agnosticism gives a negative answer to the question, "Can we know God?" Huxley's to the question, "Do we know God?" As years advanced upon him he seems to have felt more and more the destructive tendency of his religious teachings, and to have attempted in one of his later essays a reconstruction which, though really consistent with his earlier views, was hailed by some as a rapprochment to Christianity. To show how much he conceded to give a few quotations:

"Scientific naturalism leads not to the denial of the existence of any supernature; but simply to the denial of the validity of the evidence adduced in favor of this or that extent form of supernaturalism."

"If the belief in God is essential to morality, physical science offers no obstacle thereto; if the belief in immortality is essential to morality, physcial science has no more to say against that doctrine than the most ordinary experience has, and it effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute it by objections deduced from mere physical data."

"The supposition that there is any inconsistency between the acceptance of the constancy of natural order and a belief in the efficiency of prayer is the more unaccountable as it is obviously contradicted by analogies furnished by experience. . . . . It is this weighty consideration which knocks the

bottom out of all *a priori* objections either to ordinary miracles or to the efficiency of prayer, so far as the latter implies the miraculous intervention of a higher power." This opinion of Huxley's derives additional interest from its contrast with that of an English bishop who recommended his clergy to pray only for spiritual blessings.

He is quoted by R. H. Hutton, as expressing deep reverence for Jesus of Nazareth whom he called "the greatest moral genius the world has seen." It will be remembered also that when a member of the Education Committee he puzzled admirers and opponents alike by favoring the use of the Bible in the schools for the value and purity of its moral teachings.

Speaking of his own relation to religious philosophy he declares his rank is "not among fatalists, for I take the conception of necessity to have a logical and not a physical foundation; not among materialists, for I am utterly incapable of conceiving the existence of matter if there is no mind in which to picture that existence; not among atheists, for the problem of the ultimate cause of existence is one which seems to me to be hopelessly out of reach of my poor powers. Of all the senseless babble I have ever had occasion to read, the demonstrations of those philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst, if they were not surpassed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God."

Can we not find in this last admission the possibility of combining and harmonizing scientific agnosticism with Christianity? So long ago as Job's time, the impossibility of proceeding through nature up to God was recognized by wise men. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" inquired Zophar, the Naamathite, plainly indicating a negative answer. The Christian can and does concede that "the problem of the ultimate cause is hopelessly out of reach of his poor powers." But in that very hopelessness—in the very failure of the scientific method—does there not lie the necessity for a revelation emanating from God himself by which man may know what is essential for his moral and spiritual uplifting and by which he may apprehend that Being whom his nature craves? Is it dogmatic

to declare that God has done this in the person of Jesus his Son, and of such revelation the proof is not scientific evidence but faith, which is the evidence of things not seen? Can there be any thing more dogmatic in any theology than the assumption of agnosticism which confessing its own inability to solve the great mysteries of life, therefore declares the solution impossible and all beyond the reach of our senses unknowable?

R. Wilson Smith.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

THE MCMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY is published by The Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms, One Dollar a year in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. A. F. McDonald. Advertising Rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

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VOL. XI. | FEBRUARY, 1902. | NO. 5

Editorial Notes.

IN his annual report, President Elliot of Harvard University discusses college athletics at some length. It is frequently said that success in athletics has a large influence in increasing the number of students of a college, but according to President Elliott statistics do not bear out the assertion. "It is impossible," he says, "to trace any clear influence of success or failure in athletic sports on the comparative resort of the two colleges as this resort appears in their respective freshman classes. Looking at the whole period, the freshman class at Harvard had gained a much larger percentage than the freshman class at Yale, although Yale has been decidedly more successful in the athletic sports, and particularly in rowing and football, which are the sports in which colleges and schools and the general public take the greatest interest." Summing up the whole question of athletics and their relation to college life, President Elliot utters these wise words: "If the American colleges and universities could satisfy themselves that success in athletics is not indispensable to college growth, or still better, be persuaded that too much attention to athletic sports, or a bad tone in regard to them, hinders college growth, there would probably be a great improvement in the spirit in which inter-collegiate contests are conducted; they would come to be regarded as the by-play they really are, and would be carried on in a sportsmanlike way as interesting and profitable amusements."

In the course of a somewhat extended article on our Ontario system of university education, the Trinity University *Review* makes a kindly reference to McMaster. "University College," says *The Review*, "and the old University of Toronto were a conglomerate of the Scotch-German-American-London type, avowedly secular, and practically non-residential; Victoria is English in the main, was, and again will be, residential, and it believes in the union of the religious and the secular. Trinity is English and Scotch, has two good residences, and stands, as has been already said, for all that is best in life as a whole. These three, together with their younger sister, McMaster, which embodies the best American ideals, would make a noble Provincial University." We appreciate the kindly feeling that prompted the above words, and can only hope that in some degree we deserve them. If we were sure that our university "embodied the best American ideals" of education, we should have a large measure of satisfaction with ourselves, for the "best American ideals" in education are high and worthy. To say of a college that it realized them with comparative fullness, would be to say much for that college. We hope, however, that we are not modelling our college life and education wholly on American lines. We should be sorry to forget English ideals and Canadian ideals.

In this connection we take the opportunity to express our sincere pleasure at the evident signs of prosperity that our sister university is displaying at the present time. The gift of the large sum of $60,000 from five Toronto gentlemen is a notable tribute to the value of Trinity in Canadian life. We hope that Provost Street-Macklem may be successful in obtaining the $250,000 endowment which it is the aim of the corporation of Trinity to secure. Trinity's constituency is large and wealthy, and could easily and with advantage to itself contribute even double that sum to the cause of Christian education. McMaster and Trinity, representing as they do different Christian bodies, differ in important respects, but they are one in recognizing the value and necessity of the intimate union of education and religion. We rejoice therefore to know that Trinity will soon find herself in a position more fully to achieve our mutual ideal in that respect. At the present time there is much talk of her federating with the Provincial University, and late numbers of *The Review* show that there is no little difference of opinion as to the wisdom of such a break with the past. We have had the same problem to solve, and long ago came to the conclusion that independence is the condition in which our ideals of Christian

education can best be attained. For various reasons Trinity's problem is different from ours, and may be solved by federation rather than independence. And yet we could wish that she might see her way to resist the tendency to uniformity that is more and more giving a machine-like character to education in Ontario. Whatever her decision may be, Trinity may be certain of McMaster's best wishes for her continued prosperity and widening influence in promoting Christian education. We congratulate her on the election of Christopher Robinson, Esq., K.C., as her new Chancellor, and feel certain that under his régime, and that of her able and energetic Provost, Trinity's future will be worthy of her past.

Book Reviews.

TECUMSEH: A DRAMA.*

If Canada is ever to have a literature of her own, her writers must find their inspiration in her past or present. The work of Miss Laut and Ralph Connor, to mention two in the realm of fiction alone, have shown that there is good stuff in our Canadian life, and that it only remains for our writers to use it. It is because Mr. Charles Mair's "Tecumseh" is Canadian to the core that we welcome its present re-publication. The great Indian, Tecumseh, is an heroic figure in the annals of our early history, and the story of his death at Moravian Town, even when told in the cold pages of a public school history, seldom fails to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of Canadian boys and girls. He is, indeed, well suited to be the hero of a Canadian story. Patriotism, however, must not blind readers to the considerable limitations in Mr. Mair's powers as a poet and dramatist; and yet candid criticism must recognize that Mr. Mair gives an attractive picture of the "chief of matchless power" who united with the hero of Queenstown Heights to defend our shores from invasion in 1812.

The first three acts show Tecumseh in his relations with the Americans. He is endeavoring to unite the various Indian tribes in opposition to the westward movement of the Long Knives, as the Americans were called. His efforts to stem the tide are pathetically

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* Tecumseh: A Drama (second edition) and Canadian Poems. By Charles Mair. Toronto: William Briggs.

in vain. The "manifest destiny" of the white man is too strong for him. Even his own flesh and blood, his brother the Prophet, acts in such a way as to destroy his plans. The end of all is the ill-fated battle of Tippecanoe. Mr. Mair has not been altogether successful in these first three acts. He feels the wrongs the Indians suffer, but for the most part has not been able to phrase them well. Tecumseh's speech to General Harrison is comparatively cold, though it contains one effective line,—

"The red man's memory is full of graves."

In the last two acts the scene is in Upper Canada, and here there are some fine passages breathing the loyalty of the Canadians and their determination to repel the invaders. It is in the expression of patriotic sentiments that Mr. Mair excells. Let the following passages from General Brock's speeches serve as illustration :

"BROCK. You have no faith ! Then take a creed from me !
For I believe in Britain's Empire, and
In Canada, its true and loyal son,
Who yet shall rise to greatness, and shall stand
At England's shoulder helping her to guard
True liberty throughout a faithless world.
Here is a creed for arsenals and camps,
For hearts and heads that seek their country's good ;
So, go at once, and meditate on it !"

"But odds lie not
In numbers only, but in spirit too—
Witness the might of England's little isle !
And what made England great will keep her so—
The free soul and the valour of her sons ;
And what exalts her will sustain you now
If you contain her courage and her faith."

"Our death may build into our country's life,
And failing this, 'twere better still to die
Than live the breathing spoils of infamy.
Then forward for our cause and Canada !
Forward for Britain's Empire—peerless arch
Of Freedom's raising, whose majestic span
Is axis to the world ! On, on, my friends !
The task our country sets must we perform—
Wring peace from war, or perish in its storm !"

Such lines as these, written almost twenty years ago, are faithful expressions of sentiment in Canada to-day.

Romance is woven into the story of war by means of the faithful and mutual love of Iena, the Indian maiden, and Lefroy, the artist and Rousseau-like lover of nature. Some of the best poetry in the drama finds its occasion in this love story. The soliloquy of Iena in the third act is pathetic :

> " IENA. 'Tis night, and Mamatee is absent still !
> Why should this sorrow weigh upon my heart,
> And other lonely things on earth have rest ?
> Oh, could I be with them ! The lily shone
> All day upon the stream, and now it sleeps
> Under the wave in peace—in cradle soft
> Which sorrow soon may fashion for my grave.
> Ye shadows which do creep into my thoughts—
> Ye curtains of despair ! what is my fault,
> That ye should hide the happy earth from me ?
> Once I had joy of it, when tender Spring,
> Mother of beauty, hid me in her leaves ;
> When Summer led me by the shores of song,
> And forests and far-sounding cataracts
> Melted my soul with music. I have heard
> The rough chill harpings of dismantled woods,
> When Fall had stripped them, and have felt a joy
> Deeper than ear could lend unto the heart ;
> And when the Winter from his mountains wild
> Looked down on death, and, in the frosty sky,
> The very stars seemed hung with icicles,
> Then came a sense of beauty calm and cold,
> That weaned me from myself, yet knit me still
> With kindred bonds to Nature. All is past,
> And he who won from me such love for him,
> And he, my valiant uncle and my friend,
> Come not to lift the cloud that drapes my soul,
> And shield me from the fiendish Prophet's power."

Lefroy gives a notable description of the great prairies of the West, and here again Mr. Mair appears to good advantage :

> " LEFROY. We left
> The silent forest, and, day after day,
> Great prairies swept beyond our aching sight
> Into the measureless West ; uncharted realms,
> Voiceless and calm, save when tempestuous wind
> Rolled the rank herbage into billows vast,
> And rushing tides which never found a shore.
> And tender clouds, and veils of morning mist,
> Cast flying shadows, chased by flying light,
> Into interminable wildernesses,

Flushed with fresh blooms, deep perfumed by the rose,
And murmurous with flower-fed bird and bee.
The deep-grooved bison-paths like furrows lay,
Turned by the cloven hoofs of thundering herds
Primeval, and still travelled as of yore.
And gloomy valleys opened at our feet—
Shagged with dusk cypresses and hoary pine ;
And sunless gorges, rummaged by the wolf,
Which through long reaches of the prairie wound,
Then melted slowly into upland vales,
Lingering, far-stretched amongst the spreading hills."

* * * * * * * * *

" At length we heard a deep and solemn sound—
Erupted moanings of the troubled earth
Trembling beneath innumerable feet.
A growing uproar blending in our ears,
With noise tumultuous as ocean's surge,
Of bellowings, fierce breath and battle shock,
And ardour of unconquerable herds.
A multitude whose trampling shook the plains,
With discord of harsh sound and rumblings deep,
As if the swift revolving earth had struck,
And from some adamantine peak recoiled,
Jarring. At length we topped a high-browed hill—
The last and loftiest of a file of such—
And lo ! before us lay the tameless stock,
Slow wending to the northward like a cloud !
A multitude iu motion, dark and dense—
Far as the eye could reach, and farther still,
In couutless myriads stretched for many a league."

In the following passage Tecumseh, nearing his death, gives a delicate picture of Indian summer, a picture that serves subtly to enhance the pathos of his own situatlon.

" Tecumseh. This is our summer—when the painted wilds,
Like pictures in a dream, enchant the sight.
The forest bursts in glory like a flame !
Its leaves are sparks ; its mystic breath the haze
Which blends in purple incense with the air.
The Spirit of the Woods has decked his home,
And put his wonders like a garment on,
To flash, and glow, and dull, and fade, and die.
Oh, let not manhood fade within my soul !
And thou, pale doubt, that hast distracted me—
Ye forecasts that would drag my spirit down—
Hence and forever flee ! Ye have no place,
No business in this breast. My field is here !
Here must my people's cause be lifted up,
Or sink to rise no more."

Apart from the longer passages, there are here and there striking lines and pretty images. Sometimes the author's fancy plays him false as in the following passage :

> " Give me the open sleep, whose bed is earth,
> With airy ceiling pinned by golden stars,
> Or vaultage more confined, plastered with clouds ! "

Such a phrase as "*plastered* with clouds" is a good illustration of the "art of falling in poetry."

We have devoted considerable space to "Tecumseh," not because we consider it a great poem, but because of the sincerity of the author's patriotism. We have said little of its defects, and have emphasized its merits. The defects are easily to be discovered by the reader. Our aim has been to send people to the book. The other poems in the volume strengthen the impression of the author's powers obtained from "Tecumseh." M.

THE SECRET PLACE.*

The fourteen short chapters composing this little volume—which average only six pages each—were delivered in substance as sermons on the general subject of Prayer. This fact will account very largely for the simple, devotional character of the book. All difficulties in connection with prayer are purposely avoided by the author, who aims, in writing as in preaching, to arouse the spirit of devotion rather than to inform the intellect. The book is, in reality, a brief, simple review of the underlying conditions of "effectual fervent prayer" as they are outlined in the New Testament. There is nothing new or original in the thoughts presented, and hence but little that will prove either inspiring or suggestive to the reader who is at all familiar with the literature of the subject. But the author's style is lucid, his language choice, his spirit deeply devotional, and the ordinary reader will find much to stimulate him to "the practice of the Presence." The mechanical workmanship of the book is all that could be desired, the cover is attractive, the type clear, the paper excellent. B.W.M

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*The Secret Place. Studies of Prayer. By R. Ames Montgomery, B.A. Fleming H Revell Co. 1901. pp. 135, 50 cents net.

NEW CANTERBURY TALES.*

Everything that Mr. Maurice Hewlett writes has an air of distinction : whatever his work may be, it is never commonplace. His style is a continual challenge to his readers. To enjoy his stories one must be alert, for the words and sentences are so packed with meaning that the least carelessness forces one to miss something. One could wish for breathing-places in the swift movement of the stories. The reader who has been initiated into the secret of Mr. Hewlett's style finds his work a perpetual delight, but many of those who come to him for the first time will perhaps think his stories, particularly the long ones, somewhat hard to follow. We should advise the latter to begin with his short stories, a collection of which appears under the title of "New Canterbury Tales." This contains six interesting mediæval tales told by pilgrims to Canterbury, as Dan Chaucer's inimitable tales were told. Of the six the most attractive are, perhaps, the Scrivener's Tale of the Countess Alys, and the Prioress's Tale of Saint Gervase of Plessy. The uninitiated should begin with these, and then go on to the others. The hand of a master appears in all.

ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH POETRY.†

Professor Alexander, of the University of Toronto, has done a genuine service to Canadian schools by preparing "A School Anthology of English Poetry." Such an ideal collection as Palgrave's Golden Treasury is not altogether suited for study in High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. It was prepared for lovers of poetry, not for teaching purposes. Professor Alexander's book, on the other hand, has drawn from the great poets those particular poems and passages that experience has shown him are suited for use in the class room. Many fine lyrics are not suited for this purpose, and therefore do not find a place in the present volume. Such a collection of teachable poems has been long needed. We are glad to learn that the volume has been adopted at Moulton College and several Collegiate Institutes, for we are sure that its use will promote the study and enjoyment of literature in the schools. The notes are of the proper character, and the editor's introduction on the nature and office of poetry is excellent in every respect. We cordially commend the book.

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*New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett. Toronto. The Copp, Clark Co.

† A School Anthology of English Poetry. Edited by W. J. Alexander. Toronto : Copp, Clark & Co. Price 50 cents.

A NEW EUCLID.*

A new edition of Euclid's Elements might seem to most of us a work of supererogation, and yet an examination of "The High School Euclid," and a comparison of it with other books in use in Ontario, will reveal the fact that there was room for improvement. The editors of the present volume are our own Professor McKay and Mr. R. A. Thompson, B.A., principal of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute and vice-principal of the Normal College. Readers of THE MONTHLY do not require to be told that whatever Professor McKay does in the sphere of mathematics is well done. This his latest work is characterised by the lucidity, accuracy, and grasp of the subject that are well-known qualities of his work in the lecture-room. We shall not attempt to specify the various excellences of the book, but shall quote the following passage as an illustration: "It is not possible, even with the best instruments, to draw straight lines or circles. But since Euclid wished to reason about figures made up of straight lines and circles, he requested that his attempts to draw these be considered successful. He made these requests in his three postulates." Many pupils never really know what is meant by such terms as postulates and axioms, though they can repeat them by heart. Such an introductory statement as the above should be invaluable for them. As a matter of fact the volume is prepared for the pupils who have to buy it, and not for the teachers who teach Euclid. This would seem to be the proper principle on which to prepare a High School text book. We hope soon to see the volume in use in all our Ontario schools.

CHRISTENDOM ANNO DOMINI, 1901.

Mr. William Briggs hopes to publish a Canadian edition of "Christendom Anno Domini, 1901," and will be able to do so if orders for at least 500 copies reach him by March 1st. This great work is edited by Rev. William D. Grant, Ph.D., and contains contributions by a large number of able writers. It aims to give a comprehensive view of the present standing and outlook of Christianity. The first volume contains of a series of articles dealing with Christianity in thirty-one countries, and the second a similar series describing various phases of Christian activity and kindred topics, *e.g.*, missions (Protest-

*The High School Euclid, Books I, II, III. By A. C. McKay, B.A., and R. A. Thompson, B.A., Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co.

ant and Roman Catholic), the Sunday School, revivals, student federation, young people's societies, religious leaders, the Salvation Army, etc. The two volumes, comprising some 1,100 pages, may be had for the small sum of $2.50 by all who send in their order before March 1st. No money need be sent until the volume is delivered. Such a book would seem to be a necessity to preachers and to college and Sunday school libraries.

CANADIAN CRYSTALS.

Those who have read and enjoyed Rev. T. Watson's verses as they have appeared from time to time in the *Canadian Baptist* will be glad to learn that he has collected them and published them under the above title. They deal in a simple but pleasing manner with a variety of topics, patriotic, educational, domestic, memorial, evangelical, etc., and breathe a sentiment that will appeal to Christian hearts. The publisher is Mr. William Briggs, whose name is a guarantee of excellence in the press work.

AN IDOL OF BRONZE.*

The Mexican setting of "An Idol of Bronze," which is by a well known Toronto lady, affords opportunity for the introduction of singular characters and customs and the development of a tragic plot. Carmen Valdivia, daughter of the family of Tlaltelzingo, has been from infancy tacitly contracted in marriage with Norberto Sanchez, the young Senor of Santa-Trinita. To this neighboring estate the Valdivias have become deeply indebted by the gambling follies of two generations. Although Carmen's affections are not set upon her prospective bridegroom she makes no active resistance until she becomes romantically interested in one Cosme Rul, a peasant of her own estate. This was brought about through a complication of circumstances which serve to show off his dashing gallantry against the weak cowardice of Norberto, to whom she is betrothed. Her compromising interest in Cosme, her family's harsh insistence and Norberto's sullen determination to make her his bride in spite of everything, result in her being seized by Cosme on her wedding morning and carried away. From this point the tragic outcome of the tale unfolds rapidly. When the reader is once fairly into the story, interest in the young Senorita's fate holds him, but in the earlier chapters the incidents are meagre and the descriptive portions too profuse and stilted in language. On the whole, however, the book is out of the common, and leaves on the memory a vivid impression of life foreign to the ordinary experience.

E. P.

*An Idol of Bronze. By Louise Palmer Heaven. Toronto: G. N. Morang and Co.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: R. V. BELLAMY, '02.

SOME men have music in their souls; others have rag-time.

WHEN Jack Frost comes to town he registers at the Observatory.

NOW-A-DAYS a dissenting clergyman "takes orders" only after he has taken unto himself a life partner.

PROF. WILSON SMITH claims that he is the only good man on the faculty, his proof being, that he alone cleans a blackboard after having used it.

C. C. SINCLAIR, '02, is resting from his arduous labors, and incidentally recovering from a severe illness, at his country seat in Aylmer.

GEORGE F. STEPHENS, '05, is somewhat under the weather. E. W. Clark, of the same year, has just recovered from a threatened attack of pneumonia.

When the harvest days are over, Jessie dear,
And rude Boreas brings the accustomed winter cheer;
We'll bind on the ringing steel,
And around the rink we'll wheel,
When the harvest days are over, Jessie dear.

THE new chairs with which Castle Memorial Hall has been furnished, are things of beauty, convenience and comfort. Being stained green and varnished, they agree harmoniously with the general finish of the Hall.

PARLIAMENTARY rules of procedure even in our Debating Club are very perplexing and sometimes annoying to the novice. Such a one was recently frequently interrupted in making a speech by the well worn expression, "I rise to a point of order;" until in despair he shouted at one of his tormentors, "I wish you would sit down on a point of order."

TRULY there are now some hopes that the world will rapidly grow better, or at least that part of it found within these halls. The hopeful sign is the appearance of a new addition to the mail-box upon the first corridor. The old box was altogether inadequate in accommodation, and was responsible for a serious deterioration in the morals of

students who were compelled to search through a heap of newspapers for an ardently desired billet doux.

THE Checker Club recently met in solemn conclave, and presented to Dr. Lumley, the winner of the checker tournament, a handsome silver mounted inkstand. Mr. Lumley has been compelled to give up his course for the rest of the year owing to ill-health. He has won for himself many sincere friends among the students, who join in wishing him a speedy recovery of health and a return to these halls next October.

THE application from McMaster for entrance into the intermediate series of the Intercollegiate Rugby Union has been granted. The schedule for the ensuing Rugby season has been made out. McMaster drew the bye and will play its first game on October 18th with the winner of the Varsity II. and Trinity series. Many good players in this institution are available and with new aspirants from Woodstock College next term a formidable team will be put on the gridiron.

IT seems very difficult to get a new yell or song for the College, although the need of such is very generally felt. In the recent contest there was no competition in the matter of yells, and only three songs were submitted. They were not deemed of sufficient merit to justify their immediate acceptance; but they will be learned and sung by certain members of the judging committee, and then the students will have an opportunity to form an opinion of their worth or worthlessness.

AS a token of his appreciation of the fine record of McMaster athletes, and to encourage the introduction of green and black as the colors of our alma mater, Glen H. Campbell, '00, has presented to the Athletic Association, an heraldic seal with the colors of the Association as a motif. It contains the maple leaves, the motto and the open Bible, which are found in the official seal of the university, and is a clever and artistic piece of work.

THE debates before the Literary Society have now come to a close. During the past year the Society has given great prominence to debating, and is to be commended upon reviving the inter-year contests. Those who have taken part in all the debates have no doubt received an excellent training; while their arguments have been highly educative to the audiences. There is only one feature about the inter-year debates that might be censured. That is the practice of appointing the same man more than once to represent his class. Such a practice seems to spoil the spirit of the contests, which is primarily to encourage debating, and only secondarily to award the championship to any particular class. It is a bad precedent and should not be suffered to become established.

The second annual rally of class '04 was held on the evening of January 16th, at the home of Mr. W. L. Lailey. The guests were received by the President, Mr. Whitney W. Lailey, and his sister, Mrs. Elliott. The first part of the evening was taken up with progressive games which were closely contested. The prize fell to Fred C. Mabee, who was presented with "The Man from Glengarry." Miss Mihell then rendered in a clear, pleasing voice the song "He was a Prince," after which the Honorary President, Dr. Ten Broeke, made a few appropriate remarks. The doctor, who at progressive games had won all green stars, said that, on reflection, he could really see no psychological difference between green and red stars. Mr. N. A. Harkness, the '04 bard, read a selection from his own pen, which had an exciting conclusion. The refreshments were then served, after which the company dispersed, having spent a very enjoyable evening.

Inter-year Debating.—The second of the inter-year debates occurred on Friday evening, January 17th, before the Literary Society. The subject was: "*Resolved*,—That the English Constitution is superior to that of the United States," the affirmative being supported by John McLauchlan and J. N. McLean, of class '03, and the negative by W. Pearce and J. M. Warner, of '04. The affirmative directed their arguments towards proving that the English Constitution adapts itself more readily to exigencies, that monarchy and the aristocracy secure respect for law; that the statesmen in charge of the government of Great Britain were always more experienced than those at the head of affairs in the United States. J. N. McLean astonished the natives by a magnificent burst of eloquence at the conclusion of his address. The negative opposed with the arguments that the Constitution of Great Britain does not provide for confederation, that the monarch may become a despot; and that State government educates the people. Dr. Farmer gave an able review of the arguments, and rendered his decision in favor of the juniors.

An expectant audience gathered in the chapel on Friday evening, January 24th, to hear the debate between the freshmen and the seniors, under the auspices of the Literary Society. After some preliminary business was transacted, the Ladies' Quartette, Misses McLaurin, Senior, Barbour and Munro, rendered a song in pleasing style. The debate which followed was: "*Resolved*,—That the system of trial by jury should be retained." The affirmative was maintained by Messrs. Gorman and Vining, of '05, who argued that twelve good men and true would be more likely to give a just verdict than a judge, or judges, who might be, and who have been, bribed and influenced in various ways. The negative, Messrs. J. A. McLean and C. J. McLean, of '02, held that judges being men learned in law were in a better position to give judgment than twelve men chosen from different walks in life. The audience was then favored with "The Stein Song," by Mr. Bingham, and "A Love Song," by Mr. Brownlee. The judge, Dr. Ten Broeke, after due deliberation, gave the decision to the freshmen, who thereupon raised loud acclamations of joy.

During the recent illness of two of the occupants of Room 15, visitors were not allowed admittance, but all anxious enquirers were kept enlightened as to the welfare of the sick ones by regularly posted bulletins. Here is a sample:—Room 15, February 3, 7 a.m. Bulletin No. 70. B. ——. Talked all night in his sleep about ——. Wonder who she is? Feeling somewhat better. Thinking of applying a mustard plaster. (Later) mustard plaster on. Burning like Greek fire. Respiration, $H_2 S_1$; Pulse, steady, at 001563+; Temperature, 25 cents a yard. F. ——. Slept like a dead 'un. Afraid he is showing symptoms of supermembraneous congestion of the outer homogeneous cuticle of his diaphragmatic thoracic duct, caused by a nice little letter in a pink envelope received yesterday. Heart action rather excited; will probably not die before night. Respiration, anti-prohibition; Temperature, rather warm, and just about suited to ice cream soda weather; Pulse, will have to use X ray to find it.

(Signed) X. X. Q.—D D. (death dealer.)
Y. Y. Z. —V.S. (veterinary surgeon.)"

Both men have recovered, owing no doubt to the splendid medical treatment.

On Monday, January the 27th, the hockey series for the Jennings' trophy was begun. McMaster and Victoria University septettes were the first contestants. Keen rivalry has always existed between us with respect to athletics, and it was the predominant feature of the above mentioned hockey game. Both teams were in the best of condition and were out to win. The ice was keen, and so was the atmosphere, and the spectators about the rink yelled and stamped to keep themselves warm. The Victoria team was as a whole much heavier, but lacked combination and accurate shooting abilities, which are very necessary elements in fast hockey. Our boys, well known for their combination and team work, did not indulge in that style of play as much as they might have. They depended more on individual rushes. The forward lines of each team were about evenly matched, but our defense was much superior, and broke up many a dangerous rush. The score throughout was very even, not differing by more than one or two goals. The score at full time was six to five in favor of McMaster. Victoria has never defeated McMaster in hockey for a number of years, although the scores have always been very close. The McMaster team was:—Goal, J. B. McArthur; point, P. E. Baker; cover point, R. V. Bellamy; forwards, J. A. McDonald, M. S. McArthur, S. M. McLay, T. H. Peine.

The McMaster hockey team met its first defeat this year at the hands of Toronto Medical University. The game was one of the fastest seen on the 'Varsity rink this season. Both teams were tie in Series B., and the game was to decide which should go into the finals for the Jennings' Cup. The ice was very fast and both teams were in good condition. The Medicals were very strong and husky, and

looked very formidable against our midget forward line. However, it was a hard fought game and the honors were about equally divided. The score at half-time was four to three in favor of our opponents. After about fifteen minutes play they tallied another. Our boys in green and black then got down to work, as they usually do when they see defeat staring them in the face. During the last ten minutes of play by combination and individual rushes they scored two goals; making the game a tie. An altercation took place between the two captains about playing the game off in extra time. An agreement was finally come to, and the game was resumed. At the end of the first five minutes neither team had scored. In the last two minutes of the second five minutes the Meds scored the winning goal, leaving them winners of the series.

THE home of Professor Farmer was on Monday evening, January 20th, the scene of one of the most enjoyable social functions of the year. It was the occasion of the Freshman Rally, and President W. E. Matthews and his hard working committee deserve great credit for the success of the evening's entertainment. The guests, about seventy in number, were received by President Matthews, Vice-President Miss Barber, and Dr. and Mrs. Farmer. Two clever guessing games were played in the course of the evening, the winners of the prizes being Miss Senior, '00, and Miss Culver, '04. Prof. W. R. Smith, Honorary President of the Freshman class, contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by a very witty speech. The musical part of the programme was furnished by Miss Lily Senior, '05, Miss Lillian Mihell, of Moulton College, Mrs. Farmer, Ernest Farmer, '03, and A. R. Tilly, '05. Dainty refreshments were served between times, which needless to say, found favor in the eyes of all. After a vote of thanks had been moved to the host and hostess for their kindness in placing their residence at the disposal of the year, and a happy reply had been made by Prof. Farmer on behalf of his wife and himself, "Auld Lang Syne," and "Thy Praises, McMaster," were sung; and the famous and blood-curdling slogan of the Freshmen, "Paugauwaugau! Paugauwaugau!" etc., brought to a close the jolly gathering.

AFTER an exciting chase and a desperate resistance a bold bandit, called Exiguus Mus, has at length experienced the summary justice of the law. For months this uncanny robber has carried on his depredations in Room 33, and while the inmates slept, he would stealthily creep about, and despoil the waste basket of its choicest contents. This state of affairs could be suffered no longer; so Sheriff Norman organized a posse, consisting of Harry Parker, to catch the bandit or die in the attempt. Mus was trapped in the waste basket, glorying in his plunder; and both he and the basket were transported to the bath room, where being at length cornered in the bath, he was compelled to yield to the superior force. A criminal court was immediately formed and Judge Parker pronounced the extreme penalty of the law upon him, the sentence to be carried out according to the laws of the

State of New York. Sheriff Norman, for the nonce become executioner, conducted his victim to the gloomy science room, and placed him within the fatal coils of an electric wire. Then by another wire he brought 110 volts into contact with the doomed individual's nose. (Remember that if you are ever attacked by a mouse, his nose is the most favorable point of attack on the part of the mouse.) Mus was heard to sneeze faintly, and a convulsive shudder shook his sturdy frame. Upon examination it was found that his whiskers were singed off, so he was declared dead. Society may now breathe freely, knowing that it will be no longer terrified and despoiled by this bold marauder.

Final Inter-Year Debate.—On Friday evening, Feb. 7th, the freshmen and juniors met upon the debating platform, to decide the championship of the College. Messrs. Matthews and Grigg represented the former, Messrs. D. C. McIntosh and Quarrington the latter. The subject was an interesting one, viz.: *Resolved*—"That a compulsory military system would be in the best interests of the British Empire." The freshman debaters, who both possess a clear and convincing argumentative style, showed that the present voluntary system was unsatisfactory, because it does not give enough good men in case of war. Compulsory service would preserve the Empire from invasion, would mingle the classes of society, improve the physique of the nation, promote patriotism and hasten imperial federation. The negative argued that the strength of Great Britain being in her navy, it was an unnecessary drain on the nation to keep a standing army, and pointed out that commercialism instead of militarism was the hope of the Empire. They declared that a compulsory system was alien to the British character because it crushes individuality, and destroys the home to a large extent; and that if the national spirit of England ever became so deficient as not to support a voluntary army, conscription or any other system would be found useless. The musical part of the programme was furnished by E. J. Farmer, '03, who played in excellent tone two violin solos. Prof. McKay was called upon to decide the debate, and in his characteristic manner, he made a few instructive and witty remarks, finally giving his decision in favor of the freshmen. They may well be proud of their three victories in debate, during the present college year. In fact, it is reported that they are now so elated and so convinced as to the propriety of the compulsory military system, that some of them go about singing, "I want to be a soldier."

The second meeting of the Debating Society this term was held on January 18th, when the members continued the discussion on the prohibition question introduced the previous week. The house resolved itself into a committee with J. M. Warner, '04, as chairman. After a lengthy and, at times, heated discussion, the recommendation that the Government take the responsibility of passing the prohibitory measure, was lost, and the house then adjourned. Mr. E. J. Tarr

acted as critic. . . . On January 25th the subject, *Resolved*, "That examinations should be held at Xmas, the examinations to be held in those subjects which are completed the first term," was discussed. The affirmative was led by G. H. Johnson, 05, and the negative by J. B. McLaurin, of the same year. While the judges were deciding, Mr. J. E. Miles gave some very useful suggestions. The judges, Messrs Roberts, Hotson and Smith, gave their decision in favor of the negative. . . . *Resolved*, "That labor unions are detrimental to the best interests of the working classes" was the subject of debate February 1st. The affirmative was upheld by J. B. McArthur, '05, and the negative by T. H. Norman, '03, while H. L. Kempton acted as critic. Spirited arguments were advanced by either side but, by the decision of the judges, Messrs. Echlin, Watson and Mihell, those put forward by the negative were superior, both in style and in matter. . . . On February 9th a question of present day interest was discussed, the subject being, *Resolved*, "That municipal ownership of such corporations as the Street Railway Co., Gas Co., Telephone Co., would be to the best interests of the municipality." The affirmative was maintained by F. C. Mabee, '04, and the negative by E. W. Clark, '05. After some time the question was threshed out. The critic, P. E. Baker, then pointed out the errors in the style and speech, after which the judges, Messrs. Grant, Mitchener and McLean, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

McMaster has won her first debate in the Inter-College series of 1901-02. On Friday, January 31st, the representatives of Trinity University and McMaster University met in Castle Memorial Hall and argued upon the resolution. "That the prohibition of the immigration into Canada of Chinese and Japanese labor is justifiable." A. E. Haydon, B.A., and H. S. Arkell upheld the affirmative for McMaster, while T. Scarlett and E. M. Sait argued against the resolution on behalf of Trinity. The Hall was comfortably filled, when shortly after eight o'clock Chancellor Wallace took the chair and the three judges, Rev. H. J. Cody, N. W. Hoyles, K.C., and J. E. Atkinson, Esq., seated themselves at their table. An interesting programme was rendered before and after the debate. Mr. D. L. Wright, of London, contributed a piano solo, and Miss Lillian Senior two vocal solos, while Mr. Herbert Piercy in his inimitable manner entertained the audience by his readings while the judges were summing up the arguments. Mr. Haydon opened the debate and devoted his time to the economic side of the question. He showed that the Mongolians are a menace to our institutions, that they will not assimilate, that they displace white labour, and that, as self-preservation is the first law in national life, it is our duty to prohibit the immigration of the Chinese and Japanese. Mr. Sait then spoke, dealing with the moral and social side from the negative point of view. First he pointed out that the defects of the Mongolians are insufficient to justify their exclusion, showing that they are industrious, intelligent and no more immoral than the whites. In the second place from moral and social reasons in the broad humani-

tarian sense, he showed the injustice and inconsistency of exclusion. Mr. Arkell then spoke for McMaster, touching on the moral arguments. The immigration of Mongolians should be stopped on account of their manner of living, their debased morals, their degrading influence, their opposition to our institutions and their lack of home life. Mr. Scarlett then supported the negative. He showed that the exclusion of labor would prevent the inflow of capital, that seventy-five per cent of the Japanese and Chinese do not supplant white labor, that they are necessary to the existence of many western industries, that in them is found the solution of the domestic servant problem and that their competition is healthful. Mr. Haydon spoke again for five minutes, and in a masterful manner replied effectively to several of the arguments advanced by the negative. The speeches in general were of a high class. Mr. Haydon made the most telling speech from the argumentative point of view, but for efficiency in style and general manner Mr. Scarlett undoubtedly held the laurels. Mr. Atkinson gave the judges' decision, and after speaking of the remarkable closeness of the contest he declared the McMaster men victorious.

The final debate which will decide the championship among the colleges of the city, will be held early in March. Messrs. Brownlee and Watson are to represent McMaster in this contest, and they may rely on the hearty support and confidence of our students.

On Thursday, January 30th, Fyfe Missionary Day was observed and also Day of Prayer for Colleges. Dr. Welton presided. Reports of city missions were given by students in charge, all of which were encouraging. We were then favored with an address from Rev. Mr. Bosworth in connection with Grande Ligne. He reminded us that nearly two-fifths of the population of our country was Roman Catholic; that Rome also was progressive in her policy, and was evidently determined to dominate the Lower Provinces. The need of the hour was men and women speaking French and English to go in among them with the Word of God. Considerable success has attended the efforts of those already in the field, but the work had barely been touched, and it was hoped that many students would be led to give themselves to this home evangelization. Grande Ligne College was growing. Students had to be turned away, but this was now being remedied by the erection of an addition to the building. It was a common thing for the students to be led to Christ, and sixty per cent. of the Roman Catholic pupils professed faith in the Saviour. The new building had cost $20,000 more than anticipated, and $5,000 was still needed. We congratulate Grande Ligne in this forward movement.

Dr. Tracy, of Toronto University, then followed with an address on "Outward Temptations and How to Meet Them." The subject was presented mainly to Christians. He observed that evil allurements were brought to bear upon the mind, and that sometimes the soul went out after evil, but the struggle with sin was in the soul itself. Material things did not tempt. They made sin possible as the things themselves could be turned into sinful purposes. Persons, however, did

tempt. Their very being involved this, and some, sad to relate, tempted others intentionally. But speaking generally of sin it nearly always was a perversion and distortion of something which was good in itself. Within certain limits self-confidence was a good thing, but how often it became self-conceit. In a great many avenues of life it seemed to be the Devil's purpose to counterfeit God's good gifts. Our environment we could not change so as to meet the conditions of the soul, nor was it wise to run away from the evils of the world. The monastic system has proved to be the greatest failure of the ages. We must come back to the wisdom of God's eternal Son who prayed, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." But in what way should we meet temptation? By preparation. The soul's battles were not fought and won in a moment. There was often a field of discipline behind the point of attack. If we were faithful in the antecedent process we would be ready for the crisis to which it inevitably led. We should be like the people of Holland who built the great sea-dykes before the anticipated sea-flood swept their coast. This preparation could be done in two ways. By regarding ourselves as the pupils of Christ and daily learning from Him the significance, purpose, and ideal of our lives. Second, by translating the ideal into the common place matters of our daily experience. Besides the Christian had a spiritual and inward armour of truth, righteousness, and faith, and if clothed in this panoply he was impregnable. The address was delivered in a most inspiring and skilful manner, and was much appreciated by students and faculty. We feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Tracy.

The afternoon session was led by the Chancellor, who remarked that we were a community and all should feel free to take part in the meeting. The service became delightfully spontaneous. Dr. Ten-Broeke by a few words on experimental religion produced an excellent tone of feeling. Prof. Campbell followed, dealing appropriately with the practical side of truth, while Prof. Farmer held up the spiritual aspect of Christianity. He remarked that all the duties of the Christian life could be summed up by a loving obedience to the will of God. Other students spoke and many fervent prayers were offered up on behalf of Colleges. The meeting then broke up into class prayer meetings, and it has been generally reported that each class in Arts and the combined classes in Theology had most excellent and long to be remembered meetings. The day was a rich one in spiritual culture, and will be a fragrant memory to all who were present.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: E. A. BROWNLEE, B.A.

WE had a visit from Rev. A. B. Cohoe, ,98, on January 30th and 31st.

MR. WALLACE CHARTERS, B.PD., of class '98, has been granted a six months' leave of absence by the Hamilton School Board, and has

entered a course in Pedagogy in the University of Chicago leading to the degree of Ph.D.

Henry W. Newman, '99, has a position in the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Forestry, Washington, D.C., where he is showing great efficiency and making rapid progress. He spent last summer in practical work in the wilds of Tennessee.

Rev. J. M. Cornwall, '00, has assumed the pastorate of the Winchester Baptist Church. We are glad to know that his health is such as to enable him to undertake this work, and congratulate the Winchester Church on securing a man so earnest and efficient.

An interesting letter has just been received from Mr. R. D. George, '97, now professor in the Department of Geology in the State University of Iowa. His work he finds thoroughly enjoyable. He has charge of the Mineralogy, Petrology, and Economic Geology. The importance of the position which he occupies will be realized when it is known that this university has in its various faculties a total registration of 1542 students. Next summer will be spent by Professor George in connection with the University of Chicago. For the first six weeks his work will be in the university, the second half of the period will be spent with a class in Field Geology in the Mississippi Valley. Our one time fellow student is evidently winning for himself the respect and good will of his fellow educators. McMaster is justly proud of his success.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor: Miss Lloy Neal.

Founder's night at McMaster Hall was much enjoyed by all the Moulton students, and we wish to thank the entertainment committee for the attention which was paid to our promenade cards, and for the "good time" they gave us.

February the 9th was observed at Moulton as the day of prayer for Colleges, and in keeping with the day a prayer meeting was held in the morning by the students; and at 4.30 Chancellor Wallace presided over another service in the chapel, which was concluded by the regular vesper service.

The debate which took place at McMaster University between McMaster and Trinity was listened to with much interest by our students. As our sympathies naturally lean in that direction we were delighted that the verdict of the judges was in McMaster's favor, and we feel the honor was all the greater because of the excellent debating qualities of the opposing side.

THE At Home given by the Faculty was a very happy event, when about four hundred friends of the College met to spend a social hour. All the principal rooms were thrown open and prettily decorated for the occasion, while the dining-room, where refreshments were served, was particularly attractive with bunting, flags and flowers. A programme of literary and musical numbers given by the students, added to the interest of the evening.

OWING to the continuous fine weather we have during the past few weeks derived much pleasure from our rink, which is situated at the rear of the College, and it is here that the students give vent to their feelings without disturbance or annoyance to anyone. Several of the students have visited Varsity rink each week, and every time they have returned with glowing reports of the happy times spent with their friends. We might mention too that there has been no little talk of the young ladies "chasing the puck," but it is evidently going to end in talk, as no steps have been taken to carry out the scheme.

GREAT was the excitement that prevailed throughout the College halls when rumors of the annual sleigh drive were whispered about. On the evening of the seventeenth of January fifty young ladies were packed into a van, somewhat after the manner of sardines in boxes, but being crowded only added to the pleasure. It was indeed an ideal night; nothing could be finer than the bright moonlight, and splendid condition of the roads, and while passing the homes of some of our friends we serenaded them with our College call and song. After arriving home refreshments were served by the seniors, and we all felt we had spent a most enjoyable evening.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: E. J. REID, B. A.

THE fourth year held their meeting for organization on Friday, Jan. 17th. Their executive is as follows:—Hon. Pres., Mr. Reid; Pres., W. Cameron; Vice Pres., Leo. Buchanan; Sec.-Treas., F. Wilson; Valedictorian, J. B. Pengelly; Bard, R. G. Edwards.

MR. ROY MCTAVISH, one of our number who has been ill with pneumonia, is now well enough to go home. He lives in Palmyra. Mr. McTavish expects to return to the College in the course of a few weeks.

THE inter-year matches in hockey are finished. The fourth year is the victor although there were some light games. The following are the scores:—1st vs. 2nd, 2-1: 3rd vs. 4th, 1-2; 2nd vs. 3rd, 1-2; 1st vs. 4th, 2-1; 2nd vs. 4th, 0-4; 3rd vs. 4th, 0-4.

The following are the officers of the two Literary Societies :— Philomathic : Pres., W. Raithby ; Vice-Pres., Jas. Simpson ; Sec., C. B. Lewis ; Editors, R. Edwards and Leo. Buchanan ; Marshall, J. Saunders ; Critic, Mr. Brown. Excelsior : Pres., R. Harrold ; Vice-Pres., G. Fraser ; Sec., N. Dickson ; Editors, A. Lumley and R. D. Moyle ; Marshall, J. Winn ; Critic, Mr. McKechnie.

The monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on January 30th. The meeting was of a two-fold nature since that was the day set apart as the annual day of prayer for Colleges. We had present with us Rev. Jas. Grant of Ingersoll and Rev. G. R. Welch of this city. Both delivered addresses which tended toward the deepening of spiritual life among the students. All the exercises of the afternoon were no doubt productive of much good.

At the regular meeting of the Philomathic Society held on Friday, February 14th, there was a debate upon the subject, *Resolved*, "That the proposed Manitoba Liquor Act would be beneficial in the cause of temperance." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. T. D. Kennedy and Johnston, and the negative by Messrs. J. M. McDonald and W. Cherry. Each argued well for his side. The decision was given in favor of the negative.

Two very interesting hockey matches have been played between the College and the Collegiate. The first on the College rink resulted in a score of 6-4 in favor of the College. The second on the town ice was also in favor of the College, 6-2. Two games have also been played with the "Young Liberals" in the Canterbury Street Rink. The results of both are satisfactory to the College, and complimentary to the team. The score of the first was 5-8 in favor of the College. The second game was a tie 3-3. Our team lined up as follows : Goal, Latimer ; point, Ross ; cover point, Clarke ; forwards, Simpson, Dexter, Reid (Capt.), Cain.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Editor : E. S. Roy, B.A.

The school has listened with interest and pleasure to addresses delivered by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, of Montreal ; Rev. H. F. Adams, Truro, N.S., and Rev. Mr. Bosworth, our Field Secretary.

After any amount of talk and prolonged discussions between committee and non-committee members and a comparatively small amount of work, the boys have succeeded in building a rink. Now that it is built, hockey seems to be the only thing worthy of attention.

On the evening of Feb. 1st, the "C. E. Society," organized on the girls' side of the house, observed "Christian Endeavor Day." This meeting was a little different from the regular Saturday night meetings. For a change, the boys were asked to join with the girls to

listen to, and take some part in a helpful and, we trust, very profitable programme prepared by Mrs. A. E. Massé.

We congratulated Principal Massé last fall on securing the services of Miss F. Riendeau to take charge of the musical department of the Institute, made vacant by the illness of Mrs. A. E. Massé. We are exceedingly sorry to report that the work has proven too great a tax on her nervous system and that she has been obliged to resign. While we regret this and trust that Miss Riendeau's sickness may not be of a serious nature, yet we are pleased that Mrs. Massé's health has improved to such an extent as to enable her to resume her work once more.

On Friday afternoon, Jan. 31st, our Temperance Society was called together by order of the president, to hold its first meeting for this school year. The principal items of business transacted were :— The reading of the constitution and by-laws before the school, the nomination of a committee to canvas the school for membership, and the election of new officers for the next meeting. This work done we then had the pleasure of listening to an interesting and helpful programme prepared by Miss W. Schayltz and Mr. A. E. Massé.

Here and There.

Editor : H. Procter, B.A.

RECOLLECTION.

A crying stillness over all the land
That hurts and fills the heart with sullen fear ;
A white confusion, piled with bare stark trees,
That droop with sorrow for the dying year.

And over all, a leaden sky of dread ;
A sun of ghastly yellow fringed with grey,
Oh heights of anguish, and depths of pain
That one must sound upon a winter's day.

Charles Wadsworth Camp in *The Nassau Lit. Mag.*

There is an excellent article on "The Ethical Element in 'Adam Bede' and 'Treasure Island'" in *The Sibyl* for December last. Admirers of George Eliot and Robert Louis Stevenson will find much to interest them in the article. "A Similar Instance" is a good piece of story writing; and two poems, "The Cross" and "The Study Fire," are worthy of mention. We congratulate the editors on having such able contributors to their paper. Elmira College evidently has many loyal alumnæ, and is taking high rank as a ladies' college in the United States, though not so large nor so wealthy as some others, *e.g.*, Bryn Mawr or Wellesley.

MONTES NUBESQUE.

Mountain and cloud ! Mountain and cloud !
The great round light sinking west,
Gilding the mountains with gentle gloss,
While filmy hazes fold across
The vales, and murmuring "Rest !"
The soft winds sigh aloud.

Mountain and cloud ! Mountain and cloud !
Veiled is the golden sun,
Shrouded in white, the peaks so blue—
Silvered peaks of an azure hue ;
Mountain and cloud seem one—
"Peace !" sighs the breeze aloud.

Mountains and clouds ! Mountains and clouds !
Life is full of the two ;
Peaks that rear which man must climb,
And vaporous peaks, on their tops sublime,
Seemingly mountains true,
But, nay ! they are snowy shrouds !

Mountain and cloud ! Mountain and cloud !
Life is full of the two,
But the sunrise of Love shall reveal every peak
And dispel every cloud, while the breezes shall speak
In whispers to me and to you :
"So sweet be *your* sleep in the shroud !"

Wythe Lee Kingsolving, in *University of Virginia Mag.*

No doubt if Horace were writing his immortal odes in these modern days he would represent Nemesis by the figure of an untimely examination in Systematic Theology at the Christmas holidays.—*Queen's University Journal.*

In the "Manitoba College Journal" for January there is a brief letter from an alumnus sending his subscription in which occur these words : "The journal keeps up a proud standard of excellence worthily representing the College. It comes to the exiled children of Manitoba College like water to one that is thirsty." The receipt of this letter must have cheered the Business Manager and the Editor. It evidently suggested an editorial with which we are in hearthy sympathy. While welcoming criticism from those competent to offer it, the editor complains that many are tempted to criticise in a destructive manner without endeavoring to remedy the defects they see. The work of carrying on a College Magazine is often left almost altogether to the editor-in-chief and his staff. These are striving to the best of their ability to make the paper a success. It is not the easiest thing in the world to conduct a college journal. Says the editorial in question, "If you imagine that it runs of itself, try to write an editorial or to plan articles for the season ; try to write a story, a literary appreciation or criticism ; make a joke if you can. Then you will have some idea of the difficulties that beset us." To the question, What constitutes readable matter for the

journal? the writer wisely replies that we must enquire into the nature of its constituency. This is a matter for the editors of college papers to settle, and before we can rightly criticise any paper, we must understand its constituency and bring ourselves into sympathetic relation with its aim and ideal. The editor further deprecates the desire, apparently of some critics of the journal, to make it "a highway of frivolity." And we agree with him, believing that a college magazine should be distinguished for dignity, strength and worth as well as for the best of humor. The "Journal" is not lacking in this respect.

One of our latest exchanges, "The Columbia Literary Monthly," is a very bright and readable magazine The opening article of the January number is a well-written, interesting sketch, called "The Humanism of Charles Reade." The writer defines humanism as the deep sympathy with and firm comprehension of human nature, an indispensable factor in the make-up of a novelist. He considers it inexplicable that Reade's writings should be so little known as they are now. Besides his novels of reform, "Never too late to Mend" and "Hard Cash," which did much good in reforming abuses in his own day, his masterpiece is "The Cloister and the Hearth." Here he has succeeded in making historical realities living men and women. The magazine contains also a number of stories which all have reference to Columbia University, but which are entertaining to all readers. Of the poems, one is especially good, which we quote:

GILEAD.

I prayed unto a rare and beauteous star,
  And all-adoring, felt my spirit soar,
  Eunobled in ascending more and more,
Until I seemed across the lowly bar.

And when I came within her cycle's beam,
  And stretched my hand as to a longed-for gem,
  It glistened from another's diadem;
And, lo! life's fairest hope passed like a dream.

But think not that my heart had throbbed in vain,
  That meteor-like my spirit clove the sky;
  For new and purer love that will not die
Is born when abnegation conquers pain.

J. V. H. *in Columbia Literary Monthly.*

The January number of "The Nassau Literary Magazine" is excellent. "A Glance at Robert Louis Stevenson" is a specially well written article—concise, interesting, and happily lacking in that extravagance of language with which celebrities are often commented upon. A very pleasing story, entitled "A Spy's Reward," gives a charming glimpse of Southern life, which is very characteristic of that high-strung, chivalrous people. Major Ashley, a young officer in the Federal army, was sent to ascertain the whereabouts of Jefferson Davis, and

disguised as a Confederate officer, came to the Wharton mansion, where he expected to find the Confederate president. Believing him to be a protégé of her father's, Miss Wharton treated Major Ashley with true Southern hospitality, and before very long, the two were deeply in love with each other. Torn between his love for his hostess and his zeal for his country's welfare, and despising himself for the deception he was forced to practise upon one whom he loved, the Major learned that General Wharton was expected to arrive home at any moment, and determined to stand his ground and take the consequences of his deed, rather than act the coward. General Wharton, however, brought news of Lee's surrender and the close of the war, and the tale ends with wedding bells. "The Sphinx of the Olympics" is a very fine piece of description, and an article on Samuel Pepys and his famous diary also merits mention. This number also contains some very good selections of verse.

The "King's College Record" has this to say anent the question of amalgamation of the Colleges of the Maritime Provinces—a question which we are informed are stirring the hearts of many enthusiastic educationists in Nova Scotia to-day: The benefits that will accrue from the union of all the Colleges in the Maritime Provinces are apparent to every sensible man and woman. The question is how is this to be brought about? Until the representatives of every institution meet together willing to sacrifice their own interests for the public good nothing of import can be accomplished. What would be instrumental in the bringing about of this universal feeling of unselfish advancement? It is this that will puzzle the minds of many enthusiasts. The right man in the right place is needed. A man who will make it his object in life, for the attainment of amalgamation will take many years, his life's work and sacred ideal. He must be a person of persuasive eloquence, intellectual accomplishment and an organizer of exceptional merit. He will be instrumental in the performing of a work that shall promote the welfare of his native land, and his name shall ever stand upon the annals of his country's fame. By his endeavours a University will arise worthy of the genius of lower Canadians and capable of competing with McGill and the large Universities on this side of the water. A large city is bound to build up about the College and increased commercial success will ensue. Instead of our separate Colleges being looked upon by outsiders as mere high schools, we will hold rank and distincton among all institutions of higher education on the continent. By the country as a whole everything is to be gained and nothing lost by amalgamation—that is *universal* union. May God put the power necessary in the hands of competent persons to bring abont this sought and much to be desired change. As Kingsmen, although sacrificing more in the way of sentiment and aristocratic association than any other university, we hope for union.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MARCH, 1902.

GABRIELLE.

The narrow footpath led me a pleasantly-wearisome tramp southward from the little town of Medicine Hat, along the valley of a creek and over the high sandy cliffs bounding it, to a group of half-breeds' graves, perched on a tawny prairie hummock. An old man was standing by one, which seemed better cared for than the rest. Around it stood, as with difficulty, a shabby fence of old slabs and sunburnt planks. Its head was reverently marked by an awry crucifix, made of two pieces of unplaned lath, fastened together by a single nail. At its foot demurely bloomed a patch of prairie forget-me-nots. On my approach the old man picked one and held the pale blue blossom before me, smiling and regarding me wistfully with his deep brown eyes, dimmed, it seemed with age, but not that age which comes from years alone.

"You English?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"What you call dis flower, den?" Had my eyes been closed to the prairie around, his tone and accent would have carried me to the far east—to old Quebec.

"Forget-me-not," was my answer.

"Yass, yass, I know; but I have give her noder name, me. I pick one every day."

"What have you named it?"

"No, no, I don' tell you. Mebbe you mak too moche fun." By the emphatic shaking of his head I knew he meant what he said.

"Whose grave is this, then?" I changed the question.

"Of Gabrielle—my leetle Gabrielle, and dis blue flower be jus' like de blue dress she wear." He stopped, and in a moment began again ramblingly, but his looks and gestures made it all plain to me. "I am not live here on de prairie all de time. Some day long ago I live way down on de St. Laurent, in de paroisse of St. Ignace. I was de mos' younges' of de fam'ly, me; and dat's jus' why Gabrielle she's here in dis place now. You know de mos' younges' always get spoil, and if she be a girl she run away wit' some Protestant. And dat girl if she be a boy, she steal and drink and—— You know de res'. Dat is me, Louis Dupré; I drink, drink, drink."

The last words he uttered in a mournful deliberate cadence, which merged into the silence of the prairies around us. That was the last I learned of Louis from his own lips. The rest I got from a French priest, engaged in missionary work among the half-breeds of the Saskatchewan valley, who said Louis had often told him the whole story with the most childish detail. Besides, he added, he had seen a few things himself.

When his parents and the Curé of St. Ignace saw that Louis, in spite of many a struggle for self-reform, was becoming more and more a slave to strong drink, they advised that old and dangerous expedient of last resort—marriage. The advice was followed, and Louis was married to his betrothed, Gabrielle Leblanc, hoping that her pure and loving ways and words would stifle his perverted appetite. The plan worked well for almost two years, and then, after little Gabrielle had come into their life, it was the same old story—the temptation, the struggle, the yielding, the aftermath of self-loathing, and, besides, a wife's tears.

Often when he had sobered up Gabrielle would throw her arms about his neck and sobbingly plead again and again in utter despair:

"Oh Louis, Louis, mon cher Louis! Why will you not leave that drink alone? You are making us poorer and poorer every day, so that soon we will have nothing left; and then what will little Gabrielle do when she grows up? I am afraid you do not love her any more." She was always thinking of her daughter's welfare, never of her own.

Then Louis would break into tears and say weakly:

"That is very cruel of you, Gabrielle. You know I love you

both. And when I am tempted to drink, I close my eyes and think I see you and little Gabrielle beside me. Then I can't drink, I can't. But something breaks in unawares, and I forget, forget."

So Louis went on periodically repenting year after year, till little Gabrielle—their only child—was little no longer, although she was always known by that name, till she had become so like her mother used to be at her age in beauty of face and form, that Louis would watch her hour after hour as she went about her duties around the house, almost believing he saw his wife young again and free from the grievous load he had brought upon her. Because of this resemblance he loved his daughter all the more. To others he was beginning to exhibit at times a violent temper, but never to her. Sometimes he would say childishly :

"Gabrielle, you are very like your mother, aren't you?"

"So you often tell me, father."

"Your hair is just as black as hers used to be—just like the blackbirds in the spring, isn't it?"

"So you say, father."

"And, Gabrielle, when you smile I always think you are like the angels in the big picture I saw in the cathedral at Montreal when I was a boy."

"You have often told me that, too."

"How old are you now, Gabrielle? Twenty, aren't you?"

"Almost, father."

"Then you will soon be getting married, getting married like your mother."

The girl had always ceased answering at this question, until one day she responded quite sharply :

"Do you think any man will want to marry me when I have such a father as you? I heard the Curé say the other day that God will punish you for your sin, and soon, too."

This was the first time that Gabrielle had ever spoken angrily to her parents. The father broke down completely, and in tears vowed most solemnly he would never again touch another drop of liquor. But all his resolution, genuine as it was, could not avert the consequences of his past, for, as it seemed, the Curé had proved to be a true prophet.

When Louis came home one night he found no spread table,

no cheerful wife to welcome him, but a motherless daughter and a broken heart whose last message was: "Oh, little Gabrielle, pray every day that your father will not drink any more."

The father and daughter settled down in the old home together. The former constantly brooding over what he considered a retribution for his intemperance, conversed but seldom, and then nearly always for the purpose of giving expression to his love for his daughter. She, although always attentive in her actions, was in her words beginning to show an increasing impatience at her father's premature childishness. Louis himself fancied he noticed a sharpness in her tone, but said nothing, lest he might hurt the girl's feelings should he be wrong in his suspicions.

One sunny afternoon two years after his wife's death, while he was mowing hay in a meadow near the house, the Curé approached him and said, in a way that was meant to appear careless:

"You are a hard worker, Louis?"

"Yes, yes, Monsieur le Curé, but not such as I used to be before the drink made me weak as a child." As he uttered these words his eye was scanning the Curé's face, whose expression belied the careless voice.

"What's the matter, Monsieur le Curé?" he asked anxiously. "You speak so gaily, but your face is as solemn as if you were in the cemetery over yonder."

"I was just thinking, Louis, of how God had punished you."

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé, it is hard to bear, yet it is just. Surely He has punished me enough."

"I was just thinking, Louis, how you would take it if He were to ask you to bear some more."

Louis at this moment read something in the Curé's glance and voice. He fell on his knees and grasped the priest's long black robe.

"Has He sent it already?" he entreated. "Already?"

"He has, Louis. Just after dinner your little Gabrielle ran off with a Mr. Foster who sings in a big theatre in Montreal. They say she is going to marry him, and he's a Protestant, too."

The sorrow-stricken father let go the robe, and bending over coolly picked a handful of the wild strawberries that grew in the meadow grass around his knees. These he stuffed into his mouth,

so as to hide the sob-tremor gathering on his lips and about to break. Then he raised his head and said quietly :

" I am going to Montreal to look for her."

The next week he went, taking what little money he could realize from a hasty sale of his few belongings. But this was soon spent. So to keep alive he worked at odd jobs during the day, and passed his evenings, in summer, wandering all over the big city in search of his beloved little Gabrielle. He would trudge up and down the principal squares and streets scanning the faces of the sauntering or hurrying crowds, till, footsore and weary, he would rest himself by sitting on some corner curbstone, still watching for his daughter among the passers-by as long as daylight lasted. Then, before going to his poor lodgings, he would slip into the nearest church, and offer up the one prayer of his heart—that he might find Gabrielle soon. In winter the evenings came before his work was done, which left him Sundays only for his quest.

Often the temptation came to him to let the girl go altogether, but it was rejected summarily until, on a bitter cold night in January, when his tears of despair froze to his cheeks, he yielded to it all at once, as if maddened by the bite of the frost, cast aside his resolution to leave liquor alone, and walked into a brilliantly lighted saloon and music hall.

On a platform at the end of the room, remote from the entrance, a girl dressed and decked in the tawdry style of music halls was playing a piano and singing to her own accompaniment. The voice caught Louis' ear before he was right in the hall. He had often heard it before. Could it be Gabrielle's? He rushed within, looked a brief moment at the face of the singer, and, starting forward, called at the top of his voice :

" Gabrielle ! Gabrielle ! "

The girl left her playing, looked around her, thoroughly startled, and then darted quickly through the door at the back of the stage. Louis came to a sudden stop. An attendant approached him.

" Can you tell me," asked Louis of him, " where Madame Foster lives, that lady who just sang ? "

" Madame Foster ? That's not her name, old man. Why,

Foster's only the man she used to work for." He laughed in Louis' face.

The almost heartbroken father walked away without a word. Although he returned every night for many weeks, he found no trace of her, except the meagre news that she had gone away west to St. Boniface. In six months he had saved enough from his scanty earnings to enable him to follow her thither. But there disappointment faced him again. A woman answering to his description of Gabrielle had gone away with the half-breed to the settlement of half-breeds at Medicine Hat. Louis' love did not rest till it had led him there, too.

He had gone in and out among the French half-breeds for over two months looking—in vain—for his little Gabrielle, when one evening he was accosted by a priest (the same who told me the story).

"Are you Louis Dupré?" was his question.

"Yes."

"There is an outcast woman dying in a tepee yonder by the creek. She calls herself Gabrielle Dupré, and says her father, Louis Dupré, is here looking for her. To get away from him she left the half-breeds and went into the tepees with the Indians. Come with me."

The two went through the long shadows of the surrounding hills to a lonely tepee, made of slabs and mud. Through its squatty door shone the low-lying setting sun, and lit up the face of a woman stretched out motionless on a filthy, untidy mass of prairie grass and old sacking piled on the earthen floor. She was alone. Her face was drawn and marred by want and vice. Around it spread, as it were a pillow, a mat of long, unkept hair, as black as outer darkness. Her only dress was a tattered and faded blue Indian blanket wrapping her form, but loosely, and concealing her hands. The twitching of her eyelids showed that she was not asleep.

Louis saw the face from outside the door, and was about to rush within, calling softly, "Gabrielle. Gabrielle," but the priest held him back, and motioned him to stand just out of sight.

The woman's eyes opened. "Who says 'Gabrielle?'" she asked mystified. "Nobody calls me that around here. Oh, is that you, father!" She addressed the priest.

"Yes, it is I, Gabrielle. How would you like to see your real father?"

"No, no; he hates me. Don't tell him where I am! Oh, don't!" She almost screamed her appeal.

"Hates you, Gabrielle? What makes you think that?"

"Because he followed me wherever I went to punish me for my sins, just as he used to say God punished him for his. Don't tell him I am here."

"Might I tell him, if you were sure he did not hate you, but loved you yet?"

"Yes. But I am not sure of it. He——"

"Gabrielle," interrupted the priest, "I am sure, I know, he loves you still." With that he stepped to the doorway and beckoned Louis within.

The old man entered timidly and fell on his knees beside Gabrielle's rude couch, looking at her tenderly, fearful to embrace her, lest he might smother the faint spark of life that he saw in her upturned face. Then, as if pronounced with one voice, the father's "Gabrielle" was mingled with the daughter's "Father." Louis took her emaciated hand from the folds of her blanket, and stroked it gently as he gazed lovingly into her eyes. But she could not stand the gaze and turned her face fearfully to the mud-beplastered wall.

"I love you yet, Gabrielle," said the father.

The face was turned to him again.

"I love you yet, Gabrielle. Do you love me?"

"Why, I always loved you." She was surprised at his doubt of it.

"Then why didn't you come with me when I found you in Montreal?"

"I thought you hated me for what I had done, and had come to scold and punish me. I would have come home, but I was afraid."

"Gabrielle, did I ever scold you?"

"No, father, but you know at home I did nothing to be scolded for."

"Did you know I was in Montreal before I saw you in the music-hall?"

"Yes; one day on the street I saw you, but was afraid to

speak. I had found out then that Mr. Foster didn't love me at all, but took me away just to make money out of me. And then I thought nobody loved me—not even you."

"But I do, don't I?" queried Louis anxiously.

"Yes." There was some doubt in her tone. "But I don't see how you can love me—after what I have been."

The old man ceased his questioning and picked up a corner of her blanket.

"Gabrielle. This blanket is blue like the dress you used to wear in St. Ignace—the little dress, you remember, I used to like so much; and when I went up and down the streets of the city looking for you, I hoped you would be wearing it, because I knew you best in that. Wouldn't you like to go home with me now?"

"Yes, father, but I can't, I'm dying; the Curé told me so this morning. Has he told you, too?"

"The father did not reply, but picked up a lock of her tangled hair. She closed her eyes and sighed heavily.

"Gabrielle, look!" Louis called softly.

"What, father?"

"Your hair is still as black as it was long ago—like the blackbirds in spring I used to say."

Nothing was said for several minutes. Gabrielle broke the deathlike silence.

"Father!"

"Yes, Gabrielle."

"What was that you used to say about the angels whenever I smiled?"

"I said it made me think of the big picture of the angels in the cathedral at Montreal."

"Say it again, father."

And Louis said it again.

"Again."

He repeated it once more, and the woman turned her eyes full upon him, said slowly, and with the confidence of a little child in its father's assurance of his affection:

"I know now, father, that you love me. You say that as you used to say it in St. Ignace."

Then suddenly looking dazedly out of the doorway at the western sky, where the sunset-stained clouds rising majestically

half way to the zenith seemed like the multicolored windows of some cathedral, through which a vague, warm light poured from one knew not where.

"Oh, father, what is that?" She pointed to the sunset.

"Only the sunset, Gabrielle."

"Why I thought I was in the church at St. Ignace."

She closed her eyes, and in a moment asked:

"Father, what is that noise I hear? It is water—over stones."

"Only the creek, Gabrielle."

"Are you sure it isn't the St. Lawrence—the shore at St. Ignace?"

"Yes, quite sure, Gabrielle."

These same things were said many times during the week she lingered in life, and then, as she had requested, they laid her away on the heights beside the dead of the half-breeds. When the sun began to shine warm again the next spring, there grew up on the grave the forget-me-nots whose delicate blue so reminded Louis of the little blue dress she—his little Gabrielle—used to wear in St. Ignace.

The morning after hearing the story from the priest I betook myself once more to the grave, where, as I had hoped, Louis was found. This time it was I who picked the forget-me-not. I held it up and said:

"I think I know now what you call this flower."

"What, eh?"

"Forget-her-not?" I guessed.

"How you know?" was his puzzled question.

My answer was silence.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

CULTURE AND RESTRAINT.*

This book by Hugh Black discusses one of the great problems of the ages. It has been a very real and pressing problem to many thoughtful persons in every generation. And never was it more

*Culture and Restraint. By Hugh Black. Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.50 net.

imperious in its demand for solution than it is to-day. In this volume the gifted author of "Friendship" has offered the solution. The book covers 350 pages and the method of treatment is indicated in the headings of its twelve chapters: "Zion against Greece —the Problem Stated"; The Æsthetic Ideal—Culture"; "Defects of the Æsthetic Ideal"; "Culture as Religion"; "The Perfect Man"; "The Ascetic Ideal—Restraint"; "Origin and Growth of Asceticism"; "Failure of the Ascetic Ideal"; "The Mediæval Conception of Sainthood"; "The Physical Treatment of the Spiritual Life"; "The Teaching of Jesus on Asceticism"; "The Christian Solution." Those chapter headings alone are enough to make any one who has himself been facing the great questions of practical duty desire to read the book and get what light it may afford.

The problem is, "What is the true method for attaining to the ideal life?" To that question two main answers have been given. The one advocates Culture, self-expression; the other Restraint, self-repression. In the ancient world the one is represented by the Greek, with his joyous surrender to his nature; the other by the Hebrew, seriously following after righteousness and holding himself in check. The Monasticism of the middle ages is the method of restraint, the Renaissance represents the rebound to the other. In England the one method gave us the Cavalier, the other the Puritan. "They are usually set against each other in irreconcilable opposition, making a clear line of cleavage inflexibly dividing history and life; on one side the method of the world which appeals instinctively to man, the full-blooded gospel of the natural joy of life; on the other side the method of religion, with its pale and bloodless creed, with the essence of its doctrine popularly summed up in the rule, that the whole duty of man is to find out what he does *not* like and do it. The one is the life of nature, a broad and beaten path which invites the feet, where the self is enriched by all the manifold experiences of the way; the other is the selfless life and its eternal symbol is a cross. The watchword of one is perfection through joy; of the other, perfection through suffering. The contrast can be elaborated and extended in many ways—and exaggerated, for that is what it usually means; but we cannot leave it in this hopeless antimony."

After these opening words the author proceeds to examine

each of the two methods. There is a large measure of truth in the allegations of the Culturists. Culture "emphasizes the duty which a man owes to himself to be what it is in him to become, the duty to use all means to attain a full development of all his powers." "There is a legitimate self-love," a self-love which "is not desire for the pleasure of self, but for the highest good of self." And in seeking self-realization, culture seeks "to make the absolute best of what God made." That involves our acquiring self-knowledge first, and then laboriously striving to furnish ourselves with such an environment as will most surely minister to the fullest development of all our powers. That so many fail and present us with the sorry specimens that make culture a byword of contempt is no sufficient answer to the claims of true culture. Its aim is lofty. Its earnest pursuit "saves from vulgar standards, suggests Catholic ideas, broadens a man's judgments as well as his interests, furnishes the truest recreation, offers a purifying power, corrects the ordinary vanity of ignorance, and preserves from zeal without knowledge." On the other hand its defects are pointed out. It tends to selfishness, refined indeed, but cold, as witness Goethe; to moral laxity, as seen in Pater and Winckelmann; to an almost pathetic narrowness, as seen in Mark Pattison's *Memoirs;* to an empty pride of intellect, from which Matthew Arnold is not free; to an over-estimate of its instruments such as literature and travel, and to a haughty exclusiveness that rivals that of the Greek or Jew in its disdain for Barbarians and Philistines.

When culture essays the role of a religion, as it does in the case of Professor Seeley, its defects become still more apparent. According to him "the religion which is to inspire our civilization is that three-fold devotion: first, of science, which is concerned with eternal law, and which has many intellectual virtues, such as definiteness of conception, accuracy of observation, conscientiousness and patience; then the spirit of humanity, with all the practical virtues of honesty, help to the weak, respect for women, and love of liberty, which is the fragment saved from the wreck of Christianity; and lastly, the enjoyment of nature, a legacy from Greece, and preserved to the world by artists and poets, a fragment saved from the wreck of Paganism." These three "constitute culture, summed up by Goethe as life in the Whole, in the Good, in the Beautiful, which Seeley identifies with science, morality and art."

The fatal defect in such a scheme is in its failure to read the deepest needs of man, and the supremacy of the ever over-brooding Divine One. No wonder our author refuses "to let such an emasculated religion displace the faith on all these several counts: first, that it is not and can not be a universal ideal, but could only be reserved for some spiritual aristocracy; that it does not give an adequate moral motive, nor offer a stable moral foundation for life; and that it does not satisfy the facts of our nature, nor make provision for either sin or sorrow. And," he justly adds, "all its failure is due to the fact that it tries to have a religion without God."

These positions are confirmed in the following chapter on "The Perfect Man," in which he shows that, whether we start with Mills' theory that pleasure is the end of life, or with Seeley's view that culture furnishes all we need, we are driven logically to religion if either the greatest happiness or the most perfect culture is to be secured.

The author deals with the ascetic ideal with equal fulness and discrimination. He recognizes the naturalness of the tendency in all earnest souls, sensible of the evil within and without. These instinctively feel the necessity for restraint, for patience. Only by constantly putting the check on one's impulses, only by persistent refusal to follow the world in its rush toward gross materialism, is safety ensured. That restraint is an indispensable *askēsis*—discipline—as indispensable for the Christian as it was for the old Greek games, or for Stoic endurance. And in the days of persecution there was special call for it. Such days came so often by-and-by that the early joy of the Acts often gave place to gloom. And there has been a natural tendency to make that normal in Christian experience which really belonged only to the dark days of persecution. The earliest days of the Church were idyllic in their joyousness. In them is really found that gladness which Edwin Arnold and others lightly and mistakenly ascribe to Hellenism and the ancients "before the great sadness fell upon the world." But that warrantable restraint for which the true heart has ever called has always been by some carried to extremes. Buddhists, Pythagoreans, Cynics and Essenes are examples in pre-Christian days. The Apostle saw examples of this unhealthy tendency and warned against it. As the years went by it grew

apace, until we find it full-fledged pillar saints and monks of the desert. This rapid development was made possible by the infection of the West, by the dualism of the East, which, rooting itself in the doctrine that matter is essentially evil, taught sometimes an utter indifference to it, which resulted in the grossest immorality, but more commonly separation from it, which led to the most extreme forms of asceticism. Under Gnostic and Manichæan forms it exerted a tremendous influence on Christianity.

The utter failure of the most pronounced types of asceticism is one of the clearest lessons of history. The monks from the desert pouring into Alexandria and, like so many wild beasts, killing the noble Hypatia, is an outstanding illustration. And the failure is not to be wondered at, for its mistakes are manifest. It makes restraint, self-denial, sacrifice, an end in itself, whereas it is but a means; it brands pleasure as inseparable from sin and its very severity begets the most terrible reactions; it declares that abstinence, even from things lawful, is a higher virtue than temperance; and all this is based on a "radically false conception of human nature, as a soul degraded by being imprisoned in sinful matter." It results in a conception of sainthood which is an impossibility for the multitude, so creating "an artificial distinction in the ethical standard, making two grades with two rules of morality," and it puts an emphasis on externals—as witness the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola—which is utterly antagonistic to the whole spirit and teaching of Jesus.

The author regards the failure of asceticism, notwithstanding the noble principle at its root, as more complete than that of culture, and that for the reason that the latter is positive, while the former is negative.

Champions of asceticism in all ages have claimed the authority of Jesus for their practices. And many others, like Renan, have acknowledged the justice of the claim and have attacked Him accordingly. But Mr. Black shows clearly that the claim is utterly unwarrantable. It is true Jesus calls for renunciation, but it is a renunciation of sin. In all such passages "the deep eternal principle which He undoubtedly meant to enforce is the imperious claim of the Kingdom of God over man, a claim so unique that a man must allow nothing to stand in the way, either of his entrance into the Kingdom or of his duty towards it afterwards." But that

did not involve withdrawal from the common relations, tasks and pleasures of life. His own example clearly shows that; and His prayer to the Father for His disciples, "not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil," explicitly declares it.

Nor did the Apostles inaugurate such a movement. Indeed, they solemnly protest against "forbidding to marry, commanding to abstain from meats," and invariably enjoin upon disciples, as the supreme thing, the duty of exhibiting the Christ-like spirit, of love in all the common relations of life. They knew, as the Master knew, that in daily loyalty to truth, righteousness and love there would be sufficient call for restraint and sacrifice without inventing any, and that only in such sacrifice, only in the good fight of faith in the world, could there be found the character culture which He desired for them.

And so the author is led to the Christian solution. "The heart of the Christian faith can be expressed by the one word *Reconciliation.* All the discord is changed to harmony by reconciling man to God; for with that all other reconcilements come"—among them that of culture and restraint. It is done "by showing the place of both in the plan of life—never by a policy of extermination on either side," but "by a reach forward and upward to a larger ideal." That ideal is found in Christianity. The love of God in Christ unifies life for us and shows us the way out of difficulties as they arise, if we are loyal to conscience. As love increases and faith deepens, a man comes to see God everywhere in the world, which is made beautiful and sacred by His presence, in all human love, which is a reflection of the divine. Perfect moral health is a state in which self-consciousness is forgotten, and a man desires simply to do God's will. When a heart is motived by the love of God, and a life is inspired by the consciousness of God's presence, the necessary restraint becomes easy. The obligation will always rest on a Christian to give up all that is contrary to the mind of Christ, but when the heart is filled with love of good, it finds no pleasure in evil. It does not mean any narrow deprivation of anything truly human, for the Christian life is inclusive, subduing all spheres that belong to man." His closing sentence is: "When all ideals of culture find their inspiration and nourishment in the divine ideals of Jesus, and take their place in the great loving world-purpose of

the world's Saviour; when thought, and art, and literature, and knowledge, and life are brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ, that is the true victory." Thus the author summons culture to complete itself in Christian love, and honors that restraint only when it is the sacrifice involved in loving service.

We have left ourselves no room for criticism. Possibly there should be a little more emphasis on the necessity of sacrifice under the present abnormal condition of things, due to the presence of sin. But unquestionably Mr. Black has given us the true solution. For love is the fulfilling of the law.

Would that the world would read and understand! To seek first God's Kingdom has the Master's promise of all we need—in the widest sense, for the individual, the nation, the race. And when we enquire for the only vital principle of the Kingdom, it is LOVE. He who sees and feels that, and, by surrendering, knows the power and joy and glory of it, will appreciate the fine enthusiasm Dr. Rand shows in "The Old Fisher's Song," which might be taken as a condensation of the spirit and teaching of this book. I cannot more appropriately close this review than by quoting its last stanza:

"*Heirs of the coming age,*
Makers of man;
The Christ be your pattern,
Ay, choose with élan.
There's a presence at hand,
There's a voice of command,—
It is Love, King of men,
Alleluia, Amen!"

J. H. FARMER.

"THE ISLANDERS."

It is many years since the English-speaking world has given so much attention to, and expended so much criticism on, a poem as it has on "The Islanders," the latest effusion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poetic fervor. And the reason why it has done so is not hard to find. It does not lie in the literary style of the poem, or in its stateliness and beauty—for these are wanting—but in the fact that "The Islanders" is a poem with a message and a mission.

Briefly speaking, Mr. Kipling's message is this : "Shame on ye, Britons, that ye care so much for your sports and so little for the defence of your glorious Empire." And it is delivered in telling invective. What can surpass the following lines for satire?

> Because of your witless learning and your beasts of warren and chase,
> Ye grudged your sons for their service and your fields for their camping place.
> Ye forced them glean in the highways the straw for the bricks they brought,
> Ye forced them follow in by-ways the craft that ye never taught.

And where is the man who cannot feel the sting in these lines :

> Then ye returned to your trinkets, then ye contented your souls
> With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals.
> Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
> Ye saw that the land lay fenceless and ye let the months go by :
> Waiting some easy wonder ; hoping some saving sign.

And the mission of the poem is this :—To arouse the nation to adopt measures that shall make every man in the nation available as a trained and competent defender of his country, should occasion arise. This is finely put in the lines in which the poet expresses his conviction that the perpetuation of the Empire lies in having

> ——each man born in the Island broke to the matter of war,
> Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the same :
> Each man born in the Island entered at youth to the game—
> As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in haste,
> But after trial and labor, temperance, living chaste.

And never was such a message more timely, or such a mission more needed. As Kipling says,

> Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set—
> Life so long untroubled

had bred in the nation an indifference to danger and a lust of sport. Also, an implicit confidence in the navy had so circumscribed its view that it did not see the paucity of men available

for the defence of the vast colonies. Then came the day of awakening.

> Then were the Judgments loosened ; then was your shame revealed
> At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.

The shame was this—they took the greatest pride and expended almost infinite pains to master the defence of a wicket ; they spared no toil, no expense so to train their animals that they went into the contests in the very pink of condition ; but they took the

> Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet—

and they

> . . . . . pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from the street.

And this was and is such a crying shame that one finds it no effort to forgive the biting sarcasm of the words—

> So ! And ye train your horses and the dogs ye feed and prize,
> How are the beasts more worthy than the souls you sacrifice ?

Seldom has any man put into his utterance such stinging satire and telling invective. The criticisms prove that Kipling struck home. Perhaps he struck harder than was necessary. No doubt he went to the extreme, as in such expressions as "witless learning," "flannelled fools," "muddied oafs," and in the charges of sloth and idle boasting, but his doing so is surely pardonable. He had spoken before and the people had heard him with meekness, lauded him for his advice, and—had gone on in the same old way. Having seen the South African War from the inside, feeling the absolute justice of Lord Kitchener's protest against sending him raw recruits, Kipling desired to sink his message deep into the heart of the nation. And who shall say that he has not done it ?

If our conception of the mission of the poem be correct, the question naturally arises, "Will 'The Islanders' accomplish its mission ?" Time alone will tell. The most casual observer must admit the necessity of some action along this line. As Kipling implies, it would be utter folly to wait for the "spattered shrapnel" or the "low red glare" of the "raided coast-towns" before

we learn how a gun is laid. Sports are good in their place, but the nets and hoops and mallets, the racquets and bats and rods, will all be useless when the foe is at our doors. The questions are properly asked,

> Will the rabbit war with the foeman—the red deer horn them for hire?
> The kept cock-pheasant keep you?

The schools and the workshops are the rallying points of immense forces, but in the presence of the enemy's battalions what good will it do to

> . . . . . loose your schools to flout them till the browbeat columns melt?

or to summon

> . . . . . your workmen issue a mandate to bid them strike no more?

Religion may be the secret of England's greatness, but when the hostile fleets menace the land will it be of any avail to

> . . . . . pray them or preach them back from the shore

if our activity exhausts itself only in praying and preaching?

There is but one answer. We must know how to fight as well as pray. Trust in God—yes—but keep the powder dry and the rifle ready.

> So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall leap
> Forthright, full-harnessed, accepting—alert from the wells of sleep.
> So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need ye shall send
> Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught to the end,
> Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
> Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice.

And something will be done, we feel certain. The ready, eager response to the call for volunteers, both in Britain and the Colonies, proves that the men of the Empire most emphatically endorse the "what-we-have-we'll-hold" policy, and that we take as a bright augury that some way will be found, consistent with our principles of liberty, to secure the military reform outlined in "The Islanders."

But while agreeing in the main with the sentiment and purpose of the poem, we have a criticism or two to make. We vigorously protest against the line,

> Ere ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the men who could shoot and ride.

It is not true to the facts of the war. The men who could shoot and ride were *offered* by the Younger Nations, and, in the early stages of the contest, *refused* by the Mother Country. And when she saw the need of them England asked for them without fawning and flattery. Moreover, what credit is it to the Younger Nations to have it bruited abroad that they have so far lost their self-respect and dignity, have become so servile that they must needs be fawned upon before they will respond to the promptings of loyalty or the call of the Mother-land for help?

Perhaps a uniqne feature of the poem is Kipling's recognition of the necessity of personal sacrifice if one would win the reward of power and might. This is seen in the lines,

> Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
> Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice.

This is not a new note in Kipling's poetry. He utters the same thought in "The White Man's Burden":

> Take up the White Man's burden—
> Send forth the best ye breed—
> Go, bind your sons to exile
> To serve your captives' need;

and also in his famous "Recessional"; though here the idea in the word sacrifice is somewhat different to the idea expressed by the same word in "The Islanders":

> Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
> A humble and a contrite heart.

But this is a note not sounded very clearly in present-day poetry. On that account its presence in this poem is a pleasant surprise and very gratifying. We have been accustomed to hear it proclaimed as the sublime feature of the Christian religion; we are familiar with it as one of the all-pervasive laws of Nature; but seldom has it been laid down so clearly as the law of national well-being and Imperial might. The presence of this thought adds

peculiar force to the poem and reveals the secret of Kipling's hold upon the thinking classes. They see that the writer has learnt the highest, truest philosophy, and because of that are willing to listen to him and read his works.

The chief literary value of the poem is its rugged strength. The martial spirit, the use of military words and expressions, the use of archaic and uncommon words, all tend to add to its forceful character. The adjectives throughout the whole piece are aptly chosen, strongly picturesque and often exceedingly imitative. These qualities have been so combined with a judicious use of the alliterative art that the poet's word-pictures are intensely vivid. What can excel the following expressions in concentrated force and vividness? "Ringed by your leaden seas," "restless lightnings," "blotting war-cloud," "spattered shrapnel," "the low, red glare to the southward," "scourged with whips," "ringed as with iron," "the pitted hail of the bullets."

There is one part of the poem which surely delights every man in the Empire. We refer to the lines in which the poet describes the life of the Empire as

> the lordliest life on earth.
> Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set—
> Life so long untroubled that ye who inherit forget
> It was not made with the mountains; it is not one with
> the deep.
> Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must keep.

We know that the words "the lordliest life on earth" have been taken as referring to a military life, but we do not so understand Kipling. Apart from all other considerations, would the man who knows "Tommy Atkins" so well glorify the soldier's life by designating it as the lordliest life? Surely not. Must not the writer refer to life as a citizen of the greatest empire the world has ever known? Among other things, that empire stands for personal liberty, true justice, a high and progressive civilization and righteousness. And surely a life under such conditions—a life spent in perfecting and spreading such conditions, is, as Kipling says, "the lordliest life on earth." And the poet's argument is, that idleness and boasting are of no value in maintaining such a life. It was made by men—what a splendid tribute to our fore-

fathers !—by men it must be kept. And one sure way to keep it is to be ready to give a year of one's life to learn to defend it.

Another feature giving interest and strength to the poet's words is his use of the words and phrases that call to mind the familiar scenes of the Bible. He makes only one direct quotation, but into the fabric of the poem he has so worked the phraseology of the Book that his message is doubly effective. Then, too, the use of the caesura is worth noticing. It is always at the right spot to give emphasis to the meaning, and yet it seems to fall almost where the poet wishes. These things together with the constant use of the interrogative in the poem make it a strong forceful piece of work and well worthy the attention of the serious and thoughtful mind.

W. C. Pearce, '04.

LES MISERABLES.

With the present interest in social conditions, as evidenced by the publication and popularity of what might be termed the Social Novel, Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables," cannot be without a place and significance. As the author has said, such a book cannot be useless as long as wrong conditions exist, but at the present time, when we have almost as many panaceas for these conditions as there are men thinking on the problem,—when we have such books as "Looking Backward," "Cæsar's Column," "Number Five John Street," and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," all pointing to a coming social evolution or revolution—it is well that we should have a book depicting social conditions as they are, without the distortion almost inevitable in viewing life from the standpoint of any particular theory. Although written of Paris society nearly a century ago, "Les Miserables" is to a large extent capable of universal application as to time and place.

This book is one of a trilogy in which Hugo undertook to describe man in three aspects,—in conflict with himself, in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"—in conflict with nature, in "The Toilers of the Sea,"—and in conflict with his fellowmen, in "Les Miserables."

The story centres about Jean Valjean, the convict who became reformed. Although guilty of no great crime, he was imprisoned for several years, with the life-sentence afterward added for attempts to escape. These efforts of society to reform him, however, had the effect of souring him against the world and creating the monster of which it might well beware ; but under the influence of a beneficent old bishop he was converted, and the struggle to live the Christ-life began. The story shows him escaped and living as a fugitive, with the sword of the law hanging continually over his head. He was forced to live under an assumed name to escape recognition by society, and to adopt many ingenious schemes to prevent detection by the police.

By an honest, industrious and benevolent life, he grew in popular esteem until he became the honored and respected mayor of a village that owed its existence to the industries he had organized. But when, through an act of heroic self-sacrifice, he disclosed his identity to save a fellow-countryman, his years of public service were no defence. Society could not admit the possibility of any change in the character of a convict, and he was seized and sent back to the hulks as a galley-slave. The law is an insensible machine and cannot adapt itself to life ; it does not deal with men, but with prisoners ; it does not know Jean Valjean, but Number 24,601 ; and when Father Madeleine is identified as Valjean, his reputation for honesty and benevolence is immediately replaced with one of deceit and fraud.

The story might be said to depict the struggle between a man and the law. The latter is personified in Police Inspector Javert, who was continually dogging the convict's steps. Valjean, though living above the law, was still pursued by the law. When he is taken it seems a triumph of evil, for an honest man is removed from society. At one point in the story Javert comes into Valjean's power, but the latter, in the magnanimity of his nature, freed him. A little later, when the Inspector again had the convict within his grasp, we find him confronted by two lines of duty, one legal, the other moral. To free his prisoner would be to betray his public trust, but to arrest him would be to place himself lower in the scale of honor than the galley-slave. The nobility of the character he would crush dazzled him, he hesitated—and Valjean was free.

After desperate struggles with suspicion, envy and hatred without, and with conscience within, Valjean finally rose to the height of victory over self and circumstances, but Javert, with his wolf-like nature turning in upon his own soul, went down to the hopeless despair of self-destruction.

The interest in the narrative, merely as narrative, is not sustained throughout the whole work, but the story falls apart into books, as the author has divided it. Each book is a sketch of some phase of life, a look at society from some particular point of view. In one book we have a glimpse at the life of a young mother struggling with poverty to support a child left in the care of a selfish extortionist. In another we see the care-free nomadic life of the Paris street boy, and look at life through his eyes. In another we follow the adventures of a haughty young son of the revolution who was turned out of house and home for his political belief, and who threw in his lot with the student-leaders of the revolt of 1832.

Considered merely as a piece of interesting reading, "Les Miserables" furnishes almost every variety of entertainment. Character-sketching is probably the strong feature of the book, personages being presented so vividly as to seem almost to stand out from the page. Interesting side-lights on French history are not lacking. A couple of chapters describe the battle of Waterloo in detail, while several more are given to a description of a street fight in the revolt of 1832. Thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes are frequent enough to keep the excitement high. Heroic deeds on the part of Valjean are narrated in masterly style, while struggles with conscience are depicted with a sympathetic touch that cannot but appeal to the reader. The life of the poor and of the criminal classes is described in a most interesting and pathetic way, and laughter is provoked by the antics and gambols of the street boy and the devices of the professional swindler.

E. J. Bengough, '03.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION.

Through the Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, held February 26th to March 2nd, an unparalleled opportunity for the study of world-wide missions was offered the students and churches of Toronto. Perhaps none were conscious of the mighty flood-tide of power and blessing which God was directing toward this city in the assembling delegates, but now that it has receded all have felt its refreshing influence and rise with new life to face the problem of the added responsibility which the convention has left in its train.

The magnitude and far-reaching purpose of the movement, the thronging, eager crowds which sought to gain admittance to every session of the convention, the strong personality, sane judgment and business-like bearing of the speakers, the earnest, listening attitude of the vast assemblies which filled Massey Hall to its utmost capacity, all tend to place it beyond the power of words to describe.

No movement has ever taken such a grip upon the student world as has the present Student Volunteer Movement. There were in attendance at this convention representatives from 22 countries; student delegates numbering 2,296 and representing 465 institutions of higher learning. Of these 57 were theological seminaries, 51 medical colleges and 357 Arts institutions. There were also present 212 college professors, 107 returned missionaries, 82 secretaries of foreign mission boards and societies, 70 Y.M.C.A. secretaries, 28 Y.W.C.A. secretaries, 15 representatives of young people's societies and 28 editors of religious papers not otherwise classified. The total number of registered delegates amounted to 2,955.

Another feature of the widespread influence of the movement was brought out through the receipt of cablegrams from distant lands. From the Swedish students in Stockholm came, "Hearty greetings." From the Norwegian students in Christiania came, "To live is Christ." From Rostock came, "One blood, one spirit, one motive, one goal; German students greet you." From Calcutta issued the burning words, "The fields are white, the time

is short; send volunteers full of faith and power." Students of Shanghai expressed themselves thus, "One million students, leaders of 400 millions, suddenly awakened. Pray." North China uttered the significant call, "North China calls. Fill up the gaps. Victory ahead." From Tokio the confident statement was sent forth, "Christ conquers Japan."

The motto of the movement, "The Evangelization of the World in this generation," is simply the expression of its earnest purpose. To this purpose the speakers repeatedly referred in such convincing terms as to remove from the hearer even the possibility of a doubt that such was God's intention in giving the great commission. As Mr. Mott clearly explained, the Christians of any generation must evangelize the heathen of their own generation if they are to be evangelized and the commission obeyed.

During the five days of the convention the hours were crowded full of interesting meetings. The absence of all artificial means of producing enthusiasm and the constant suggestion, in the burning words of the speakers, that God is the only source of power and the only object of praise, produced in the hearts of the thoughtful listeners a deep consciousness of the personal presence of the living God. The fact that no programme was announced and all applause of the speakers was suppressed assisted much in turning all hearts to the Great Master of Assemblies.

The convention opened on Wednesday afternoon, February 26th, the first session taking the form of a devotional service in which the theme was "Personal Religion." The masterful address of Robert E. Speer was the natural outgrowth of the thought in Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," which he quoted in his opening remarks, "The door of eternal life has room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin."

In responding to the addresses of welcome delivered at the evening session by prominent educational leaders of this city, Mr. John R. Mott, chairman of the movement, took occasion to outline the significance of the present gathering. He stated that the convention was significant in that it represented the coming Christian leadership of the United States and Canada. It illustrated the hold that Christianity had on the institutions of higher education. It made plain the fact that the intellectual life was not inconsistent with active spirituality and practical Christian move-

ments. It was a mighty challenge to the anti-missionary spirit of indifference and unbelief which had cast a spell over the continent. It accentuated the oneness of Christianity; over fifty branches of the Church of Christ were represented in it.

On each of the remaining days of the convention, sessions were conducted in the morning from 9.30 to 12.30 o'clock in Massey Hall; in the afternoon section conferences were held in various parts of the city; in the evening in Massey Hall, with a parallel meeting in the Metropolitan Methodist Church. On Saturday evening it was found necessary, in order to accommodate the crowds, to hold an overflow meeting in Cooke's Presbyterian Church.

In the section meetings of Thursday the various mission fields were discussed. Friday afternoon was given up to denominational rallies. On Saturday the different phases of mission work were duly considered in the section meetings, while Sunday afternoon was devoted to separate meetings for men and women.

As the convention proceeded it gathered in interest and power. Mr. Mott's quadrennial report of the movement revealed some interesting and important facts. He pointed out that students, as a class, surpassed all others in being the largest purchasers of missionary literature. During the last year students alone had given $40,000 to the missionary cause and thus the movement was doing much to counteract the evil influences of pride, selfishness and rationalism.

Those who listened to Thoburn, of India, Underwood, of Corea, Hotchkiss, of Africa, and Mrs. Howard Taylor, of China, must have realized the need of splendid equipment, thorough preparation and a mighty faith in God in order to win against the difficulties, privation and powers of Heathendom. In representing the students' responsibility to Africa, Hotchkiss described the "Dark Continent," first, as resembling a giant interrogation mark, and, secondly, as an ear turned toward the west, as if enquiring of the student body of America why it had been left so long in darkness and listening for the sweet note of salvation to be heralded by western Christendom.

Missionary education was deemed of sufficient importance to occupy the time of one entire session. It was considered from several view-points as undertaken by the Sunday-school, the young

people, the church, and the college. The subject was ably and fairly dealt with by Dr. Chivers, of Brooklyn; Mr. Harlan P. Beach, of New York; Dr. Millard, of Baltimore; Dr. Watson, of Greensboro', N.C., and Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D., of Toronto. At the next session, Mr. Mott, in a powerful and lucid address, presented the opportunity and needs of the movement, and was rewarded by the subscription of $15,000 to be received annually for the next four years. The greater part of the subscription was raised in small amounts by the delegates, although a few individuals gave large sums, ranging from $500 to $2,000.

Another session was devoted to the problem of "Money and Missions," and much light was thrown upon the subject by the various speakers, who faced it in a calm, business-like manner. Difficulties were pointed out, suggestions offered, and methods outlined whereby the problem might be solved. "The Challenge Presented to the Present Generation" was another subject of great importance which received practical consideration in the addresses of Rev. H. E. Fox, of the Church Missionary Society, and Mr. Robert E. Speer. These speakers appealed to the audience most powerfully and left a deep impression of individual responsibility.

The Convention sermon was preached on Sunday morning in Massey Hall, by Bishop Baldwin, of London, Ontario, from the text, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever." He portrayed in beautiful simplicity the unchangeableness of Christ's Godhead, manhood, kingship, priesthood, love and intercession. The sermon was followed by an impressive talk, by Mrs. Howard Taylor, on the consecrated life.

The farewell meeting, on Sunday evening, was one of deep impressiveness. The spirit of thanksgiving, farewell and warning against "after-convention temptations" breathed through all the addresses and produced a condition of heart-searching. Mr. Mott's address on "The Relation of Prayer to Missions" was calculated to inspire a larger and more faithful use of this most powerful agency. As the meeting proceeded an opportunity was given to all who expected to go to the foreign field, during the next twelve months, to manifest it by standing. Nearly 150 arose, many of them, in a few words, giving their reason for going and naming their particular field of labor. While they remained standing the great audience bowed in silent prayer on their behalf,

the quartette, which had rendered such helpful service during the whole convention, sang "Speed Away," and Mrs. Howard Taylor, in a fervent prayer, commended them to God. Surely they must have realized, as they sat down, what a great honor and privilege was theirs in being thus sent forth as ambassadors of the Christ. Mr. Robert E. Speer brought the meeting to a close by a powerful appeal for a deeper spiritual life, and the great convention was over.

H. McDiarmid, '03.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms, One Dollar a year in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. A. F. McDonald. Advertising Rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

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Vol. XI. MARCH, 1902. No. 6

Editorial Notes.

For the second time in succession McMaster has won the championship of the Inter-College Debating Union. Last year our men carried off the laurels by defeating Trinity, 'Varsity and Wycliffe, and this year they have been successful in vanquishing Trinity and Osgoode Hall. The debate with Trinity was upon the question of the exclusion of Chinese and Japanese labor, and our representatives, Messrs. A. E. Haydon, B.A., and H. S. Arkell, '02, convinced the judges that such exclusion is justifiable. The

judges were, Rev. Professor Cody, of Wycliffe College ; N. W. Hoyles, K.C., principal of the Law School, and J. E. Atkinson, Esq., editor of *The Star*. The final debate was with Osgoode Hall ; the judges were, Dr. Parkin, Principal of Upper Canada College ; P. W. Ellis, Esq., and J. A. Cooper, Esq., of the *Canadian Magazine*. The subject was, "Resolved that the Trusts are in the best interests of society," and Messrs. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., and A. C. Watson, B.A., representing McMaster, established the affirmative. We are naturally gratified with the issue of the contests and are proud of the excellent showing made by our men. They have worthily upheld the honor of their Alma Mater in the intellectual arena, and have for the second time proved that McMaster is able to compete on equal terms with her sister colleges. We congratulate Messrs. Haydon, Arkell, Brownlee and Watson upon their ability as debaters and upon the success they have achieved for themseives and also for their fellow-students.

We are indebted to *The Westminster* for permission to reprint the story "Gabrielle" which appears in another part of The Monthly. "Gabrielle" is from the pen of one of our bright young graduates, Mr. W. Sherwood Fox, '00, now professor of Classics in Brandon College. While an undergraduate Mr. Fox showed promising ability as a writer, and since graduation has written stories and poems that have won a place in good magazines. We are glad to be able to offer our readers the present sample of his work and to promise them other products of his pen.

For the first time in its history The Monthly is not issued from the office of Dudley & Burns. The death of Mr. Burns some years ago, and of Mr. Dudley more recently, rendered the present situation more or less likely, but we had hoped that for some time yet The Monthly might not have to break the pleasant associations with the old firm and its employees. Circumstances, however, have led to the disposal of the business, and we have had to find other printers. We have been fortunate in securing favorable terms from Messrs. Miln and Bingham, one of the leading printing firms in the city, and it is from their presses that The Monthly now appears. The task of transferring the printing of a magazine from one firm to another is not so easy as it may seem to the uninitiated, but in the present instance it has been made easier by the

courtesy of Messrs. Miln and Bingham and by the fact that Mr. Jones, late manager for Dudley & Burns, has entered the employ of the former firm and has had charge of THE MONTHLY in his new position. With new type and modern improvements Messrs. Miln and Bingham hope to improve the appearance of our magazine.

Book Reviews.

LETTERS ON LIFE.*

In this book of twenty-seven chapters and two hundred and seventy pages there is much to fascinate, instruct and inspire. While none of the pages weary by means of platitudes, which might ordinarily be expected in a book of its nature, there are pages that glow with light and fire and which indicate that Claudius Clear has sounded the depths of the principles of life and has learned the art of revealing to others, by means of written language, the working of those principles in lives that may be either extraordinary or commonplace. In reading the page of contents one is led to think that the book is a kind of *omnium gatherum*, wherein may be found all manner of things related and unrelated to life. Such a thought, however, is dispelled as one carefully reads the chapters, which, though not intended to be closely connected in thought or argument, nevertheless manifest that all have root in common soil and are the outcome of conceptions of life that have blood relationship. Claudius Clear cannot be charged with pessimism in any sense of that word. Between the lines one may read condemnation of certain lives that ought universally to be deplored. But the doctrines of life positively advanced are hopeful and optimistic to an abounding degree, and one is not disposed to find fault with that view of life.

A few selections from some of the chapters may serve best to indicate the subjects treated and the author's conceptions of life. "In teaching *The Art of Life*, there can be no more useful books than biographies. I have for years read every biography I could

*Letters on Life, by Claudius Clear. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company; price, $1.25.

lay my hands on, and not one has failed to teach me something." We are startled at first to read "that all the enduring part in literature is autobiography," but as we follow the writer we are convinced that he is not far astray in saying, "When Charles Dickens wrote his *David Copperfield* he told more of himself than is told in Forster's three volumes of biography." Some good things are in the chapter, *On the Art of Taking Things Coolly*— "Don't be frightened by words like 'irreparable,' 'irretrievable,' 'hopeless,' and the like." * * * "At no point of his life should a man despair. At any point of his life, for what he can tell, the best of his days may be before him." "Firing out the Fools" is a new way of stating the old doctrine of the necessity and reward of efficiency in every department of life. "It is of no importance whether a man's hair is white or black, whether he was born in the fifties or the sixties or the seventies. What is important is that he should be efficient. If a man keeps up to the march of the time, never allowing himself to fall asleep or to become comatose, he ought to grow a better man with the years, for he has the experience of the old and the alertness and readiness of the young." The secret of happiness or its opposite the author makes to depend upon "The Innermost Room." "The innermost room may be a torture chamber, or a shrine of peace. According as it is one or the other, so is life happy or unhappy. For the blessedness of life does not so much depend on what is passing in the outer chamber as on what is passing in the secret place of the soul." The book is worth buying and worth reading carefully. It is not often one finds so much wholesome food for thought in so small a compass. W. J. M.

"UNCLE BOSTON'S" SPICY BREEZES.*

The above title, which no doubt is intended to be suggestive, will perhaps strike most readers as somewhat pretentious. In substance the book consists of brief sketches of Boston W. Smith's (Uncle Boston) missionary work in the north-western section of the United States. The sketches are grouped under four heads, viz., Spring Zephyrs, Summer Winds, Autumn Gales, and

* "Uncle Boston's" Spicy Breezes. By Boston W. Smith. Philadelphia: Griffith and Rowland Press, 1420 Chestnut St.

Wintry Blasts. This arrangement, though somewhat artificial, is not unpleasing and adds the variety of weather conditions to the other varied experiences of a frontier missionary's life. There is no great merit attaching to the author's style. He does not write for the joy of writing so much as with the evangelist's purpose. Every tale is armed with its inevitable lesson, and in some chapters, of which "Following Leaders" is one of the best, the applications are cleverly and humorously made. The best sketch of the group is perhaps that entitled "A Shanty Prayer-meeting." In it is found just such material as Ralph Connor has utilized in his inimitable books, and though not wrought up with the same detail, it yet affords great outlines around which imagination can play. One cannot read this series of stories without a growing sympathy with, and admiration for, that consecrated class of men who are so well represented in the writer of this book. H.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: R. V. BELLAMY, '02.

FINAL INTER-COLLEGE DEBATE.—There is not a single McMaster student who does not feel prouder of his Alma Mater than ever before, and more loyal to her since the recent success in debating. It is a remarkable achievement for any college to win an intercollegiate championship two years in succession, and it shows that McMaster must contain the stuff of which debaters are made. Two such victories make a brilliant record, and tend to create in the University a pride and sense of power in debating which, we hope, will make us invincible, but not vain, in future contests. It was on Tuesday night, March 11th, that Messrs. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., and A. C. Watson, B.A., representing McMaster, met Messrs. G. A. McGaughey, M.A., and F. Erichsen Brown, B.A., representing Osgoode Hall, at the Conservatory of Music to debate upon the resolution "That the Trusts are in the best interests of Society." The first mentioned gentlemen upheld the affirmative side of the question, the other two the negative.

Osgoode came to this final contest with the laurels of two debating victories upon her brows, having defeated Varsity and Knox; while McMaster could boast only one success, that won

from Trinity. This is to be explained by the fact that she did not have a chance at any other foe.

W. P. Thomson, B.A., M.D., the president of the Inter-College Debating Union, occupied the chair, and after making a few introductory remarks, he called upon Mr. Norman McLeod, who sang in a pleasing manner "A Stein Song," receiving a hearty encore.

Mr. Brownlee opened the debate. He defined trusts, and showed that they were a feature of the present age. From the standpoint of the wage earner, he showed that trusts were to be preferred to the old competitive system, because they gave him steadier employment, more sanitary plants, shorter hours, higher wages, and a greater opportunity for self-development and promotion. Trusts being joint stock companies, the wage earner might also secure shares in the business if he so wished.

From the standpoint of the consumer, trusts were beneficial because they improve the quality of goods, and lower the price. This is explained by the fact that the large capital of the trusts makes it possible to secure the most improved facilities in manufacture and skilled laborers.

In relation to the world at large, trusts were beneficial, because they maintain a conservative policy in the matter of credits; they are enabled, through their vast resources, to open up new and foreign markets, and they protect society from the evils of excessive over-production.

Mr. McGaughey led for the negative. He maintained that all the arguments enumerated by the previous speaker applied equally well to a co-operative system. He then went on to condemn trusts on account of their exclusive and secret business directorate, which made it possible for a few directors to gain for themselves the bulk of the wealth of a country. Trusts, he said, aim to control production, the markets, and the means of transportation. They corrupt the government to secure legislation suitable to themselves. In trusts the workman loses his independence and incentive to individual enterprise. Trusts give rise to unscrupulous speculation and promote over-capitalization. In fact some of the trusts were so immersed in watered stock that he (Mr. McGaughey) was not surprised that his Baptist friends had undertaken to support them.

The second speaker on the affirmative, Mr. Watson, said that trusts were the result of natural conditions, and were the outcome of an upward movement in industrial evolution. They could not become monopolies for any considerable length of time. They were enabled to introduce specialization in the process of manufacture, and so to improve the product, while in saving waste products they prevented a large economic loss. Mr. Watson then reviewed

the position of the negative and answered some of their arguments in a very forcible manner.

Mr. Brown, the second speaker for Osgoode, said that he intended to get at the principles involved in the question. He laid great stress on the argument that there was a distinct difference between trusts and combination, and maintained that the arguments of his opponents had been only in support of combination. If any outside control should be exercised over trusts they would lose their distinctive feature of an exclusive directorate, and would cease to be trusts. Mr. Brown next reviewed certain decisions of the law courts and the report of the recent Industrial Commission concerning trusts, and deduced some strong arguments in support of his position.

In a masterly five-minute speech, Mr. Brownlee attacked the arguments set up by the negative and especially the distinction drawn between trusts and combinations.

While the judges were deciding upon the debate, the audience were entertained with vocal solos by Miss Lulu Eastman, of Moulton College, and by Mr. Adam Dochray, Mus. Bac. Miss Eastman's song, "In the Shade of the Palms," and an encore kindly responded to, were both sung in a pleasing and artistic manner that delighted her hearers. The singing of Mr. Dochray fully sustained his reputation.

As Dr. G. R. Parkin rose to give the decision of the judges, the suspense of the interested parties became very intense, and the doctor brought this feeling to a climax by postponing his announcement for several minutes. He congratulated the speakers upon their forensic abilities, and predicted a brilliant career for them if they continued to give their thought to such problems. He emphasized the importance of debating, which went far in moulding the public thought. It was incumbent, he said, upon thinking people to assume the initiative in measures for the betterment of society. Finally he announced that the judges had been unanimously in favor of the affirmative; whereupon there was a scene of wild delight among the McMaster men. Three cheers were given for Osgoode, three for McMaster, and many more just for the sake of making a noise. The other judges were Mr. John A. Cooper and Mr. P. W. Ellis.

The black and green colors of McMaster were very much in evidence at the debate, both in the pit and the gallery, and even on the platform.

The room formerly occupied by the Chancellor as an office has now been fitted up as a reception room, where students may entertain their gentleman friends. Being neatly carpeted, and

furnished with comfortable chairs, the room is attractive and fills a long-felt want.

One Philosopher.—Can we form any idea of nothing? Another Philosopher—O yes, you may get such an idea by introspection.

A new mail box has been built, into which the mail carrier has been instructed to put the numerous papers and periodicals that come to the Reading Room.

AFTER THE HOWL.

They say they were a shocking sight,
When morning light did come;
In sooth, I wot each haggard face
Was not at all handsome.
But things like this, you know, must be
After a famous jambouree.

An official college pin has at length been authorized and adopted by the student body. It is a pin made of enamel and either gold or sterling silver, and is made in two sizes, one suitable as a brooch, the other as a stick pin. It is in the shape of the college crest, and around the outside in sections are narrow strips of red, yellow, white and green, while in the centre the background is blue; these colors representing the four classes in Arts and the one class in Theology. Upon the blue background are engraved an open Bible, a small shield and a monogram of the letters McM. The pin will be handsome and typical of the University; it is therefore hoped that every loyal McMaster student will wear one.

A Terrible Cat-astrophe.—Fifty-four lives were lost recently in the biological department of the University. (The science class killed six cats.)

The annual Oratorical Contest took place before the Literary Society on the evening of February 21st. Castle Memorial Hall was comfortably filled with the audience that assembled, and great interest was shown in all the orations. R. D. Echlin, B.A., spoke for the class in Theology upon the subject "Gustavus Adolphus," and in eloquent language he portrayed the career of that great hero of the Thirty Years' War. R. G. Hartley, of '05, had chosen for his subject "The Young Man and the State," and in handling this somewhat difficult theme he showed marked oratorical ability. The class of '04 was represented by N. A. Harkness, who spoke eloquently and sympathetically upon the sad career of "Edgar Allan Poe." It is generally conceded that Mr. Harkness excelled all his competitors in the matter of pure and elegant diction.

D. J. Welch, '03, was the next speaker, and he told the story of that mighty man in English history, "Oliver Cromwell." The final oration was upon "William McKinley," and was delivered by R. V. Bellamy, '02, who attempted to give his hearers an adequate idea of the life and deeds of the martyred president of the United States.

Prof. G. M. Wrong, of Toronto University, officiating as judge, said that in criticising young orators he was inclined to lay more stress upon the matter than the manner of delivery, because he believed that if the former was always well wrought out, the latter would perfect itself by practice. The professor took as his standard of judgment the advice of Hamlet to the players, and showed how the several orations appeared in the light of this standard. Then, after commenting upon the general excellence of all the speeches, he declared that Mr. Bellamy was the victor in the contest. This verdict was fully approved by the audience, and was especially pleasant to the members of class '02.

A number of vocal selections were rendered in a very pleasing manner by Miss Lena Fairhead, who was the recipient of much applause. Messrs. J. A. McDonald and E. A. Brownlee also contributed a number of vocal duets. Mr. E. Carey Fox rendered two clarionet solos which highly pleased the audience. It was a little late in the evening when the audience dispersed, having heard one of the keenest oratorical contests ever held in this University.

At meetings of the Literary Society so much fault has been found with speakers because they put their hands in their pockets while upon the platform, that we have the following suggestion to offer, which we think worthy of adoption as a policy by the candidates for the presidency. It is that the Literary Society purchase several pairs of trousers built without pockets, and compel culpable speakers to wear these garments whenever they appear before the public. Such treatment would bring about a certain and speedy cure.

It has been remarked that the beams in the chapel are not what they are "cracked up" to be. (This joke is for the natives only.)

The most unscrupulous woman we ever heard of was that one who persisted in using her husband's tooth-brush.

Upon the defeat of the senior team hockey had a most sudden ending among our students. Some little interest was revived in the game by the inter-year contests, which aroused more or less rivalry between the different classes. The first match was played between the theologs. and the freshmen. The reverend gentlemen divided the game into nine points and drove each one of them

home, whereas their opponents were able to score only six goals. The seniors and juniors appeared next in the arena, and fought long and valiantly for the laurels. At last, however, when Bury was "hors de combat," by reason of unwonted exertion, and the other '02 forwards were almost physical wrecks, the juniors brought up to the combat their right wing, left wing, centre and reserves, and so won the day, the score standing 6-5. But the game of the series was that of '04 vs. theologs. The former team was made up largely of recruits led by the war-scarred M. Scipio McArthur ; but they were of the right stuff, and comprised such men as Cicero Harkness, Hercules Lailey, Hannibal McDonald, Diogenes Blackadar, Alcibiades Baker, and Charlemagne Hélie. The representatives of the clergy were mostly all veteran hockey players, being by name Ignatius Mead, Jerome Baker, Augustine Haydon, Irenæus Echlin, Anselm Guyatt, Origen Sayles, and "Shorty" McDonald. The game proceeded with considerable acrimony, which at times became so bitter that the referee decided that certain players were indisposed, and advised them to go to the fence for a short rest. Thither they went, and while their companions struggled, they chewed the rag of resentment against the referee. When time was called the score stood 8-8, and then an altercation took place about playing off the game. The theologs. had run short of hockey sticks, and towards the close of the game two or three of them had been playing with bits of wood that resembled kindling more than sticks. However, they soon obtained new and proper weapons, and decided to hold a short special meeting to decide the contest. After ten minutes' play the score stood 10-8 in favor of the sophomores, and the theologs. left the ice much worse for wear. The championship of the College was now to be decided between '04 and '03, but the latter class chose to default the game, so that the sophomores are the champion hockey players.

The class of '03, having secured the most points in the Field Day contests and in football and hockey, has won the Matthews' Inter-year Cup.

We congratulate the Dentals upon winning the Jennings' Cup, which has been held by ourselves for one year. We have always found them sportsmanlike gentlemen, and although it goes against the grain to hand over the cup, we believe that there is no college in the city more worthy to receive it than the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.

The annual rally of the seniors was held at the home of Chancellor Wallace, who hospitably threw open his doors to entertain these students, not yet grown so wise as to feel a distaste for merry-making. The president of the class, Mr. E. J. Tarr ; the

vice-president, Miss M. E. Seldon, and Mrs. Wallace, received the guests ; and when all had assembled they were sent fishing. This pursuit was accomplished at fishponds made of pasteboard and the fish were of pasteboard too ; but the zeal of the anglers was none the less on this account. The winner of the games was Miss Mae Dickenson, who was presented with a fine copy of Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler." Next in order came a short programme, consisting of the president's speech ; a clever history of what the class has been, and a prophecy of what it will be, written by Mr. S. A. Buckborough ; and a breezy patriotic poem, composed by Mr. A. L. Huddleston during a frenzied inspiration.

At a recent meeting of the Debating Club, the critic suggested that more attention should be paid by our students to the study of elocution than is the case at present. It seems peculiar that the practice of elocution is so much neglected among those students who are not infrequently called upon to speak in public. At all events, those who do practise should have the approval of their fellows, instead of the good-natured derision that is so often bestowed upon them.

It becomes our melancholy necessity to record the death of one for many years intimately connected with the University. He had thoroughly imbibed the scholastic spirit of the place, and went about his daily tasks with the solemn gravity of an incurable plug. We speak of none other than the faithful dog Trip, who has had his day and has now gone the way of all dog flesh. Nothing seemed to disturb the even tenor of his way, while he still enjoyed the daylight ; no trivial pleasures allured him from his philosophic meditations, it being said on good authority that he never even chased a cat ; and he never made night hideous with a howl, even as naughty students do.

We would recommend all who may have canines to bring up to remember the worthy example exhibited by Trip, the "verray parfit, gentil," white-haired dog.

It would be well, now that examinations are approaching, that each student should take the beaver, the emblem of Canada, as his own emblem. The beaver "says nothing, but gnaws wood."

Great interest was manifested by our students in the meetings of the Student Volunteer Convention, held in Massey Hall from February 26th to March 2nd. About thirty delegates were appointed by this University, and not only they, but many others, were very faithful in their attendance at the various sessions. The convention has had the effect, not only of strengthening the purpose of those of our number who had already volunteered for foreign

service, but of turning the attention of others to the evangelization of heathen nations. Throughout the whole college there has been a quickening of the religious life, and many will look back to those meetings as a source of great spiritual blessing to themselves.

On March 5th Mr. Jays, who is connected with the Volunteer Movement in England, and was formerly a missionary in West Africa, gave us a short address dealing with his experiences in that country. He most vividly described the moral and spiritual condition of the West Africans, and made a strong plea for missionaries who would work for the regeneration of them.

DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

Shouts the nursery-man in his glee,
"I'm delighted with that tree
Because 'tis bearin'."
Replies the clergyman, vis-vis,
"I'm ashamed of that tree
Because 'tis barren."

Professor (calling roll)—"Mr. A——?" Mr. A——(absent-mindedly, but cheerfully)—"Good morning, sir."

"What's the meaning of that 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' on the British coat-of-arms," said one Irishman to another. "O, that represents Ireland," said the other, "and means 'Nothing's too good for the Irish.'"

The Debating Society met on Saturday, Feb. 15th, to discuss the subject: "*Resolved*,—That the present immigration policy of the government is detrimental to the best interests of the country." The leaders were: Affirmative, E. J. Bengough, '03; negative, C. Jordan, '05. After they had outlined their arguments, a general discussion took place. E. J. Harris, B.A., as critic, suggested some requisites of good public speaking. The decision was given by the judges, Messrs. Arkell, Bellamy and Warner, in favor of the negative. . . . On Feb. 22nd, the subject was: "*Resolved*,—That in the opinion of this house the Ross Government was justified in introducing the referendum." The debate proceeded in parliamentary form, J. H. Cranston being the leader of the Government, while H. C. Feast led the Opposition. The latter succeeded in maintaining that the referendum in this case was not satisfactory and to this side was given the decision by the judges, Messrs. Tarr, Huddleston and Stokes. The Society was fortunate in having Chancellor Wallace as critic. He not only criticised the various speakers, but pointed out general defects and their remedies. He gave also an outline of what should be the aim of the Debating Society. . . . . The next

meeting, which was to have taken place on March 1st, was postponed on account of the Student Volunteer Convention until the week following. The subject then discussed was: "*Resolved*,—That the system of municipal bonusing is in the best interests of the public." E. G. Blackadar, '04, was leader of the affirmative and H. B. Parker, '03, of the negative, while R. G. Hartley, '05, acted as critic. The judges, Messrs. Procter, Vining and Poapst, decided in favor of the negative. It was decided that this should be the last meeting for debate and that the next meeting, on March 15th, should be for the election of officers for the ensuing year.

The annual business meeting of the Literary Society and nomination of new officers took place on Friday evening, March 7th. The reports of the various departments were read, and showed the finances of the society to be in a good condition. The treasurer reported a considerable sum of money on hand for next year's work. A most pleasant feature of the evening was the announcement by Mr. T. E. Meldrum, the business manager of The Monthly, that that journal was now out of debt and had even a small surplus in its favor. The wiping out of the large debt upon The Monthly has been a herculean task, and the accomplishment of it speaks well for the business ability of Mr. Meldrum. From the large number of nominations for next year's executive, there ought to be stirring competition, and an election that will give the society able officers.

Theolog.—"I think I shall leave college and settle down." Experienced Friend—"And then you will study how to settle up."

Theolog. Rally.—Ushered in by the head-breaking slogan of the freshmen the line of class rallies has passed in brilliant array and ended with the Theologs.' ethereal "Kee-oo!" On the evening of Feb. 11th, the home of Chancellor Wallace was thrown open to Theology. Time passed swiftly and pleasantly. Two guessing contests and a memory struggle hushed the company and threw a thoughtful atmosphere over all. In these Miss Dryden, Miss Senior and Miss McLaurin won the laurels. The musical programme was furnished by Miss Senior and Miss M. A. Bailey; the literary by Messrs. Perrin Baker, and J. E. Miles. After an evening full of pleasure and empty of care, the Theologs. wandered back through the night pondering the relative attractions of a class rally and Systematic Theology. The rally of the Theologs., last of the year, was ended.

Now that we have such splendid accommodation in our new hall for quite a large number of people, the members of the faculty

expect in coming years to assist in the general education and enlightenment of the people of Toronto by giving a series of public lectures. The first of this series of lectures was given by our popular Professor McKay. He chose for his subject "Evolution in the Heavens;" and the deep interest that is taken in the study of stars was shown by the large and appreciative audience. In opening, the professor explained to the audience that they would have to accept as facts some of his statements, which he could not stop to prove to them, but which, however, were capable of proof. With the aid of a number of lime-light views consisting of drawings and photographs of heavenly bodies, he then explained, in very general and simple language as the occasion required, the positions and motions of the different members of the solar system. He showed by the similarity of their composition and of their motions what evidence there is to lead us to conclude that, at some time in the infinite past, they were all united in one great mass, which was very likely gaseous, because even yet the largest central mass, the sun, is in that state. He also, on this hypothesis, explained how such motions as the different bodies possess would originate and what effect the dissipation of heat and the consequent loss of energy from the solar system should have and was having on its formation and also on the movements of the planets. The professor then turned attention to other parts of the heavens. Here, besides seeing countless myraids of stars, we also see large masses of what has proved to be gaseous matter. Such masses are called nebulæ. By watching some of these, and noticing what changes are taking place in them, we are led to believe that they are really planetary systems in the process of formation. This is pretty good evidence that our solar system has been formed in much the same way. In concluding, Prof. McKay said, if asked to explain the origin of these masses of matter in the gaseous state, he would say that they were probably formed by a collision of two or more solid heavenly bodies, which, in turn, must have originated from just such a mass, and so we might trace the process back farther and farther. After all he did not believe that the Bible was meant to be a text-book of science, but there was, however, nothing in this theory to contradict the first chapter of Genesis, and if we press for an ultimate answer to the problem, he could only say that "in the beginning God created Heaven and earth."

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: E. A. BROWNLEE, B.A.

REV. P. G. MODE (Arts '97, Theo. '99), of Yarmouth, N.S., is home on a visit to his native province.

WE regret to report the illness of Rev. Geo. S. Sprague (Arts '00), of Aurora, and Rev. Robt. Scott (Theo. '99), of Dutton. We await anxiously news of their recovery.

MR. L. B. CROSBY, an Acadia graduate, who spent '96 and '97 with us in the theological course, remained a few days in our midst on his way to his old home in Hebron, N.S.

MANY of our readers will remember Mr. Ernest Carswell, who was a student at Woodstock College some six years ago. News of his marriage reached us recently. His McMaster friends wish him every joy.

REV. T. H. CORNISH (Arts '00), of Pontiac, Mich., made us a three days' visit the week of the 9th. Another very familiar face we saw the same week was that of Rev. W. S. McAlpine (Arts '95, Theo. '97), of Georgetown.

ROBERTSON–VANDERBURG.—At the residence of the bride's parents, 346 Deleware ave., Toronto, on Feb. 19th, 1902, by Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace, D.D., assisted by Rev. J. A. McDonald, Mr. William Elder Robertson, B.A., to Miss Lida, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Vanderburg. To the above popular young couple McMaster extends heartiest congratulation.

THE Student Volunteer Convention brought many of our graduates back to Toronto and to their Alma Mater. We were glad to see the faces once so familiar about these halls. The one centre of admiration on the part of all one-time students was our beautiful and commodious Castle Memorial Hall. We regret that they had not the privilege which we now enjoy.

A REPORT came to hand recently from Mr. Ernest V. Rossier, who took his first year arts with Century class. He is now in the employ of The American Steel and Wire Co., of Worcester, Mass. The position he enjoys is a good one, and the work he finds agreeable. Though interested in this new field of enterprise, he has not forgotten his college days at McMaster, of which he speaks with fervor.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MISS LLOY NEAL.

OUR Seniors, who are always alert and wide awake, gave a most interesting programme last Friday evening, which resulted in twenty-five dollars being added to the New Building Fund. It cannot be disputed that the fourth year is composed of very talented students, and we only hope they will entertain us again before they leave their Alma Mater.

ON the twenty-eighth of last month the students had the pleasure of listening to an interesting "talk" on Reading, given by Mr. J. McDonald Oxley. The part that the newspaper, the magazine and the book should each have was pointed out, and the necessity for reading only such books as benefited us was urged. Special interest was added and much knowledge gained by means of a Question Drawer.

GREAT interest was taken by our students in the Student Volunteer Convention. We were privileged in having eight of our girls as delegates, while all the students were permitted to attend several of the meetings. The reports from four of the delegates at our regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting were most interesting, and we feel sure that an awakening of missionary interest will result to us from the convention.

MISS RYDER and Miss Brooks, of Mt. Holyoke University, were interesting visitors with us during the convention.

ON Friday evening, February 14th, the third year gave the annual party to the graduating class. The influence of St. Valentine as patron of the evening was shown in the hearts and Cupid's darts which were everywhere to be seen during the evening. The decorations were in pink and white, the class colors. Mrs. Wells and Miss Helen Burke received the guests and an exceptionally pleasant evening was spent, the hostesses doing everything in their power to make everyone happy. Before the party broke up a toast to the graduates was proposed by Miss Emma Fares and responded to by Miss Elsie Dryden.

Here and There.

EDITOR: H. PROCTER, B.A.

We beg to acknowledge receiving the following exchanges during the past month: "Acta Victoriana," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "The Ottawa Campus," "The Columbia Literary Monthly," "Vox Collegii," "The Montreal Diocesan Magazine," "McGill Outlook," "Presbyterian College Journal," "Acadia Athenæum," "University of Ottawa Review," "Vox Wesleyana," "University of Virginia Magazine," "The Nassau Literary Magazine," "The William Jewell Student," "O.A.C. Review," "Trinity University Review," "The University of New Brunswick Monthly," "The Kenyon Collegian," "King's College Record," "The Sibyl," "The Manitoba College Journal," "Hamilton Literary Magazine," "The College Index."

NEWS OF THE COLLEGES FROM OUR EXCHANGES.—Harvard has the largest college library in the United States, having 700,000 volumes. Yale has 200,000, Columbia 133,000 and Cornell 126,000. Minnesota completed the football season last fall without removing a man from the field for injuries. It is said that during the last five years the University of Chicago has absorbed nineteen schools. Every student in Yale is expected to contribute eight dollars toward athletics. Nearly two hundred and fifty men entered the recent Michigan University trial debates. There are fifty-nine students on the "University of Chicago Weekly," including editors, reporters and artists.

Of his dear Lord he painted all the life,
  But not that ancient land, nor the old days;
Not curious he to seek, through learned strife,
  The look of those far times and unknown ways.
But in his solemn and long-living art
  Well did he paint that which can never die:
The life and passion of the human heart,
  Unchanged while sorrowing age on age goes by.
Beneath his brush his own loved people grew,
  Their rivers and their mountains, saints and lords,
The dark Italian mothers whom he knew,
  The sad-eyed nuns, the warriors with drawn swords;
And the young Saviour, throned at Mary's breast,
  Was but some little child whom he loved best.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, in *Poems and Inscriptions.*

"Now do you understand?" shouted the professor, as he hurled an ink bottle at an exasperating student. "I think I have an inkling," replied the bespattered student.—*Ex.*

LENT.

The bare-limbed trees tower proud and chill,
The north wind howls across the wold ;
The beds of snow rise high above
The roadside in the drifts he drove
Of weird, fantastic mould.

The sun I left to set at eventide,
When will it rise to glad the Eastern sky,
The light I left behind me for this vale
Still shines voluptuous in the western dale.
But voices in the gloom sound o'er the cry

Of "backward to the land of flowery ease."
So let me bide, and still content to scorn
The voice that sold the luckless wife of Lot
Cry, "quickly come to glad us, tarry not,
Sweet-scented gladness of the happy morn."

J.C.D.M., in *Kenyon Collegian.*

He was a stranger cycling through the highly intellectual City of Oxford. You could tell it from the cautious manner with which he picked his way down the principal street. It was evening. A gentleman approached the cyclist. "Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its function." "Sir?" "Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion." "Really, but I don't quite ——" "The effulgence of your radiator has evanesced." "My dear fellow, I——" "The tanversal ether oscillations in your incandescer have been discontinued." Just then an unsophisticated little newsboy shouted across the way: "Hey, mister, yer lamp is out!"—*Tit-Bits.*

"LATIN."

All the people died who spoke it,
All the people died who wrote it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death, they surely earn it.

—*Ex.*

STORM AND CALM.

Wild winds that grow to fury scourge and lash
The threatening sea that echoes back their cries,
While tattered surges in quick anger rise
Toward darkened skies torn by the lightning's flash.
When lo! there comes a lull to storm and crash ;
The watery waste grows still, and sombre skies
Are rent in twain to show a star that lies
On azure ground above earth's warring clash.

'Tis thus when passions shake my inmost soul,
Or storm-clouds lower thick above my head,
And hope and joy give place to rank dismay,
That in the darkness lying 'bout the goal
A star-lit rift is seen whence light is shed,
That guides my feet once more into the way.

E. E. W., in *Notre Dame Scholastic.*

A Scotch lad in a military school went up with a drawing of Venice, which he had just finished, to show it to the master. Observing that he had printed the name under it with two n's (Vennice), the master said: "Don't you know there's only one hen in Venice?" "Only one hen in Venice!" exclaimed young Sandy, with astonishment. "I'm thinking they'll no have mony eggs, then!"—*Progressive Age.*

Latin professor—"Have you been through 'De Bella Gallica?'" Freshman—(looking wise), "Yes, sir, but it was at night and I did not see much of the country."—*Ex.*

BACON AND SHAKSPERE.

Shakspere! whoever thou mayst prove to be,
God save the Bacon that men find in thee!
If that philosopher, though bright and wise,
Those lofty labors did in truth devise,
Then it must follow, as the night the day,
That "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth," and each great play
That certifies nobility of mind
Was written by the "meanest of mankind."

—[An "Impromptu" by the late Dr. Thomas William Parsons in the *Century Magazine.*]

It is told of Frederick Temple, now Archbishop of Canterbury, that when he was Bishop of London he was examining theological students on the matter of parish calls, and offered himself as an object lesson for such a call. He went into the next room and lay down on a sofa, with his face to the wall, and a young Irishman, whose lot it was, entering directly after, walked up to him, laid his hand on Dr. Temple's shoulder, and said: "Ah, Frederick, Frederick!—the drink again!"—*Ex.*

THE BUILDERS.

I dwell near a murmur of leaves,
And my labor is sweeter than rest:
For over my head in the shade of the eaves,
A throstle is building his nest.

And he teaches me gospels of joy,
As he gurgles and shouts in his toil;
It is brimming with rapture, his wild employ,
Bearing a straw for spoil.

So I know 'twas a joyous God
Who stretched out the splendor of things,
And gave to my bird the cool green sod,
A sky and a venture of wings.

But why are my brothers so still?
They are building a lordly hall—
They are building a palace there on the hill,
But there's never a song in it all!

—Edwin Markham.

A CERTAIN minister, during his discourse one Sabbath morning, said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his yard, and paused to say, "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—*Ex.*

PHILOSOPHY.

And one was there, high over all the rest,
Fair as the morn and beauteous as the night.
Truth shone upon her brow with holy light,
And goodness had its home within her breast.
From out the deep of her mild eye there shone,
Irradiant, all the wisdom of the past,
And in her vision penetrant and vast
Horizons full of promise and of dawn.
The poet came and looked on her and laid
His gifts low at her feet. The painter, too,
Caught something of the light her presence made;
The priest, more depth of heart, more breadth of view,
And many a charming master's thought divine,
Made manifest her influence benign.

—A. T. C., in *Manitoba College Journal.*

A WELL-KNOWN Jewish theologian and a cardinal were once dining next to one another, special arrangements having, of course, been made for the Jew. They got on splendidly together and found each other excellent company. During dinner a dish containing pork was handed to the cardinal. He turned to the Jew saying, "What a pity it is that such a small matter as this should be allowed to stand between us. But perhaps the day will yet come when you will invite me to dinner and I shall eat pork at your table." "Well," said the other, it only rests with you. You shall eat pork at my table on the day that you ask me to dance at your wedding."—*Ex.*

A SPRUCE young city lawyer led a blushing damsel as a bride from her rural home, and returned with her to the hospitable mansion of his newly-made father-in-law to enjoy the festival. He was given the post of honor at the table, and called upon to carve, according to the time-honored custom. The turkey was baked rather hard, and was somewhat tough withal. The spruce young lawyer struggled. The baked bird would not yield. An enormous plum pudding stood beside the turkey platter, and was somewhat in the lawyer's way, so he took up the plum pudding and placed it on his chair behind him, and then renewed his attack on the turkey with redoubled vigor. His face was red with effort and embarrassment, his glasses streamed with perspiration, but still he struggled. At last he made a tremendous effort, and succeeded—in landing the impervious bird in the lap of an old lady opposite. "There," he said, in despair. "Now I've done it!" And he sat down—in the pudding.—*Ex.*

At the University of Buda-Pesth a lunatic from the local asylum appeared in charge of his keeper and asked to be allowed to pass his examinations. He passed successfully and returned to his asylum with his diploma as a professor.

A country servant was given a ticket by her mistress for a local concert. She arrived home rather late, and was questioned by her mistress on the matter. "I came away before 'twas over," she replied, "and they were hurrying it on, 'cause they were singing two at a time when I left."—*Ex.*

The enrolments of the largest schools this year are in their order as follows: Harvard, 6,740; Columbia, 4,392; University of Michigan, 3,815; University of Chicago, 3,774; University of Minnesota, 3,423; University of California, 3,215; Cornell, 3,004; Yale, 2,680; Pennsylvania, 2,573.

Several college presidents have expressed the opinion that under modern conditions the teacher has a larger influence than the preacher. If that be true there is a peculiar obligation resting upon those who are responsible for our institutions of learning that only men of the highest moral and spiritual quality receive appointments as teachers or professors.—*The Watchman.*

When the young minister of High Church tendencies was called to preside over a congregation that abhorred ritualism, and was a stickler for the simplest of services, he called on Bishop Potter to ask what would be the result if he went in for Ritualism just a bit. "Suppose I should burn a pastille or two during the service, what do you think would happen, bishop, for I dearly wish to try the experiment?" "Your congregation would be incensed, your vestrymen would fume, and you would go out in smoke," quickly replied the bishop.—*Ex.*

If any young man have embarked his life in the pursuit of Knowledge let him go on without doubting or fearing the event. Let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of Knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the sight of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.—Sydney Smith.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1902.

WILLIAM PAVEY.

Farmer, Deacon, Trustee. In all, a servant of God. Born 1818, died October 1st, 1895. So would run our brief, yet true, description of the subject of this sketch. When or where a man was born may tell much or little of the man himself, except as the time and place may have made for itself a name. Even then these matters of history must be carefully analyzed and properly digested before one's mental picture of the individual affected by them can be said to be correct. In any biographical sketch this mental picture is at least a help, if not a necessity. Picture to yourself then a man a little under, rather than over, medium height; stocky, as most Devonshire men are, for he was of Devonshire be it known (proud title), yet not stout. Broad as to his shoulders, deep of chest, standing straight and well upon his feet, yet with a springiness in his step that betokened him alert of mind, quick to discern possibility, and to seize opportunity. A face of ruddy glow, rendered more striking in his late years by a goodly fringe of snowy white beard; eyes keen and piercing, yet ever kindly, whose hidden depth seemed ever ready to brim over in mirthful laughter, as they often did at the humorous sally or well-turned jest. He was a man of deep emotions, and his mobile face answered every movement of his quick and ready mind, breaking into rippling laughter at the well-told story, or growing stern and forbidding where merited rebuke and sturdy opposition were necessary. His silvery white hair was a veritable crown of glory to his well-poised head, nose slightly aquiline, chin rounding but firm, and lips suggesting the emotions, yet denoting strength. Seen

once one would say, "There is a strong man, there is a good man," and on further acquaintance he would not disappoint you. Were we seeking a descriptive phrase, perhaps no better could be found than "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." This, as I think back upon his active life, best embodies the quality that most entered into it. He was perhaps in his immediate neighborhood the most trusted man among men. He never sought position, but once a trust was committed to him he brought all his fine manhood to bear upon it, and the trust was filled. And those committed to him were neither insignificant nor few.

Early thrown upon his own resources, for at the age of eighteen he worked for Rev. Mr. Bettridge, the first Anglican rector of Woodstock, he displayed those qualities of independence and self-reliance that carried him so successfully through life and made him so generously helpful to others. At twenty-one years of age he was converted and united with the Woodstock Baptist Church, then under the pastoral care of Rev. W. H. Landon. During these early years he worked for the farmers in the neighborhood, carefully husbanding his means, and finally becoming the proud possessor of a hundred-acre bush farm, which he named Northwood Park, about ten miles north of Woodstock, to which, in 1843, he took his bride, Elizabeth Blake, eldest daughter of good Deacon Blake. In 1858 this bush farm, much improved, was sold, and the Blake homestead, two miles north of the dear old C. L. I., bought. That is, it was two miles in fine weather, but there is a divergence of opinion as to the particular length of that road in fall and spring, among his four sons-in-law. This ought not to be, seeing they are all preachers, but biography must be true to the facts. Whatever may be the truth in regard to the above, it remains a fact that in the spring and fall the mud was deep, and that river had a peskilly bad habit of submerging the road this side of the bridge that crossed it as a means of getting to Mr. Pavey's home. And many has been the time that Mr. Pavey, to get to deacon or trustee meeting, has waded through on horseback girth deep. For rain or shine, storm or calm, light or dark, he was always on hand.

He was a fine type of the progressive and enterprising farmer. There was no agricultural college in his day, and journals on best

methods in farming had not reached the perfection of our day. Men learned much through quick observation and hard experience. How successful he was is best told by the statement that for many years his farm supplied seed grain for other farms for many miles around. He believed in the principle of the rotation of crops, and consistently carried it out, even when wheat was bringing enormous prices through the great Russian war. Ever on the alert to seize favoring opportunities, he was the first in his neighborhood to own a reaper, and more than paid for it by cutting wheat for others. He was thrifty, but devoid of the first taint of niggardliness. His invariable rule was, pay cash for everything, go in debt for nothing; things cheap in price and poor in quality are dear at any price. Sometimes his neighbors thought him extravagant in his carrying out of this principle, and some went so far as to prophesy his downfall; but always found that his seeming extravagance was wisest and often severest economy. His horses, farm implements and carriages were always best suited to the work they were intended to perform. He had a place for everything, and the time for putting a thing back in its place was the moment you had done using it. So his plows never rusted in some incompleted furrow, or his reaper in some field of stubble. Time spent in caring for tools was with him time well spent. He always said the man or beast who does your work should be well fed and well housed, and a little of the same kind of care went a long way in helping your tools. He hated waste as he hated sin. And the fine bit of maple bush still standing on the farm, from which for years only the down timber has been cut, and from which many a gallon of excellent syrup has been made, bears testimony to his care in this matter. That he was honest all who knew him loved to bear testimony. Full measure, A 1 quality was his motto in selling; and he delighted in saying he could always sell a second time in the same place.

His home life was as cheerful and healthful as his farm life was successful. He carefully and persistently cultivated a deep piety. No busy day ever found him neglecting the family altar. His reading and prayer always betokened that deep reverence and love for the Almighty born of simple faith and true love. Yet his religion was never sombre. Indeed his whole life was as if, like his fields of grain, it had caught the happy effects of sunshine and

storm, and converted them into profit-bearing success. Keen of wit himself, a lover of real humor, able to tell a good story, and quick to turn a joke, one needed all one's wits about one to keep even with him, and usually he came out best. His hospitality was generous to the extreme, and an invitation to the Pavey homestead was an event that young and old alike never failed to avail themselves of. Many a home-sick student lost her home-sickness in a Saturday afternoon's jaunt in Mr. Pavey's three-seated carriage, with usually three in each seat, with himself as driver, to the Pavey farm. His fellow deacons and trustees, both of church and college, found it a pleasant place in which to advise and counsel on the many problems that had to be solved in those days of growing church and flourishing college. As a neighbor he was unexcelled, and it was not uncommon for the sick to ask just to have William Pavey come in and smooth out their pillow for them.

It is needless to say that such an one as Dr. Fyfe was quick to recognize his worth, and in 1861 or thereabout we find him one of the most active of the trustees of our dear old C. L. I. He was not himself educated according as attendance on schools makes one educated, yet in point of ability to bring the mental powers to bear upon any given project few could excel him, and his fellow-trustees soon came to recognize him as a man of great worth. Through twenty years he was one of Dr. Fyfe's most trusted friends and advisers. To those better acquainted with the early struggles of our educational work than the writer, it will be remembered there were days dark indeed. Friends were comparatively few, money was scarce, and sometimes our educational venture was in danger of financial ruin. Then it was that he with others endorsed paper to an amount that, had they had to pay, would have meant for them financial ruin. At one time, to save expense, the institution did without a steward for a whole year, Mr. Pavey doing the buying and much of the business connected with the steward's department ; and it is on record that this was so wisely and faithfully done as to be a great saving to the institution. The friendship between him and the dear old Doctor was beautiful to see. On one occasion Mr. Pavey having lost one of his most valued horses, Dr. Fyfe walked out the two miles to express his sympathy with his friend in his loss. And in times of great perplexity over Institute matters Dr. Fyfe found it a help to

him to drive out and consult with Mr. Pavey, doing this several times in the course of a week.

Those were the days of wood fires, and whatever any other wood pile might be as to measurement and quality, the Institute's had to be all right. Those of us who carried many an armful of that same wood up the long flights of stairs can testify to its solidity and weight. To the boys who chase the bounding ball over its fine campus, or look out of the back windows at those smiling acres that fall away to the south and lie so suggestively to the caressing sun, or in the winter follow the sportive puck on the low dipping pond, grateful thoughts should rise of Pavey and Sawtell, whose sagacity, foresight and business acumen made it all a possibility.

His fidelity as a trustee is still spoken of. Living as he did two miles from the college, the meetings being almost always at night, it was often no small task for him to get there. The nights were often dark, sometimes stormy, the mud deep and, as I have said, the river rampant, but Trustee Pavey was always on hand. The late Professor Wells, of loved memory, writing of him in our *Baptist*, said : "Readers of the obituary columns of the *Baptist* must have been moved—we were about to say 'saddened,' but why should that be?—at noting the large number of veterans who have been called home from week to week during the last few months. The records of many of these are records of truly noble lives. It was not our privilege to be personally acquainted with many of them, but now and then a familiar name strikes the eye ; such was the case when, two or three weeks ago, we read of the departure of Deacon Pavey, of Woodstock. We had it in mind to make a note at the time, but find we failed to do so. Seventeen years of more or less intimate acquaintance with William Pavey in connection with the old 'Literary Institute,' now Woodstock College, revealed him to us as one of the excellent of the earth. For very few men that we have ever had the happiness to know had we a deeper regard, founded on knowledge of a personal character. He was not only a man of excellent judgment and abilities and of upright life, he was much more, a man of high Christian character and aims, a 'Godly' man, who carried his lofty Christian integrity into every department of life, and whose example was ever more powerful than any words as a witness to the transforming influence of the religion of Christ. We are glad to believe that many are

even now being trained up in our denomination to take the places of those good men and true, who, having served their generation, are falling asleep in Jesus."

Of him in his church life I let a former pastor and fellow-deacon speak. Dr. Goodspeed says: "My memories of Deacon Pavey during the few years of my pastorate in Woodstock are of the most pleasant kind. I was attached to him from the first by his hearty kindliness and cheery brightness. As I grew to know him better I found him one of the comparatively few to whom a pastor may safely unbosom himself without risk of having his confidence betrayed by indiscretion. While not lacking in independence and firmness, he was ever ready to adopt new suggestions, and acted upon the rule that it is better to agree upon the second best plan than to contend over the first. His Christianity was of the warmest type, which made him quick and strong in his sympathies and ready to respond to all truth which made appeal to the deeper emotions. During all the time of my association with him I do not recall a word or an action that caused me pain or care. On the other hand, in all my relations with him as pastor, he was ever a strength and a joy. Although far from strong physically he was ever in his place and ready to help bear all burdens and do all the service he could. I may add that Dr. Fyfe often spoke in high appreciation of his faithfulness as a director of the Canadian Literary Institute."

Prof. J. B. Montgomery, one of the best loved professors of the Institute, and for many years a most faithful deacon of the church, writes of him as follows:

"A deacon bears a sort of threefold relation to his surroundings, the church, the community, his family. All these affect his life, influence his actions, and are objects of his solicitude. If he has a clear idea of his responsibility he will be interested in the temporal and spiritual welfare of his church. He will feel that he is in a sense the exponent of the church in his relation to the community, and that the intimate and sacred associations of his family circle must in no way interfere with the duties and responsibilities of his office, but that they should rather exalt his ideals and increase his fitness for his high station.

"I believe Wm. Pavey, in a great measure, realized the above ideal. Quick to notice any needed repairs about the buildings and grounds, anxious that all expenses should be promptly

paid, careful that the services paid for should be of the best kind, he made an efficient member of the committee on buildings and grounds. Many a man does these things well who has little or no interest in the spiritual welfare of the church or in the special work it should accomplish. Not so with Deacon Pavey. It was a rare thing to find him absent from any church service. Always promptly in his place, he was ready to do all he could to give to each exercise its true character.

His interest in the various objects that should constitute the work of the church was neither weak nor spasmodic, but always well sustained, and guided by good common sense rather than any impulse of the moment. Every duty was discharged cheerfully, and, while without noise or tumult, I believe with a joy and satisfaction that falls to the lot of but few.

"In his relation to the community he had a high sense of responsibility, and with a firm resolution not simply to avoid doing anything that might harm the cause of the Redeemer, but with a strong determination to do all that he could for the honor of the church and the glory of Christ, he met every obligation in a quiet, sensible way that won the respect and esteem of all. I observed this most in his dealings with men. He demanded the highest market price for everything sold from his farm, but a man did not deal with him often before he was convinced that with Deacon Pavey the highest price meant the best bargain. The butter was nice and sweet, the wood was a full cord of excellent quality, the apple barrel was filled with perfect apples. He said to me once, that when he sold anything to a man he wished to have it in such shape that he would not be ashamed to meet the man again.

"In his connection with the old 'Institute' he was one of its most interested promoters, firmest friends and most serviceable trustees. His time and his means were always willingly given to the support of the school which he believed was doing a good work for the denomination and the country.

"Without more than a common school education, but endowed with strong common sense, eminently pious but perfectly free from cant, a hard, earnest worker but without fuss or ostentation, he rendered a quiet and efficient service that left the world better for his having lived in it."

H. C. S.

Sarnia.

THE MAKING OF AMERICA.

In the *Areopagitica* Milton has a fine passage in which he compares the pursuit of truth to the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, as he went up and down gathering up limb by limb where they had been scattered by the ruthless Typhon. In a special manner this figure might be applied to the student of geology, for he must needs traverse all parts of the globe and delve into the heart of the earth, to find the truth he seeks. When we think of how the geologist has gathered his materials, here a little and there a little, we wonder, not merely at the marvellous facts disclosed, but quite as much at the painstaking research and skilful interpretation which have led to their discovery.

By carefully collecting and collating his data, the geologist has been able to decipher what has been aptly termed the "autobiography of the earth." In the space at our disposal we can only indicate the contents of two or three chapters in one volume of this wonderful geological record.

If we are to believe the "testimony of the rocks," the making of America, geologically considered, began at a time so remote that the various estimates as to its distance differ by millions of years. In its infancy America was a V-shaped continent of barren, granite rock, enclosing what is now Hudson Bay. Little is known of this early period, but as the centuries came and went, the continent gradually became larger and the simpler forms of plant and animal life appeared. Seaweeds, sponges, corals and minute shellfish were the early representatives of the organic world.

As the years lengthened into centuries, and the centuries into æons, mountains gradually emerged from beneath the waters; volcanoes erupted their burning lava; streams of hot water percolated through the rocks, dissolving their precious minerals and depositing them in veins; and the eroding and disintegrating forces of the elements changed the surface rocks into soil for the sustenance of the new forms of life that were to appear. After the lapse of millions of years the low-lying, marshy lands were covered with plants related to our club-mosses and ferns, but equalling in size the giants of the modern forest. As these primitive trees con-

tinued, generation after generation, to fall into the waters of the marshy lagoons in which they grew, they were preserved to form the great beds of coal which are such a boon to the modern world.

During these middle ages of the world's geological history, the lower forms of life were gradually giving place to other and higher types. Fostered by the tropical climate which then existed throughout the American continent, the animals attained to a marvellous development. Under the gigantic fronds of tree-ferns squatted huge amphibians, twenty or thirty feet in length. Monstrous reptiles stalked about on their hind legs and looked over the tops of the trees. Sea-serpents, sixty or seventy feet long, lashed the waters with their paddle-like limbs. Immense winged reptiles flew from tree to tree. It was the reptilian era.

But after long ages a strange transformation occurred. The hitherto fertile plains and hillsides became covered with a vast sheet of ice, thousands of miles in extent and hundreds of feet in depth. This mass of ice moved slowly but resistlessly in a southward direction. In its progress it tore off mountain peaks and ploughed great furrows in the soil. Gradually the ice melted, depositing great heaps of earth and boulders hundreds of miles from their original positions.

The continent then entered upon a new era of progress. The valleys and hillsides were again clothed with verdure and beauty. Fishes of all descriptions sported in the waters ; birds sang in the tree-tops ; wild animals prowled through the forests and roamed over the broad prairies. In process of time man appeared also—the savage red man of the woods. With rudely-fashioned weapons he hunted the bear and the bison, or speared the whitefish and the salmon. Sometimes he turned his weapon against his fellow-man ; sometimes he turned his face to the sky and worshipped the Great Manitou ; sometimes he turned his thoughts toward the mysterious future and dreamed of the Happy Hunting-Ground.

With the advent of man the making of America, in so far as it is physical, culminated. With the same momentous event began the making of this country in so far as it is superphysical and spiritual. The grandest chapter in this wonderful history is the one that is still unfinished.

D. C. Macintosh, '03.

UNDER THE CORNER LIGHT.

The Corner Light looks down upon the crossing of two busy streets. Every evening, as soon as the shadows fall, its pale ray shines forth over gloomy storehouses and brightly-lighted shops, upon the jostling crowds of weary laborers going "home" to frugal meal and musty tenement, and upon the prosperous business men whose portion fate has assigned in vastly richer places.

It sees a good deal of life—that Corner Light, as it hangs and swings above the dreary street, long after the noise of cars and carriages has ceased, and the great, sleeping city lies quiet under the midnight sky. Back and forth its shadows move; and the bats and moths come out of the darkness to dazzle their stupid eyes in its silver light. And the night-winds rise from their resting-places, making the ghostly hours more fearful with their sighs.

By day, so much of life seems commonplace and without meaning! With the night every footfall, every whisper that breaks the stillness, is fraught with meaning and suggestion. And the glimpses of life which pass, ever and anon, under the scope of the Corner Light, gather an air of mystery from the night.

Now a footfall on the pavement—so loud, and so distinct, and so alone! Then a solitary figure, sable-clad, emerges from the darkness, and an ominous black shadow follows, creeps up closer on the traveller's heels, and, as he passes, stretches itself out before him. And he shudders as he hurries on into the darkness again, where the shadow on the ground is lost—but not that other shadow on the mind. And again the street lies silent, and the beam of the Corner Light sways with the motion of the wind.

Anon, more stealthy steps approach, and muffled voices reach the ear. Two other figures, stealing cautiously in the shadow of the walls, try to evade the light, creeping, creeping silently out of the hateful light into the concealing gloom. And still the Corner Light sways slowly, sadly, to and fro, as though to say the world would be a fairer place if Night forgot to follow up the Day.

Again the silence is broken. This time it is the lively step of horses' feet; and as the carriage rolls into view the Corner Light looks down for an instant upon the other side of life—"the rich, the gay"—fair forms well used to luxury and ease, fair faces still

flushed from a long evening's delight. Too soon this scene fades, and back upon the wind is borne the music of those happy voices, growing fainter, sweeter in the distance, and dying at length, like every other sound, into the leaden silence of the night.

So, ever and anon, they pass and go—glimpses of life—all that is sorrowful, all that is sinister, much that is bright. And the Day is dead, and the great city sleeps. But the Corner Light—it knows.

G. C. M., '05.

SERMONS IN STONES.

To the imaginative man the external objects of life are a continual entertainment. A half-hour's stroll through such commonplace walks as city streets is to him a source of refined pleasure.

In the various forms of the houses and their changing aspects he sees an interesting allegory. He will discover a beautiful house with the same joy that a connoisseur lights upon a rare engraving; and he will return to it again and again with unabated anticipation. No less does an unhappy attempt at ornamentation or an incongruity in architecture, suggestive of the efforts of the unlettered to use fine words, fail to impress its humor upon him. A Doric porch on a Gothic building may irritate his sense of fitness, but he can only smile to observe how strikingly a gilded fence may advertise the owner's vulgarity, or with what ironical significance a fanciful design in a showy window should resemble the dollar sign, or to find on the brewer's hall window the three Graces, and on that of a bishop a Bacchante.

In the changing phases of the houses he recognizes the symbols of youth and age. He sees in the new house, proudly raising its bare front, youth glorying in its naked strength. He sees the hand of time softening the harshness of line and color, as experience mellows the asperities of the man's character. He sees the faded, crumbling ruin, pathetically suggestive of old age tottering into the grave. He notes the ivy of display gradually and silently taking possession of the whole structure—in its freshness and greenness of the summertide, the polish of middle life; in its warmth of autumn hues, the picturesqueness of a more advanced

age, though beneath the roots are undermining the wall; in its winter barrenness, the revelation in old age of the hollowness of sham.

Every house, like every life, tells its story, from the humble cottage's simple tale of struggling economy, to the palace's thrilling story of unsatiated ambition. Old historic houses are veritable decamerons. Each member, so to speak, of the goodly assemblage—window, pillar, tower—has its story of the past. The most matter-of-fact man may decipher the "savage triumph of implacable enemies" in the pavement of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower of London, or read the eloquent "appeal from tyranny to God" that forever rises from that shallow groove around Bonnivard's pillar in the old castle of Chillon.

The man of delicate imagination not only is sensitive to those powerful sentiments associated with venerable places, but catches also those lighter fancies suggested by commonplace objects. As he saunters along any of our streets he cannot but feel how much of the inner life of the builder has crept into his house. It seems passing strange how clearly the various habitations of men resemble human types.

Not in those great, cold, uninteresting blocks man has reared for the transaction of his business—there is no humanity in them; his fancies, sentiments, aspirations and longings have no expression there; they are mere incarnations of Business and the architect is the Genius of Trade; not even in the churches, with all their beauty and grandeur—there can be no individuality in them, they are the symbols of a nation's faith; least of all in those human hives, the tenements, need we look for human expression in brick and mortar. How much to be pitied are those unfortunates who pass their days in the tenement or more luxurious flat, who can never know the joy of a home, or worse, having known, cannot possess. Life to them is at best a huge department store, everything is made to order, everything is general, where the individual is entirely lost to sight, whence it is almost impossible to emerge from the obscurity of mediocrity.

It is only in his own home that a man feels to the full the greatness of the divine gift of manhood. Into his home he puts his finer fancies, and with them, unconsciously, his foibles, his vices and his virtues. In fact you may know a man by his house.

We have all observed wealthy, pompous mediocrity typified in massive, conventional structures, and we have imagined that if houses should turn into people, these would be the Dombeys. We have seen ambition "aiming high" its little spire, within which dwells hope enshrined, "like a high-born maiden in a palace tower." We have been repelled by tawdry vulgarity with its unabashed front boldly intruded upon our notice. We have been attracted by modest refinement, like a pretty woman seeming to shrink from the vulgar gaze, still no less intended to be seen. We have chanced upon melancholy with projecting upper story frowning beetle-browed upon the ground. We have been amused to discover snobbery with its ostentatious front turned engagingly to an attractive equal on one side, the while staring through a cold blank wall at a humble neighbor on the other. We have sighed for shabby gentility, striving pathetically to maintain some shadow of the state of better days. How plainly many a neglected mansion betrays this sad struggle! Its lawns and shrubbery growing wild, its trees unpruned, its windows dark and staring, faithful witnesses to the emptiness of the lives within. And we have pondered with subdued feelings on the mutability of fortune and the vicissitudes of time, as we have wandered through some sad, deserted ruin of decayed magnificence, fast sinking amid unworthy surroundings in an unhonored decline. Its ancient trees, once its glory, have been felled perhaps to make way for the screaming locomotive. Where the bright eyes of beauty had held despotic court, and distinction had paid his homage, where statesmen had welcomed the representatives of kings and the destinies of a country had found birth, now damp and mildew reign supreme, and rats scurry with ghostly patterings and uncanny shrieks. What a faithful picture of the fortunes of many an ancient family, whose noble name has sunk with unworthy descendants into an unhonored grave! How like Lear in his desolation it stands and finds even the elements working its dishonor, ere it too pass into dissolution, and its fame and its shame be forgotten upon earth.

What a pleasure to turn from these emblems of never-satisfied and disappointed ambition to the little suburban, vine-clad cottage, with its little garden of flowers and its shady trees, that nestles amidst the bustle of a great city like the double wallflower in little Tim Linkenwater's window, or like a violet plucked from the sacred

shade of an Arcadian grove, on the bosom of a love-laden maid—peace and contentment in the midst of unrest. It airs no pretentions to greatness, it sighs not for vanished grandeur. Here some gentle soul, exiled perhaps from its beloved fields and groves, has surrounded itself with a few dear remembrances of the happy scenes of youth. How fitting a retreat for the delicate, poetic nature that shrinks from the struggle with the strong sons of the world,—for such a tender, kindly heart as was Charles Lamb's.

As we retrace our steps, our thoughts occupied with these quiet reflections, we would fain say with the banished duke that we too have found "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

E. W. Clarke, '05.

THE ICE STORM.

It was night in the city. Stillness prevailed where but a short time ago all had been life and activity. Darkness and sleep reigned supreme, save where some flickering gleam struggled with the night to lighten the homeward path of the weary traveller, or where from the house of midnight mirth and feasting, floods of light poured from the windows. Not a star peeped through the sable curtain on high, not a moonbeam found its way to the sleeping earth; but threatening clouds moved heavily along their uneasy course. An observant watcher might have seen that a storm was at hand.

Some large white flakes began to descend. Could it be possible that these, so innocent, so delicate, should take any part in the coming struggle? The wind rose; it met the snow and, from some cause unknown to mortals, between these two a war began. Gently at first, it commenced as though the wind would but sport with its opponent. But now the snow begins to call upon its forces: faster and thicker they come—those fine white flakes. Their numbers multiply, their strength grows rapidly. They hurl themselves blindly upon their stronger antagonist. Wildly they rush on, beating one against the other in their charge. The wind, with rising fury, redoubles its energy.

Throughout the hours of the night the noise of the warring elements increases. Many a human sleeper is awakened. In his bed of eiderdown the rich man hears and turns comfortably for another sleep; the working man in his cozy little home starts, listens awhile, and breathes a sigh of content as he drops again into slumber. But the poor, the destitute on this night,—God pity them, for who else does? The poor, who all night long hear the storm tearing at their doors, whose scanty protection is barely sufficient to keep out the now fleeing snow; they listen and wait in shivering silence, knowing the morning will bring no relief.

And still the battle rages. Clearly the wind is bound to prevail. In tumultuous anger it rushes on howling, whistling, shrieking, racing up one street and down another, across broad squares and around sharp corners, sweeping everything before it and piling into huge drifts its weakening enemy. The snow, on the other hand, is becoming dispirited, the flakes become fewer and fewer, and at last they cease altogether. The victorious wind subsides, and a drizzling rain sets in, followed by a sharp frost. And lo—when the sleepers awake they find themselves in a city of crystal and white.

Elfin hands, noiseless but swift, had been at work; while man slept they had wrought a transformation. Never was city in fairy story more beautiful. White waving roads gleaming on either side with trees of crystal, glittering mansions, glassy porches and balconies, roofs purer than marble—veritable ice-palaces, indeed—formed long, white avenues which stretched ahead in endless vistas. No dark fences nor black gates, all these had been shrouded in an icy coating. No telegraph poles, but in their place gleaming pillars with capitals of white. No stain, no impurity, but brightness everywhere, dazzling splendor, such as any king in the "Arabian Nights" might have envied. Thus appeared the city on that morning.

Alas that such beauty should be so transient! The traffic of the day began and the dust of the street mingled with the spotless snow. The sun came out. He shone full on the crystal city. Gradually the icy garbs melted into millions of little diamonds, which first twinkled, then fell and finally disappeared, and at noon the ice-storm was a thing of the past.

Lillie M. Senior, '05.

THE DAY IS DONE.

A murmur of voices, the whispering of leaves in the trees above, a few birds twittering an evening lullaby, and a faint snatch of song from over the water, was all that broke the stillness, settling down with noiseless wings upon the restless scenes of day.

All day the woodland camping ground had been a gay, bewildering sight. Girls in pretty summer dresses—some in white, flitting to and fro like fleecy, drifting cloudlets ; others in and out, like glimpses of the soft blue sunny sky ; and here and there the fresh tints of a summer sunrise wandering in among the clouds. The sun glinted through the trees and glistened on the water, while the hum of merry voices filled the happy afternoon.

But as evening fell the sounds of pleasure ceased, the campers left the shore, the weary waves drew back, the light stole gradually away, and twilight threw its shadowy mantle on the darkling scene. Only a few sounds could be heard—the occasional dip of an oar, or the lonely pipe of a bird in the distant wood. These became indistinct and soon ceased to be heard. Nothing stirred. Anon a gull, seeking some place of rest, solemnly winged its way across the watery waste and disappeared. Silence brooded down, and the tired earth fell asleep beneath its wing. The waves grew quiet—the mournful moaning sank to a dreamy murmur. No disturbing sound ! Only the hush of Nature soothing to sleep the weary world. The moon crept from the bosom of the lake and let its silver radiance fall across the dark expanse. The stillness deepened. Night came down, and the world was wrapped in slumber.

Then could be heard that melody of nature which in the day was lost amidst the merry hum—that strange, deep melody which "disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts," yet "passes into the purer mind with tranquil restoration." Nature spoke with its Creator, and with "a heart made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy" something of the language could be heard. All was still and reverent, as if face to face with the Eternal. The lake, the trees, the sky, the very air seemed answering to a Voice, quiet but majestic in its utterance. It spoke of an Eternity, vast and infinite, reaching far beyond the farthest

thought of Time, and holding deep within it the mysteries of the ages.

Nature understood, but its only answer was its deep, mysterious calm. The lake stretched far away, the moonlight slept upon its solemn surface, the shadows of the rocks lay still and deep, while dark above the heavens spread, impressive in their vastness. The solitude of night was over all. But that mysterious influence which steals through nature made its meaning felt. Its power was realized, and as it grew the "noisy years seemed moments in the being of the Eternal Silence." The day with all its stir was lost, and the "mind, not undisturbed by the delight it felt," let the stilling influence creep in,

> "Well pleased to recognize
> In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of its purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of the heart and soul
> Of all the moral being."

ANNIE M. MCNEILL, '03.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS' "HEROD."

Two years ago the young English poet, Stephen Phillips, bore us to the wooded and vine-clad hills of Italy, draped in their dream-like clouds of mediæval romance, to present to us in dramatic form the story of the unhappy love of Paolo and Francesca. A year later he led us farther eastwards to the bold, rugged mountains of Syria, to show us the volcanic passion of the blood-stained Herod the Great. Quite lately he has taken us back a little to the west, to the rocky, sea-girt Ithaca, the home of the faithful Penelope, where we behold his most recent production, the tragedy "Ulysses."

Unlike "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod" cannot be understood rightly without a knowledge of its historical setting. About 41 B.C. Herod with his brother Phasael was appointed tetrarch of Judæa. The next year the Parthians suddenly came on the scene, overpowered Herod, and placed on the throne his Asmonean rival, Antigonus. Herod immediately set out for Rome, not to lay claim to the throne for himself, but to plead before Antony and Octavi-

anus in behalf of another Asmonean, Hyrcanus. To his surprise they set aside both of his rivals, and raised him to the throne instead. But the kingdom, though his own, was not yet in his power. He had to win it by slaughter, intrigue and arms. To reconcile his Asmonean enemies he took to wife the beautiful Mariamne, the granddaughter of Hyrcanus. In the year 37 B.C. he captured Jerusalem and deemed his power and authority to be secure. But every little mountain fastness seethed with discontent and rebellion. Every remote village seemed to breed a host of claimants to the crown. Every whisper that Herod overheard seemed to forebode plots against his life. So nobody escaped his suspicion—except his beloved Mariamne. She, proud of her Maccabean origin and, in spite of her love, somewhat jealous of her Idumean husband, coaxed him into making her brother, Aristobulus, the High Priest. This was in 35 B.C. Then came rumors of revolt from the Judæan hills, from Galilee, from Samaria, and the murmur of the people who were ready to dethrone him and put Aristobulus in his room. At last he felt compelled to suspect even Mariamne, the woman who to him daily protested her love. The suspicions thus aroused grew to such proportions that Stephen Phillips, with his dramatic eye, could see therein the basis for a tragedy.

To outline the story of the "Herod" and then to trace the poet's characterization of the leading personages, would be to state the same thing twice in much the same terms. On that account we will proceed directly to the latter, which includes the former, so completely does every phase of the drama depend on the words and acts of Herod and Mariamne.

It is the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, 35 B.C., and the people are doing honor to the new High Priest; but above all the clamor the suspicious king hears the whispered rumor that his sceptre is about to fall from his hands into the hands of another, perhaps of Aristobulus, or even into the hands of that One who is to rule with the power of gentleness, the One of whom the prophets spake years before. So vague, so mysterious is this last rumor that Herod falls into its uncertain spirit and dreamily addresses his wily counsellor Gadias:

"And he shall charm and smoothe, and breathe and bless,
The roaring of war shall cease upon the air,
Falling of tears and all the voices of sorrow,
And he shall take the terror from the grave.
. . . . . .
And he shall still that old sob of the sea,
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,
And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest;
Trees without care shall blossom, and all the fields
Shall without labor unto harvest come."

Herod knows nothing of what he speaks, and his own words affect him but for a moment, "like a strange breeze in darkness on the cheek."

Just then messengers rush in from Egypt with the news that Antony is dead. Instantly Herod decides to repair to Rome the coming evening, to swear allegiance to Octavianus and win his favor. But dare he leave Aristobulus behind—the idol of the populace, the favorite of Mariamne, the hated Asmonean? The thought of making away with him ere his departure was repulsive, for to strike at the High Priest was to strike at her whom he loved as he loved himself and all his glory. At the very moment when Herod was dismissing from his mind this atrocious suggestion, Aristobulus enters to bid him farewell. Gadias and Sohemus, Herod's right-hand men, are standing by and hear the young priest tell the king that he is on his way to the cooling waters of the swimming pool. A meaningful glance flashes from their eyes. Herod reads it, starts, hesitates—an instant only—and then, as Aristobolus turns to go, points ominously after him.

A violent tremor racks Herod's frame, his flesh quails, great drops gather on his brow, he starts as if pursued. An awful fear weighs him down, and with it comes a power of vision which enables him to see far down the long inevitable path of his future. In terror he tells himself what he sees:

"Dimly I dread lest having struck this blow
Of my free will, I by this very act
Have signed and pledged me to a second blow
Against my will. . . . .
The first step is with us; then all the road,
The long road, is with Fate."

His own words terrify him the more, and, stepping backward, he totters into the arms of Mariamne, who has entered unawares. She sees his pallor, his beaded brow, his wild eyes, and, imagining he fears bodily peril at Rome, passionately declares that whatever happens she shall never cease to love him. But Herod trembles guiltily and frantically begs her to swear that nothing, that not even the death of something she loves dearly, could estrange her from him. She hesitates, and, turning to him, says prophetically :

> " You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to you,
> And pull me out of reeds just like one drowned,
> More dead than those who die ; and I should move,
> Go here and there, and words would fall from me.
> But ah—you'd touch but an embalmèd thing.
> Do nothing, Herod, that shall hurt my soul."

Then they both hear, as it were a continuation of her words, the slow, sad steps of those who bear into the room a covered litter. The cover is torn off and there lies the body of Aristobulus, drowned, with the slime and weeds still tangled in his matted hair. Mariamne cries, and reels back into the arms of Herod. She remains stupefied before the body and pays no attention to the frenzied demand of Herod for a kiss ere he leave for Rome. But the moment the king goes she comes to herself and, casting the resistless charm of her beauty over Sohemus, drags from him little by little the story of the death of her brother, and Herod's command that she, too, is to be slain should anything befall him at Rome.

When Herod returns from his mission to Augustus, he lays his honors before Mariamne and begs once more for the refused kiss. But she furiously repels him and charges him with the murder. She mocks him insanely in her anguish of heart, taunts him with his Idumean blood, "a sudden thing sprung up in the night," and drives him from her with the madness of a wounded tigress, forbidding him to do as much as touch her, yet proudly claiming her place as queen.

Again Herod has a moment of clear vision, when he sees himself as the world has seen him in the pages of history :

> " Oh, since my birth I have lived in fierce contrast,
> Forever half in lightning, half in gloom ;
> The brighter still the public brilliance glows,
> The deeper falls the darkness of the hearth.

Never the calm and uneventful warmth
Where other men like creatures bask and browse.
The metal of my mind attracts the tempest."

Cypros, the mother of Herod, deems the moment has come to strike at the Asmonean Mariamne whom she hates, and persuades her son that the queen has poisoned his cup of wine. Herod summons Mariamne and bids her drink the wine. Calmly she takes it up, boldly accuses Herod of treachery, and resignedly puts the cup to her lips to quaff the poison she well knows is mixed therein. But the king dashes it from her hand, and the spilt red wine flows between them on the pavement as it were the blood of the murdered Aristobulus.

Again the queen's enemies try to turn Herod against her. For a long time he refuses to entertain even a hard thought of her, being far from harboring any desire to kill her. At last his mother slyly suggests that, perhaps, the love which Mariamne was denying him, her husband, was being granted to Sohemus, and that she thus has wrung from that trusted servant Herod's secret orders. Lashed to fury by his suspicion and jealousy he shrieks out her death sentence, which a servant bears away to be put into execution. The next moment the king endeavors to recall his words. It is too late. Mariamne is already dead; but the news is carefully concealed from Herod.

By his last act Herod has done such violence to his real self that his fury grows in malignance and unreasonableness almost to insanity. He sees Mariamne no more about the palace, and imagines her to be asleep. But when she never wakens he rushes wildly through the corridors and courtyards, calling piteously, "Mariamne, Mariamne, Mariamne!" The physicians endeavor to calm his ravings with music and dancing and praise, but all these things serve for nothing except to make him wish that Mariamne were with him to share his pleasures and his glory, and to behold the wonders he is about to create for her delight—when she awakes. He describes his magnificent fancies to his courtiers:

"I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold
To be a counter glory to the sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery;

And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon ;
Shall send a light upon the lost in hell,
And flashings upon faces without hope—
And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands,
Allure the living God from out the bliss.
And all the streaming seraphim from Heaven."

Suddenly the king realizes that he is acting like a child, and, recalling his kingly dignity, arrays himself on his throne in his purple and his crown. Then he calls loudly to have Mariamne waked. The attendants withdraw, but delay a long while. Herod starts painfully, looks wildly about him, and cries out in agony his awful fears :

" If there hath been mischance to her—I say not
There hath been—yet so fineless is my will,
I'll recreate her out of endless yearning,
And flesh shall cleave to bone, and blood shall run.
Do I not know her, every vein ? Can I
Not imitate in furious ecstasy
What God hath coldly made ? I'll recreate
My love with bone for bone and vein for vein.
The eyes, the eyes again, the hands, the hair,
And that which I have made, O that shall love me !"

As he speaks the last words the embalmed queen is laid at the foot of the throne. Herod descends haltingly and touches her on the forehead. It is cold in death. On a sudden he stands rigid with a fixed and vacant stare, bound in a catalepsy. Herod's mind never recovered its healthy tone, and a semi-insanity, like an inevitable Nemesis, pursued him to his tomb. What truth in the words of his physician !

" To me it seems that they who grasp the world,
The kingdom, and the power and the glory,
Must pay with deepest misery of spirit,
Atoning unto God for a brief brightness."

Even a rapid reading of "Herod" will convince one that it is more successful as a drama than "Paolo and Francesca." From the standpoint of general impression the one is to the other

as the passion of strength is to the passion of weakness, as the momentum of the sea is to that of the mind. In the one, interest is maintained by startling changes of scene and character, by unexpected outbursts of human feeling, by the awful ambition of Herod ; in the other, by the gradual unfolding, or seeming unfolding, of the mystery of a strong but illicit love, which never fails to attract the attention even of those who abhor it, and by profuse and elaborate poetic coloring, which from the dramatic standpoint is often obtrusive. Both plays are stamped by a spirit of morbidness. In "Paolo and Francesca" Mr. Phillips has been kind enough to relieve his audience by inserting one light digression ; but in "Herod" this morbidness must be borne throughout with not a moment's respite. The unbroken succession of action in the latter leads one to think at first sight that its plot is simpler than that of the former. In reality both plots are practically alike in respect of simplicity.

The movement in "Herod" is marked by rapidity and variety. Now we get a glimpse of Mariamne's love for Herod ; now a glimpse of her greater love of all that is Asmonean. Sometimes a sentence, a word, an action, a stage direction merely, reveals the volcanic passion of Herod for Mariamne. But perhaps the very next sentence, word, action or stage direction may darken his love, his ambition, his glory, by so little a thing as a hint of the suspicion that clouds his brain, the suspicion that everybody, that even Mariamne herself, was plotting against him. The whole movement is that inspired by the most fervent oriental passion.

Mr. Phillips is strong in his characterization of Herod and Mariamne. We see before us the Herod of history, the wily, self-seeking vassal of Antony and Octavianus, the murderer of Aristobulus, the lover of Mariamne, the King of the Jews. In the fictitious situations contrived by the poet, we see his acts consistent with those of the real Herod, the man who lived "in fierce contrast." Concerning Mariamne there are fewer facts to be gleaned from history. Men wrote of her not as of one who attracted by charms of her own, but as of one who was noticed simply because she was the consort of a great man. This leaves the poet free to display his originality in conception and treatment of her character. He has evidently made a close study of feminine nature, of oriental disposition in general, of the character of the

Maccabean line, and the probable thoughts, words and actions of those living within the walls of so treacherous a court as that of Herod. Mariamne he conceives to be, then, so passionate as to be the constant victim of extremes of feeling, nervously fearful lest evil befall her, vindictive, yet resigned to inevitable mischance, melancholy, and animated by an overwhelming love of race. In fact, this last is the outstanding feature in Mr. Phillips' conception of the queen, and one of the two essential features of the play. Mariamne has greater affection for the Asmonean line than for Herod; Herod loves himself more than Mariamne. Under such conditions there must be a parting, a snapping of the slender band, mutual suspicion of trickery, hatred, and at last ruin, utter and awful.

The play is marred by two glaring anachronisms. They are probably due to dramatic requirements rather than to carelessness. Marc Antony died in the year 30 B.C. In the play he dies in the same year as Aristobulus, 35. The death of Mariamne took place in 29. This would leave an interval of six years between her death and that of Aristobulus. In the text of the play there is not the slightest hint or suggestion of this. Mr. Phillips seems to have struck an average of dates for dramatic convenience.

From the viewpoint of pure poetry "Herod" is, in the main, inferior to "Paolo and Francesca." This failing is compensated for by its superior dramatic merit, and should not, on this account, be criticized too severely. The diction is simple and modern in choice, and suggestive in its grouping. The figures of speech are brilliant, the metaphors and similes being drawn from commonplaces which we would think the old poets had exhausted long ago. Over all the highly poetical passages in the "Herod" is spread a light shroud of weird mystery. An excess of this in "Paolo and Francesca" led many to denounce it as thin. "Herod" comes dangerously near the borders of excess. This comes from the constant appearance of words and phrases immediately suggestive of the unreal and the vague; for example, haunt, dreaming, dead, swooning, numbness, groping, feed on strange fancies. A frequent use of privatives contributes to this effect; such as, soulless, handless, helpless. It would be interesting and profitable to determine just how much of Mr. Phillips' literary success lies in his ability to choose the most effective words. Un-

fortunately this gift sometimes leads its possessor into extravagance and a painful striving after effect.

There is every evidence in "Herod" that its author is immature, but growing rapidly. As yet there is too much of a sameness about his work, too much of a tendency to be lulled into the dreams of ecstatic love or to become morbid amidst the stifled sobs of pathos. He has not given us in either of his dramas a truly great character, man or woman, who will stand out in the literature of our century as do Antigone, Prometheus, Horace, Faust, Hamlet, Desdemona in the literature of the centuries that are past. We trust he has done so in his most recent production, "Ulysses," for, as the title would indicate, it certainly gives him the opportunity.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

THE FIRST STASIMON OF THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

"The chorus of Ocean Nymphs express their sympathy and grief for Prometheus, telling him of all the nations of Scythia and Asia who bewail the fate of their benefactor."

Strophe.

Thy luckless fate, Prometheus, I bemoan;
And from my tender eyes the tears,
My cheeks bedewing, tell my fears;
For Zeus, all law renouncing but his own,
His haughty sceptre doth display
To the Gods who ruled in the olden day.

Antistrophe.

And all the country now with groans resounds;
Thine ancient dignity they mourn,
From thee and from thy fellows torn.
Yea, all who dwell in Asia's sacred bounds,
Unhappy mortals, sympathize
With thy heart-rending miseries,

Strophe.

And Colchia's virgins battle-bred
And Scythia's host who slave
Around Mæotis' wave
Where the earth and the sky seem wed.

Antistrophe.

And Media's chivalry and all
The host in armor bright,
Who hold the fortressed height
Of far-famed Caucasus' frowning wall.

Strophe.

One other alone of the Gods
In multiplied woes have I known,
Atlas, thy brother, subdued
In galling constraint like thine own,
For earth's mass and the vast pole of heaven
That doomed one upholdeth alone.

Antistrophe.

And the ocean breaker shouts,
And the deep replies with a groan ;
And the dark abyss of the underworld
Keeps time with mutter and moan ;
And even the springs of the limpid streams
Babble the sad monotone.

J. H. Farmer.

BLUE EYES.

O, Blue Eyes, so true and so tender,
O, Blue Eyes, so dark and so deep ;
Now sparkling with light and with laughter,
Then dark like the shadows that creep
Down the glade in the dusky twilight

Where the pines their vigils keep.
So full of changing emotions,
Compassionate, tender and wise,
Methinks thou hast stolen the sunlight
And hidden it in thine eyes.
O, Blue Eyes, I love thee—I love thee,
And would guide my life by thy light,
As mariners on the ocean their vessels guide aright
Whilst they gaze on the steadfast pole star
On a dark and stormy night—
Should'st thou ever turn coldly on me
In doubt or anger or hate,
Heaven help in that moment of anguish
For I know my heart would break.

O, Blue Eyes, so cold and unyielding,
O, Blue Eyes, of pity bereft;
Take not from my life all the sunlight,
For ye know I have now nothing left.
Cold as the frozen iceberg as it lifts its head toward heaven,
Unmindful of the vessel by its cruel corners riven—
Cruel as the biting north wind as it rushes through the night,
Now chilling the heart of the wanderer
Then laughing at his plight—
O, Blue Eyes, I dread thee—I dread thee;
Let me hide from thy scrutiny keen
The anguish I feel in thy presence,
The anguish too readily seen.
O, Blue Eyes, so cold and unyielding,
Thou hast only too well done thy part—
The light of my life has been darkened,
For, Blue Eyes, thou hast broken my heart.

M. L. Claypole.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

THE MCMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms, One Dollar a year in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. A. F. McDonald. Advertising Rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

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VOL. XI. APRIL, 1902. No. 7

Editorial Notes.

THE annual election of representatives of the graduates on the Senate of the University has resulted in the choice of Rev. L. S. Hughson, B.A., B.D., of Lindsay, in Theology, and Mr. W. W. Charters, B.A., B.Pæd., of Hamilton, in Arts, both of whom were elected by acclamation. Mr. Hughson has already served one term, and his re-election is an evidence of the value of his services and of the confidence reposed in him by his fellow-graduates. Mr. Charters is a member of the Class of '98. Since graduation he has completed the course at the Normal College and has also taken the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy at the Provincial University. For some time he has been Principal of the Model School in Hamilton, and is at present taking advantage of a six-months' leave of absence to pursue post-graduate studies in pedagogy at the University of Chicago. These facts afford ample proof of his fitness as a member of the Senate. We congratulate both of these gentlemen upon the honor conferred upon them by their fellow-Alumni.

THE value of a college education for men who expect to enter business is often doubted, or even denied, by many who acknowl-

edge its utility for those who intend to enter the professions. Yet if the theory of educationists is correct, a four years' training of the mind ought to enable a man to enter business and succeed better than he could without such a training. This theory, like all others, must be brought to the test of facts, and the facts can be obtained only from those who have had experience. What do college graduates in business say, and what is the opinion of employers? Mr. R. T. Crane has collected and published a number of statistics and views, some portion of the substance of which is given in the following extract from an editorial in the New York *Evening Post:*

"Of sixty-five college graduates in business who were interviewed six years after graduation, fifty believed that their college training had been distinctly and directly helpful to them in their business career. Only seven hold the contrary view. Thirty-two declared that their college degree had been helpful in securing their first situation; twenty-seven replied that it had been of no real assistance. Still more significant were the answers of large employers, who generally showed an inclination to prefer college-trained men. Said President Tuttle, of the Boston and Maine Railroad: 'In selecting help we should give preference to a college-educated man, all other things being equal. As a general thing we find college-bred men capable of reaching a higher standard in the service in a shorter time than those who lack the mental training that goes with education, provided they are willing to take hold in a subordinate place and work as others are willing to work who have not had their advantages. They show greater mental ability and advance more rapidly.' The inquiry confirms on the whole the prevalent idea that the general training of the college is very readily convertible into the special efficiency which each business requires, but that the college will not produce tact and common sense where these are lacking. The impracticability which is frequently asserted of college men reduces itself to the lack of these prime qualities of success which cannot be made to order in or out of college walls."

Book Reviews.

TIMES OF RETIREMENT.*

Interest in this book is intensified by interest in its author. Dr. Matheson has surely made the "strenuous life" his ideal. Though blind from his twentieth year, he has written a score of books, besides doing pulpit and pastoral work of the first rank, both in quantity and in quality. Many of the readers of THE MONTHLY know how stimulating and original his thought is, from the "Studies of the Portrait of Christ" and other products of his pen. The volume before us comprises between eighty and ninety brief "devotional meditations" upon biblical themes; and the standpoint and attitude of the author could hardly be better described than by taking his own phrase, as used in the sub-title, and saying that these are "*devotional meditations*," with an emphasis upon both words. Dr. Matheson is thoroughly *devotional*, but his devotion is not feeling by itself, but feeling based upon, and arising out of, meditation, *i.e.*, reflection. "Devotion," to use his own words in the preface, "must be the child of reflection." Emotion must be "based upon intellectual conviction."

The most striking features of these meditations are, on the emotional side, an intense personal love for the Saviour; on the intellectual side, a freshness and penetration, withal a certain *unexpectedness* at times in the thought, which stamps it as original in the best sense. In style and language Dr. Matheson is simple and powerful (powerful, perhaps, *because* so simple); a master of epigram and aphorism; an expert in condensation. In doctrine, he is possessed in his whole soul with the belief that what Christ does for a man is to make a *man* of him, in the fullest sense of that term; to restore, to round out, to enlarge, to beautify all his powers and capacities. He that loseth his life, by having it hid with Christ in God, he it is that findeth his life.

Closely connected with this is the beautiful thought that naturalness and absence of all affectation are marks of the highest Christian character. The truest Christian is the freest from self-

*Times of Retirement. Devotional Meditations. By Dr. George Matheson. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. 1901.

consciousness. He never poses for effect. He never fingers his motives. He has smashed his mirror. He is like unto Moses, who, when he came down from the mount, "wist not that the skin of his face shone." He is like unto one in perfect health, who neither says "I am sick," nor yet "I am well"; but who is unconscious of his own breathing. He is like unto Jesus Christ, whose matchless beauty of character consisted precisely in the artless and unstudied goodness of it. His meat and drink were in doing the will of His Father.

Admirers of the distinguished author will greatly appreciate the portrait and biographical sketch at the beginning of the volume. T.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.*

In spite of its somewhat unpromising title, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is a book that we can recommend unqualifiedly to all readers of THE MONTHLY. It is brimful of homely humor and happy cheerfulness. Nor is it without the pathos seldom absent from life or the pages of the great humorists. In fact it is a veritable tonic for all and sundry who are given to pessimism. It is "the story of a brave Christian woman who, under the most discouraging circumstances, still keeps a smiling face towards a confident to-morrow." Mrs. Wiggs and her plucky boys, Billy and Jimmy, and her three little girls, are well worth knowing. Mrs. Wiggs is a philosopher in homespun, and her cheery optimism is perfectly infectious. Some of her sayings are worth remembering. The following will serve as samples: "I jes' do the best I ken where the good Lord put me at, an' it looks like I got a happy feelin' in me 'most all the time." "It ain't never no use puttin' up yer umbrell' till it rains!" "Somehow, I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else." Was the philosophy of generous thought for others ever more quaintly expressed than in that last sentence? One might do well to practise the sentiment expressed by reading Mrs. Wiggs' story and passing it on to others. Apparently many have

* Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 75 cents.

done this, for over twenty-five thousand copies of the book have been sold in the States. The Canadian edition, published by Mr. Briggs, is well printed and prettily bound. X.

CHRIST AND RECENT CRITICISM.*

In an issue of the *British Weekly*, dated April 11th, 1901, there appeared the first of a remarkable series of editorial articles, dealing with theories concerning Christ, as set forth by the newer critics. These have now been published in book form, and they constitute a valuable apologetic for the divinity of Jesus Christ. There is in the work nothing particularly new in the matter of its argument, but the author has keen insight, and the clearness and simplicity of his statements will accomplish what argument never can. The plain man is in all his thoughts, and he has the wisdom to see that, in a question where not theories about the books, but whether the Incarnation and Resurrection are real, are involved, the experience and common sense of the mass of the church is of more value than the learning of experts. Then, too, a challenge to the critics to furnish rational principles of criticism is timely and effective. There is no disposition to shirk criticism, but "in dealing with analysis, as applied to the Gospels, we are entitled to ask for the principles on which the so-called historical and literary criticism is carried on." There must be "an induction based on the phenomena of literature generally. . . . It is past dispute that English criticism is unable, as a rule, to assign authorship to an anonymous contemporary book. It is unable, as a rule, to distinguish between the work of two collaborators. It is unable, in short, to perform any of these achievements which are believed possible when the Scriptures are handled." In his argument for the historical Christ, the author appeals to the "wonderfulness and originality of the character of Christ." He also notes the "strange harmony of the history," "the blending of the divine and the human through all the story," "the deliberate movement of the Lord's life towards death," and the conception of the Lord's sinlessness. As arguments for the divinity of Jesus apart from the

* The Church's One Foundation, Christ and Recent Criticism. By the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

historical testimony of the Gospels, His sinlessness, His resurrection, the experience of believers, the power of Christ to impart sanctity to human lives, the superiority of Christ to the figments placed in his stead by the critics, are indicated and discussed.

The work closes with an earnest exhortation to "keep" the faith, with the wise opinion that to do this our supreme business is to keep in communion with God. We commend the work without qualification. It is interesting, refreshing to the spirit and fortifying to the faith. L. S. H.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: R. V. BELLAMY, '02.

THE announcement that Professor William Clark, M.A., LL.D., of Trinity University, would lecture on "Robert Burns" was sufficient to draw a large and appreciative audience to Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of Friday, March 14th. The lecture was the second of a popular series given under the auspices of the Literary Society, and it was a rare treat in every sense of the term. Prof. Clark, although suffering from a severe cold, spoke on the great Scotch poet's life and work for an hour and a quarter, and had the close attention and sympathy of his hearers throughout. In opening his lecture the professor referred in a happy vein to the pleasant relations that had and still existed between McMaster University and himself. Coming to his subject he first spoke of the lovable character of the Scottish bard, of his ideals, his failures, his confessions and his prayers. He told of the great hold that the poetry of Burns had upon the human heart. Other poets had had to struggle for recognition, but Burns had found sympathy early in life, and had never been neglected at any period as other poets had. The lecturer lamented the fact of the poet's early death, for the author of "Tam O'Shanter" might have given us a great epic poem, and the writer of "The Jolly Beggars" might have penned some strong dramas. The development of Burns' genius throughout his brief and brilliant life, in relation to his environment, was traced in a most interesting and delightful way. The lecture was interspersed with a large number of choice quotations. Prof. Clark made a clever sally and drew from the male portion of his

audience in the students' gallery animated applause when he quoted the lines :

"But gie me a canny hour at een,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And warl'ly cares, and warl'ly men,
May a' gae taps alteerie, O."

After the clapping had subsided he slyly remarked, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Clark by President H. S. Arkell, on motion of Professor W. S. McLay, and J. A. McLean, '02, who expressed both their own and the audience's appreciation of the lecture and the lecturer. Professor Clark will always be welcomed at McMaster.

It is to be hoped that now in the "storm and stress" period of University life, no one will forsake his good Baptist principles, and become a "Seventh Day Pluggist."

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." New electrical clocks have been installed in the building, to take the place of the ancient and erratic disturber of the scholastic peace. There are three clocks in the new system, one on the first floor, one in the library and one in the apartments of the steward. Being electrically connected with a regulator in the Chancellor's office, they run at the same rate and are guaranteed to ring only at the right time.

Students who expect to graduate this spring, and to return no more to the University, should make it a point to leave their names and addresses with the manager of the subscription department of The Monthly. This journal is the only one that will keep them informed concerning the events of student life at their Alma Mater.

Last month there arose and collapsed an agitation, whose object was to institute an At Home to be given by the Literary Society, in addition to the function of Founder's Day. It was deemed inadvisable that such a function should be introduced and so the project was abandoned. A new and more satisfactory understanding, however, was arrived at concerning the Founder's Day celebration. It is thought by many of the students that it is not the place of the Literary Society to assist in this, but that it comes within the sphere of the Student Body. The faculty, moreover, signified their willingness to make the exercises of Founder's Day more agreeable to the students, and this may be taken to mean that they intend to diminish the too numerous throng that usually attends. Since it is necessary for the Literary Society to have a function of its own, it seems to be "up to" this society to

take over the Annual Dinner and to make it more popular than it has been in the past.

The following few lines may serve as an inspiration to the struggling seniors, as they do battle with the dragons that haunt the annual examination papers. They are taken from the poem read by the class bard at their rally :

"But the glory of our junior year will never be excelled ;
Not a supplemental anywhere in sight :
May the fates be as propitious, may our record still be held,
When we hit those last exams. with all our might."

The venerable missionary, Mr. Bone, made his annual visit to the Hall on March 25th. He is a favorite among the students and received a hearty greeting from them.

Signs of spring—"Keep off the Grass."

The Athletic Association, which has tacitly assumed during the last three years that black and green are its colors, has finally adopted them in a formal way. It would be an excellent idea to secure a ribbon having these two colors interwoven, so that those who wear color in their hats may substitute the green and black in the place of the antiquated and dubious plaid.

This is the time of the year when the hard student walks as a prince among his fellows. During the previous part of the term the athlete, the debater and the nondescript *bonhomme* have been the popular individuals of the college ; but now the man who knows his work, and can tell others a thing or two about it, is as much sought after as was Solomon of old. An hour in "plugging" time seems worth three or four of any other period. Should a visitor incautiously intrude into a plugger's den in study hours, the occupant remarks in a mildly mournful tone that he is sorry he cannot stay long, and requests him with freezing politeness to come again. As the evening shadows fall vagrant-looking forms in motley dress flit about the halls with lamps and books in their hands, as though pursued by a mercilous phantom, and seek peace in some solitary room. There they revel in the delights of literature, or receive in solemn submission the grand lessons of history, or belabor their brains with mathematical abstractions, or get lost in the sinuous mazes of philosophy, or are beaten half into insensibility by the heavy facts of that pile-driver, science, or perchance they conduct a post mortem on Latin and Greek ; and then about midnight they seek their beds, looking as blank as erased shadows. Then, in the early hours of morning, when editors and all other honest men still are reposing in dewy sleep, the slaves rise up, and awaken

themselves by swallowing an egg-nog, or a sling of hypophosphites, or a stolen soda biscuit. When the weather becomes warmer these plugs will march forth with the sun into the retreats of the philosophers' walk out behind the hall, and there they will revolve their mighty thoughts. All hail to the plug, and may success crown his efforts. Even the best of men become plugs—when examinations force them to it.

Dr. Chas. A. Eaton, formerly of Toronto, but now of Cleveland, called at the Hall on the morning of April 3rd. The boys hastily gathered when they learned of his presence and insisted on a speech. The doctor then proceeded to tell in a humorous way of some of his experiences in his new field of labor. He assured his audience that McMaster had a "great big hold" upon his affections, and it is no less true that Dr. Eaton has a "great big hold" upon the affections of McMaster students.

A delver into antiquarian mysteries recently informed us that he had deciphered an hieroglyphic inscription, which revealed that an Egyptian's highest ambition was to become a good-looking mummy.

The "Public Morals Committee" of the McMaster "Sorbonne" has given the answer to an anxious freshman that it is quite proper to write love-letters on Sunday, because love is a thing that pertains to heaven.

Last month the Debating Club closed its sessions for the term. It is notable that during the two years of its existence it has had no constitution ; but has been maintained solely by the "esprit de corps." A resumé of the work of this year especially shows that increased interest in debating has been taken, which has resulted in a decided improvement, both in style and matter, on the part of the speakers. This success is highly satisfactory and reflects great credit on the two presidents who have held office during the year, Messrs. P. A. McDiarmid and J. N. McLean, and on their efficient committees. From present indications the society bids fair to become one of the permanent institutions of the University. Already many a young speaker has made his debut in its debates, and a better place could not be found for beginners. They find there an audience that is sympathetic, and not so large as to impart excessive trembling at the knees. The club has also found favor in the eyes of the faculty, the Chancellor having more than once expressed his strong approbation of its work. The small band of enthusiasts, headed by C. E. Lumley, who were the means of organizing the club, have reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of their scheme. The following officers have been elected for next

year: Chairman, E. Mihell, '04; Secretary, W. V. Poapst, '04; Committee, Messrs. Blackadar, '04, Clark, '05, McLaurin, '05.

To the senior about to graduate there comes the inevitable necessity of doing a huge amount of sober thinking about what he is going to do with himself after leaving college. That the present generation of fourth year men are thinking such thoughts is evident from their conversations and discussions. Each man has picked out some career that he imagines will suit him, and he cannot dream of anything but success in that career. One is to be an eloquent preacher, another a learned educator, another a skilled doctor, another a clever lawyer, another a shrewd business man, and so on ad infinitum—they all intend to become famous. Perhaps by aiming at the sky, they may chance to hit a star.

PER ARDUA.

TRY not to pass, the graduate said;
Take counsel from an older head;
Let violent illness seize on you,
An aegrotat will put you through.

THE fable about Barbarossa really describes the fate of a plug, though this is not the meaning that has been heretofore taken from it by other eminent critics. Barbarossa sat down to plug and stayed so long at it that his whiskers grew down through the table, and he had to stay with it, though he relapsed into a semi-conscious condition—Beware!

IN the Castle Memorial Hall, on March 17th, Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., gave an admirable lecture on the "Ethics of Law," in connection with the open meeting of the Theological Society. The meeting was well attended, the majority of the students and faculty being present. The speaker for the evening being happily introduced by G. H. Jones, the president of the Society, he proceeded to define law as meaning jurisprudence or legal principles applied.

He remarked that the lawyer was much abused, but the criticism to which he was generally subjected was superficial. No class of men were more honored and trusted with the secrets and business of their fellows. Much of the criticism might be accounted for by the fact that it was the misfortune of the lawyer to see the worst side of human nature. As to the criminal part of the profession it was but a small part of it—probably fifteen men could do all the criminal business of Toronto. Of the civil business seventy-five per cent. of it had nothing to do with lawsuits; fifteen per cent. of the civil litigations were settled out of court, and of the remaining ten per cent. which went into court, not two per cent. got beyond the first trial. Mr. Thomson had no sympathy with the notion that

a man could not be a lawyer and a Christian at the same time, and added that it was no business for a weakling either in mind, body or morals. As to the extent of the profession, it embraced almost everything. The most liberal education found abundant scope in it, as it involved every human interest, and was as broad as humanity. The duties of the lawyer were many, but he would confine himself to the four relating to the public, the court, his professional brethren and to his client. The lawyer's tendency was toward conservatism, and if he erred it was in this direction. As a rule the relationship existing between lawyers was of the most respectful and cordial character, more so than between doctors and preachers. Mr. Thomson, however, remarked that ministers were improving in their cordiality toward each other. When the lawyer came to deal with his client the greatest coolness and dispassionateness of judgment was needed. This was often misinterpreted as indifference, but the lawyer needed to take up this attitude in order to discover the "other side." In dealing with witnesses, a great deal depended on knowing what to ask and what not to ask. Dealing with the question, "Are you justified in defending a man whom you know to be guilty of murder," Mr. Thomson remarked that people have confessed themselves to be guilty of such crimes when they were not. The law has a duty to perform toward the public as well as toward the criminal, and a fair trial has distinct advantages, the guilty having little chance of escape and the innocent small risk of condemnation. The lecture was interspersed with choice bits of wit and humor and was listened to with the greatest of interest. We feel under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Thomson.

"PRESTIGE," said the genial sage, as he entered our sanctum, and seating himself in the easy chair, placed his feet on the table—"prestige amongst one's fellows is what we're all after, but it is a plant of exceedingly slow growth. The supporting tissue, the root and stalk of the plant, consist of the golden opinions of others. The seed should be sown in the first year of the student's course; the young plant should be carefully attended in the second; in the third it may begin to send out its buds; and in the fourth, if the growth be not unhealthy, the plant should bloom in all its beauty and fragrance. The soil is the whole student body, and it is always ready to yield a bountiful harvest if the seed be good. It is poor husbandry to probe into the soil to see how the roots are thriving, and it is apt to result in a withering of the whole plant." Here the sage stopped a moment to ask if I had anything to eat in the room. The interruption seemed to make him forget his little metaphor, but that never troubled him, and he continued: "The student who begins his course by blowing his own trumpet won't have enough breath left by the time he reaches his fourth year to

make the vane of public opinion shift in any direction, unless it be against him." "Amen," said I, "come again when you can't stay so long."

A RISING young author of the college is said to be about to write a novel of the "Jules Verne" stamp. It will be entitled "Le Voyage autour du Belt Line en vingt-quatre minutes."

THE Athletic Association held its annual meeting on March 27th and transacted the usual business. The elections of next year's officers resulted as follows: Hon. President, Prof. Ten Broeke; President, A. E. Haydon; Vice-President, G. C. Lamont; Secretary-Treasurer, W. W. Lailey; Auditors, J. M. Warner and H. Dairmid. At this meeting the executive brought in a recommendation that the annual game of association football with Woodstock College should be discontinued on account of the large expense involved. Considerable discussion upon the advisability of this step took place, but even those who desired that some contest should be held between the two institutions thought that the board of governors should bear part of the expense, since the match serves as an advertisement for McMaster to prospective undergrads.

The elections of the Literary Society were held on March 21st, and conducted with very little animation or excitement. The outcome of elections about the college are usually almost as uncertain as the results of amateur photography, but in this case it seemed that the man picked as a winner was finally elected. The officers of the Literary Society of next year will therefore be: President, P. A. McDiarmid, '03; Vice-President, J. M. Warner, '04; Second Vice-President, Miss McNeill, '03; Recording Secretary, F. B. Dixon, '03; Corresponding Secretary, G. Munro, '05; Treasurer, N. A. Harkness, '04; Curator, H. B. Parker, '03; Secretary of Committees, Alex. Wallace, '03. With this capable executive the Literary Society should have a prosperous career next year.

THE only remaining important election is that of the officers of the Student Body. This organization is, of course, the most comprehensive one in the College; and when to its present duties are added the responsibilities that will devolve upon it next year in connection with the Founder's Day celebration, it will be readily seen that energetic and efficient officers are required.

RUDE Youngster—"Gimme the bread!"
Hostess (kindly)—"If you —? What do you say, Carl?"
Carl—"If you can reach it!"

First Student—"Do you expect to study to-night?"
Second Student—"Yes, I got-a plug."
Third Student (passing)—"Oh, have you? Could you give me enough to fill my pipe, please?"

A curious survival of barbarism exists in the student life of McMaster in the shape of the class rally, which is a species of refined torture to which all must submit annually upon penalty of social ostracism. Perhaps, to speak more correctly, it is not the rally in itself, but the way in which it is managed, that is so barbarous. It seems a piece of insufferable impudence for a class to elect one of the innocent and unsuspecting professors as its honorary president, and thus to foist upon him the task of entertaining the class at his home. When a freshman class comes to these halls, they wish to organize and ask the wise ones: "What officers shall we elect?" "O! first and foremost, an honorary president," is the prompt reply. "Why, what's the use of him?" they inquire. "Well, he's useful mainly for what you can get out of him," they are told; and straightway they cast their eyes about for a professorial victim. Truly the honorary presidents pay for their popularity. In the golden age that is to come, it is to be hoped that the class rally will close up shop or manage the business differently; and then a regard for the eternal fitness of things shall pervade the University to such an extent that even a freshman shall be humanized in a few months "if he don't watch out."

McMaster students are not slow to appreciate merit whether it be crowned with success or not. On Friday evening, March 14th, they gave a supper in honor of their champion debaters and ex-champion hockey players. Students, like goats, have very miscellaneous and almost insatiable appetites, so it was not long until the various dishes stared with a vacant look up at the revellers. Speeches were now in order, and two toasts formed the program. E. J. Tarr proposed the toast to "Our Debaters" in a neat and witty manner, and Messrs. Haydon and Brownlee responded on behalf of the four debaters. R. E. Guyatt proposed the toast to "Our Hockey Team," and S. M. McLay, the captain of the team, replied. He thought that McMaster should put a team in the O.H.A. next winter. E. J. Zavitz, the president of the Athletic Association, made use of this opportunity to distribute the medals and badges to the winners of the various Field Day contests.

George F. Stephens and H. Wright were elected as representatives of '05 on the executives of the Athletic and Literary Societies for the session of '02-'03.

A good story is told of one of our "theologs." who sometimes preaches at B——. "Mac" was teaching a Sunday School class

and making fair progress, but was very much annoyed by the persistent talking of some boys in a class behind him. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, he turned and said, "Boys!!!" in a tone which made the youngsters shake as if they were troubled with ague. The reprimand was distinctly audible through all parts of the schoolroom, and one little girl was overheard to remark, "My, hasn't that man got an awful temper? I don't think God will stand for much of that, do you?"

One of our Freshmen has parodied Sir Lancelot's reply to Sir Bors, in the Holy Grail, as follows:

"Stay me not!
I have been the sluggard, and I plug apace,
For now there are exams. in the way!"

And the strange part of it is that Sir Lancelot probably never knew the joys and delights of an exam. Poor fellow!

It goes without saying that the student's mind is very much taken up at present with the thought of examinations, and many begin to ask themselves whether or not the present system pursued here is the best one. A large number would like to see a series of final examinations held at the end of the first term, upon those subjects which are completed during the term. There are a number of such subjects in each class, and if they were written off at that time, the student would have less work and review at the spring examination. Having reviewed the subjects of the Xmas exams. thoroughly, he would know as much about them (an uncertain quantity—call it X) the following autumn as though he had written in the spring. The objection to the present system is that those subjects which are finished, so far as lectures are concerned, in the first term are allowed to sink into forgetfulness for three months, and then have to be revived with unnecessary and exceeding great trouble and worry. Hence comes the great stress and slavish toil that results in the breaking down of a few students each year. It is urged in favor of Xmas examinations that they would be a stimulant to more faithful work during the fall term, and would also serve as a preventive to premature enjoyment of the holiday season.

The annual public meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Tuesday evening, March 18th, in Castle Memorial Hall. The President, Professor Welton, occupied the chair. In the absence of the Secretary the annual report was read by Mr. R. E. Smith, B.A. A very successful year crowned the work of students connected with the Society. The adoption of the report was moved by Rev. Dr. Thomas in a happy address. The doctor showed the

important place of prayer in all missionary effort. Rev. H. P. Welton, D.D., of Immanuel Church, seconding the adoption of the report, expressed his pleasure because of the loyalty of McMaster to the fundamental truths of the Gospel, notwithstanding a general landslide among the colleges of the continent. He laid great emphasis on missions as *the business* of the church.

The second session of the Fyfe Missionary Society for March was held on Wednesday morning. The President, Dr. Welton, occupied the chair and led the half-hour's devotion. The monthly reports from the city missions were then received. These were of an especially encouraging nature. From Royce Avenue Mr. Bingham reported a debt of $55 cleared. From Weston Road Mr. Jones reported special meetings resulting in seventeen professed conversions, with many anxious. From Taylor St. Mr. Welsh brought the news of four professed conversions as a result of a week's meetings. Special meetings had also been held at Eastern Ave., and Mr. MacIntosh stated that as a result some thirty-seven had professed saving faith, three had been baptized and six were about to be. To these reports was added one by Mr. Carew, who had been assisting in the meetings at Indian River—a distinctly student field. Seventeen had already been baptized on a profession of their faith, and prospects were bright. Thereupon the whole meeting arose and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," as an expression of their thanks to Almighty God, who had answered prayer. Rev. C. J. Cameron then gave an address on New Ontario. He spoke feelingly of the possibilities of that new country. Then he went on to speak of missionary work in Temiscamingue, Rainy River, Rat Portage and Sault Ste. Marie and its great importance. He closed by bringing to our minds the great encouragements and needs of the present. Rev. P. H. McEwen was then called upon for a few words from British Columbia. He spoke of the wealth and rapidity of development of that Province, of the missionary work among the Japanese, Chinese and Scandinavians and of the noble work the churches were doing. Mr. A. A. Scott was to have read a paper on the "Lone Star Mission," but owing to the lateness of the hour he desired it postponed.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: E. A. BROWNLEE, B.A.

DR. H. N. MCKECHNIE, Arts '97, is practising medicine at 3027 Indiana Ave., Chicago.

Mr. Herbert E. Jordan, Arts '00, has been granted a fellowship in the University of Chicago for the coming year.

Rev. P. G. Mode, Arts '97, Theo. '99, now of Yarmouth, N.S., has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Woodstock.

Mr. W. P. Reekie, '98, expects to leave for Bolivia, South America, in September, to join the force of missionaries already there.

Rev. C. W. Williams, Theo. '86, is the pastor of a union church at Avalon, Southern California. Mr. Williams graduated in Arts at Acadia in '83, being a classmate of Chancellor Wallace.

Mr. E. E. Wood, Arts '00, who for some time past has been on the staff of the Niagara Falls High School, removed at Easter to Fort William, where he has secured a higher and more remunerative position in the High School of that town.

Rev. J. J. Enge, Theo. '01, is the pastor of the Baptist church at Reedsburg, Wisconsin, his native state. He has been married since leaving college. Mr. Enge took his university course at the University of Wisconsin, and his theological training at McMaster.

Mr. S. R. Stephens, Arts '98, who has been taking post-graduate work in the University of California, leaves in a few days for Manila, Philippine Islands, where he has received an appointment as a teacher, under the colonial policy pursued by the United States in connection with her new possessions.

Marshall—Fenwick.—At Melbourne, Australia, Jan. 15th, 1902, Rev. A. N. Marshall, B.A., to Miss Constance Fenwick, both of Melbourne. Present address, "The Manse," Tynte Street N., Adelaide, South Australia. Mr. Marshall belongs to Class '96. Since going to Australia some years ago, he has been with a church in Melbourne, but removed recently to Adelaide to take charge of a large church in that city.

Mr. D. C. McIntosh, McMaster University, will be the editor of this department next year. Those who have gone out from our halls can confer a great favor upon him by sending to his address items of interest about themselves or others. There is no reason why this column should not be made very interesting. Let our graduates co-operate with Mr. McIntosh in this matter.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: E. J. REID, B.A.

WE have been fortunate during the past few weeks in having present at our chapel services Rev. E. Bosworth, Superintendent of Grande Ligne Missions; Rev. P. C. Cameron, of Paris; Rev. J. H. Cameron, of Norwich, and Rev. W. P. Reekie, of McMaster Hall.

GREAT interest is being taken in baseball. Two teams have been organized, a senior, with Mr. Pengelly as captain, and a junior with B. Elliott as captain. As yet no matches have been played, but with the material which we have, together with the enthusiasm which has been aroused, we should have a successful season in this game.

THE Young Liberals again defeated the College team in a very spirited game of hockey. The game at full time was a tie, but in the ten minutes which were given to play off the tie, the Young Liberals scored two goals, winning the game by the score of 6—4. The game was fast from start to finish and free from rough playing. McLay and Eden played well for the Liberals; Dexter, of the College team, made many fast rushes, carrying the puck past all. Clark, at cover point, showed up in his regular form. Mr. Reid, the captain of the College, played his usual fast game on the forward line. The boys cannot thank Mr. Reid too much for the interest and life he has given the game at the College. To his good management and his splendid playing the team owes much of the showing it has made.

THE College sustains a loss in the departure of one of the prominent students. Mr. LeRoy has been with us for some time and has gained much popularity. We expect him back next fall.

THERE has been a slight epidemic of measles in the College. At one time as many as six cases were treated in the hospital rooms. The disease is all cleared out now, however.

THE annual reception to the Fourth Year, given by the Principal, took place some weeks ago. The occasion was a complete success. The Bard read a poem, a short history of the year was given, and several musical selections rendered. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. McCrimmon, a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

On the second Friday evening of last month Mr. McKechnie gave a banquet to the Fourth Year. Toasts to the King, the Fourth Year, Mr. McKechnie and the ladies were proposed. The affair went off very pleasantly.

The monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on Thursday, March 6th. The feature of our meeting this month was the report of the Students' Volunteer Convention by the three delegates which our Society sent to it. Mr. W. Cameron gave an interesting account of the addresses delivered on Wednesday and Thursday of the Convention week ; Mr. W. Raithby, of those delivered on Friday and Saturday morning ; Mr. Reid, of Saturday evening and Sunday's meetings. All three seemed to be very full of their subject, and brought nearer to our hearts the great need of the world at large for the gospel, and what the students of this continent are trying to do to supply that need. We believe these conventions are a great source of inspiration and spiritual quickening, and only wish that more of us could have attended this one.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Editor : E. S. Roy, B.A.

It has seemed strange to old and present students of Feller Institute not to have rallied at the school this year for the annual Alumni meeting, usually held on the last Thursday of February. This gathering had to be postponed because of the lack of room to accommodate those who generally attend this meeting. We trust that when the time comes for this gathering next year our new chapel will be completed and we will be ready to welcome all who may wish to gather with us.

We have been favored with a visit from Mr. McEwen, Superintendent of British Columbia Mission. It was both interesting and inspiring to listen to him as he talked about the great opportunities for and the bright prospects of the work in the far West.

The twelfth annual musicale, given by Mrs. Arthur Massé's pupils, occurred Friday evening, March 7th, and was a brilliant success. The dainty programmes were unique in that all the pieces, instrumental as well as vocal, had floral titles with frequent quotations interspersed. Several of the performers made their début on this occasion ; many showed a good deal of talent, and all most careful training. Perhaps the " pièce de résistance " was

the recitation by Miss Kent, to a musical accompaniment, of an original poem by Mrs. Arthur Massé. Applause was prolonged and well deserved. A vocal quartette was also heartily appreciated, but it is hardly fair to particularize when it was so evident all did their best. To those whom music hath small "charms to soothe" the social hour following made ample recompense, and it is safe to say all will recall this delightful soirée with pleasure.

The annual conference of the Grande Ligne missionaries was held on February 27th at Feller Institute. Among those present were: Revs. Theo. Lafleur, D.D., A. L. Therrien, A. J. Lebeau, L. A. Therrien, N. Grégoire, L. R. Dutaud, M. Robert and H. C. Sené. We were pleased to have them with us, as their presence relieved somewhat the monotony of school life. The most of their time was given to the discussion of problems in the work of the different fields, and plans for future work. But on two evenings we were permitted to hear words of cheer, of counsel and instruction from them. May they soon come again.

Here and There.

Editor: H. Procter, B.A.

The Easter number of *The Notre Dame Scholastic* is an especially fine number of this very able college journal. Fiction and verse abound. We are favored with a photo. group of the editorial staff, and note that all the articles are by members of the staff. It is truly "the editors' number" and reflects great credit on Notre Dame University that she possesses men so well qualified to manage and edit her college paper.

The *McGill Outlook* represents a class of college journals that seek to be the chroniclers of the day's doings at college rather than the repository of literary or scientific articles. McGill men who read the *Outlook* are always kept well informed on college matters. In the February issues the editor makes a bitter complaint that the paper is not supported by the students as it should be. It appears that for some time the *Outlook* has been threatened with financial embarassment through lack of interest in their college paper on the part of McGill men. This has made it very difficult for the Business Board to carry on the paper, and the students are asked to seriously consider whether they want a college paper or not. We sympathize with the editor and business manager. There is enough work connected with a college paper for those responsible

for its character and success without their having to bear the financial burden. While The Monthly is in better shape than the *Outlook* (thanks largely to the indefatigable efforts of the business manager and his assistants), still the subscription list, as far as the students are concerned, is small enough and ought to be greatly increased. A man owes it to his Alma Mater to take her paper and help in every way to make it a success.

In the *Acadia Athenæum* for March there is a very interesting article, entitled "How to Run a College Paper." It is written in excellent spirit and contains some good suggestions. In answer to the question "What is the real object of a college paper?" the following reply is given: "The function of the college paper is to give expression to the thoughts, the life and the doings of the college world. Its purpose is to create and stimulate a healthy college spirit, and its ideal should be a paper to be looked up to as a leader and moulder of college opinion." This is a fairly good definition, and we are sure that the *Acadia Athenæum* strives towards its fulfilment. The writer of the above-mentioned article fears that in the election of editors for college papers true worth and fitness may often give place to popularity. To avoid this we would recommend the method pursued in the case of The Monthly. All offices on the editorial board are filled by electing those selected by a competent nominating committee having the interests of The Monthly at heart. In this way it is believed that the best available men are elected to the more important offices.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Harvard has the largest college library in the United States, having 700,000 volumes; Yale has 200,000 volumes, Columbia 133,000, Cornell 126,000.

Five students of Wabash College were under arrest as an outcome of a class battle between sophomores and freshmen. The trouble was due to rivalry over class emblems, each class having in turn painted its class number at the top of the town's 200-foot water tower.

Harvard has the largest Faculty of all the colleges in America. Her instructors number 337.

The most comprehensive collection of books ever made in China has just been presented to Columbia by the Chinese foreign office. The collection consists of over 6,000 volumes, divided into thirty-two heads or classes, and treats of every subject known to Chinese literature. It is, in fact, a complete collection of ancient

and modern works in which all facts regarding China are recorded and classified, and all authorities cited and discussed.

THERE has been lately founded a McKinley scholarship of $9,000 at McGill College, Montreal, in honor of the late President.

THAT a colored man should be instrumental in winning last year's Harvard-Yale debate for the former is not so strange. But when a Chinaman wins the prize for oratory at Vanderbilt University, we naturally call for a more stringent enforcement of our Chinese emigration laws.

PROF. to hesitating Soph.—"Sir, you seem to be evolving that translation from your own inner consciousness." Soph.—"No, Professor, last night I read that by faith Enoch was translated, and I thought I would try it on Plato." Prof.—"Faith without works is dead."—*Ex.*

PROF. in Chemistry—"Ladies and gentlemen, you will please observe the snow on the campus and report to-morrow. There are some strange physical *feet*ures about it." Next day. Prof.—"Well, what did you notice?" Brilliant Freshmen in chorus: "Snow-shoe tracks."—*Ex.*

EPITAPH.

Here lies a poor student who always was busy;
He lived under pressure that rendered him dizzy;
A shadow was o'er him of impending doom,
A nightmare which threw his whole life into gloom.
It was memory's storm, it was reason's stagnation,
A medley of heart-break and nervous prostration.
Oh, he plugged, and he crammed, and he knew all his work,
And never a lecture was he known to shirk;
Yet tragic the end of his pitiful lot,
The examiner asked for original thought!
In the list of results, lo! a star did he see,
The blow was too great and he died instantly!

—*Acta Victoriana.*

THE Atlanta *Constitution* the other day received the following letter:—"Sur an Frend: Do the Carnage liberrary lend Books teech Matthewmattics to Outside your Citie? I want Onlie Books on Matthewmattics, as I am all right on spellin an am a purty good Grammatician if I do say it Miself. I kin Spel an Grammarize but Matthewmattics is one too Much for Me."

"THIS," said the man of the house, as he mournfully surveyed three carpets and ten rugs hanging on the clothes-line, "this is a combination hard to beat."—*Ex.*

McMASTER DEBATERS—CHAMPIONS OF THE TORONTO INTER-COLLEGE DEBATING UNION.

E. A. Brownlee, B. A. A. E. Haydon, B. A.

H. S. Arkell. A. C. Watson, B. A.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1902.

THE FOURTH CENTURY.

One might well wonder that a period decisive of so much for the empire and the world is so seldom touched upon by writers of our day. It cannot be because the issues of the test, on which Christianity was then entering, have lost their interest for us ; for while we see Christianity facing another and what seems to many of us a keener trial, she is not by any means quit of the results of the struggle on which she then entered, nor has she yet decisively turned her back on "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." Nor can it be because of lack of interest attaching to the political events of the period ; for with the removal of the capital to Constantinople we begin to see clearly the divorce that is to follow between Rome and the Roman Empire. Roman influence is to live on in the organization that Rome had perfected and in the ideals she had impressed upon the world ; but Rome herself seems dead for the time, and there is no period since the birth of Christ in which she has less influence upon the world than during this century. The Roman Empire, her gift to civilization, has passed from her hand and become a world possession, nor is it again for any lengthy period to find its abode in Rome. The Roman sceptre is to pass from Greek to Frank, to Saxon, to Austrian, and at last, hardly a century ago, to cease at the bidding of the Corsican, who, adopting anew her ensign, made the world tremble lest he should with it renew her ascendancy. So close to ourselves are the issues of the movement that began with Constantine's choice of a new capital for the empire. That the leading personages of the fourth century are not without interest for our time, is clear

when we mention the name of Augustine or of Julian ; and if any doubt were felt about this it would soon be dispelled by a perusal of the book I wish to notice.* Why, then, we may ask, has so little attention been given to this period in books intended to attract the attention of the general reader ? The only answer that occurs to me is that it is due to the tendency to fix attention solely on periods when literature attains to the standard we call classical, a tendency which banishes Plutarch from the curriculum of our universities, so as not to corrupt the style of our undergraduates. It was this same tendency that killed all originality in the poetry of this period, by setting Virgil as a perfect ideal before the poets of the time—this same tendency that for long years kept Augustine from reading the Psalms, or perceiving the power and majesty of a writer like Isaiah.

It may well seem, then, that Mr. Glover has made a happy venture in his bright and careful study of this period. It was inevitable that his study should have at once to face a comparison with the elaborate and thorough work of Mr. Dill on "Roman Society during the Last Century of the Western Empire," a work which covers the last quarter of the century with which Mr. Glover is dealing. Nor is the comparison thus suggested one that is at all points to Mr. Glover's advantage. It is hardly possible to get a full and complete view of the period, such a view as Mr. Dill has presented to us, on Mr. Glover's plan. For while he entitles his work "Life and Letters," he really gives us in it the view of life in the fourth century that is to be got through its literature, setting aside almost all that its institutions, its inscriptions and its language could teach us ; and this is probably his reason for leaving Augustine when he ceases to be a teacher of rhetoric and becomes the Christian theologian and bishop. But the method, though narrow, has its advantages, especially in the hands of our author, who has an eye for character and delights in setting a clear-cut portrait before his readers. Indeed I am not sure that this delight has not led him in some cases to insist on a view of his subject that seems scarcely justified by the facts ; and this seems to me especially true of his picture of Julian. But, to put that aside for the moment, it cannot but be pleasant to the

* Life and Letters in the Fourth Century. By Terrot Reaveley Glover, M.A. Cambridge, at the University Press, 1901.

great majority of men to find history at times condescending from her lofty scientific standpoint to the position of a humane study—a study of men and their characters, their thoughts and acts. I suppose there must be many in our day whose aim in the study of the past is that of John Morley, who does not "in the least want to know what happened then, except as it enables him to see his way more clearly through what is happening to-day." But could we get a clearer view of the thought of this period, of the problems that men were then trying to solve, and of the solution of them which honest men, being what they are, must inevitably reach, than is presented to us in Mr Glover's lucid sketch of the mental progress of Augustine? And no doubt the great majority of men will ever appreciate this, and while recognizing the important place that political philosophy and economy, and the comparative study of law and legal institutions, must always hold in history, will ever give the palm to the historian who can present living pictures of the men and thought of the past. Mr. Glover's method may present limited and partial views of the great movements of this century, but he has, at any rate, set before us living men and women some of them trivial and commonplace enough, but others, like Augustine, fit to take their place among the loftiest and most sincere the world has known.

And this leads to an endeavor to set before my reader the problem of this century, as it has indeed been the problem of all subsequent centuries. The world was now face to face with Christ and His teaching, and was called upon to answer a question of greater import to it than the riddle of any Sphinx. We all remember the glad cry of Virgil, as he welcomed the rising empire:

"Aspice, venturo laetantur ut omnia saeclo."

The Mantuan farmer, who remembered how the rude violence of civil war had driven him from his goats and trees and from the little acre he held so dear, had gloried in this view of the dawning empire and the *pax Romana*, its main justification in the eyes of the thoughtful Roman—the *pacatum orbem* that was to smile again under the early emperors with the old peace of the Golden Age. His dream had not lacked its fulfilment, and the chief fruit that had ripened under the shelter of the *pax Romana*, whose dawn had

seemed to him so fair, was that Christianity whose rude Psalms and Prophets and ruder hymns filled with far other feelings the polished gentlemen of the fourth century, who fondly imagined that their rhetoric was that of Tully, and that their poetry had caught some echo of Virgil's majesty ;—for his pathos and "sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind" they seem to have had but little sympathy. What would have been Virgil's attitude to the teaching of the Judæan peasant whose words were to sway the world ? When we remember his broad sympathy for man as man, and the deep earnestness with which he surveyed our mortal state,—*sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt*—we can scarcely imagine him assuming towards the teaching of Christ, had it reached him, the air of the Romans of this time, who imagined that they had made him their pattern and that they understood his poems. For the cultured Romans in the fourth century,—the orator like Symmachus, the Virgilian scholar like Macrobius, the poet, lowly like Ausonius, or lofty like Claudian, agree in ignoring Christianity as unworthy the attention of men of culture. Once before—*patriai tempore iniquo*—in the death-throes of the Republic, appeared in the Roman state a poet and teacher, who united the scientific spirit of the Greek with the eager and lofty zeal of the Hebrew prophet, and who, but little more than half a century before Christ brought life and immortality to light, taught men his reading of the universe :

Mortalem vitam mors immortalis ademit.

Lucretius also was too much in earnest for the men of culture, and his doctrine and his poem are ignored by the cultured Romans—as some *triste bidental*, says M. Martha. Much the same is the attitude of the culture and nobility of Rome to Christianity, even after it has won its victory in the state and is acknowledged as the religion of the empire. So averse is the shallow culture and false taste of the time, shaping itself on models it fails to understand, from all that in truth and earnestness aims to attain to reality.

And while the characters that Mr. Glover has sketched for us in this volume have varied interest, after all their main interest to us is in their attitude to Christianity. Take Symmachus for example, the noble Roman senator, whose titles, "the Right Honorable" (*vir clarissimus*), *quaestor, praetor, pontifex major*, etc., etc.,

make so stately a show, the champion of the goddess of victory, so essentially the Roman goddess, the good son, the good father, the good friend, the gentleman in every sense of the word,—could anything be duller or less interesting than the picture he presents? He absolutely ignores the most real and genuine force of his time, and he is certainly the most lifeless figure that we have presented to us in all Roman history. Far more interesting is the trivial Silvia in her pilgrimage to Mt. Sinai, with her cheerful readiness to accept as genuine all the relics shown her by the priests; she sees the burning bush "which lives to this day and sends forth twigs," and makes oblation and earnest prayer by it, and reads by it the passage from the book of Moses; "for that had been my chief desire for us always, that wherever we came the very passage should always be read from the book." Credulity and formalism are sufficiently developed already, but even they are more tolerable than the perfectly wooden attitude of Symmachus. And even the poet Claudian, with his vivid power and majesty and his reverence for the ideal Rome, that had vanished from the earth, though he has no eyes to see this, is less interesting than the homely poet Prudentius, who hymns in lowly fashion the saints and martyrs of his native Spain.

For Rome is certainly dead. Of the characters here presented to us, who is a Roman? Ausonius and Sulpicius Severus are from Gaul, Claudian and Palladas from Egypt, African are Augustine and Synesius and, in all probability, Macrobius; Greeks are Ammianus of Antioch and Quintus of Smyrna, and so too, by birth and training, is the Emperor Julian. What Roman have we left but Symmachus? and him "as good as dead." But the death of Rome is not yet realized. The veteran soldier Ammianus, after a life spent in noble service for the empire, comes to Rome and spends his old age learning the language that clothed with such majesty the story told by Tacitus, whom he has evidently set before himself as a model. And through the history he writes shine clear the integrity and moderation that mark him a man worthy of Rome's palmiest days. But where is the σεμνότης of Tacitus?—that majesty that turned to gold again the baser metal that we find in the Latinity of Seneca and Quintilian. "The destiny of the East flared on the dread shawms of peril, mingling her plans with the shades of Tartarus," is Mr. Glover's clever rendering of one of

his ambitious attempts. Small wonder that critics find it hard to praise a style like this, and blame him for trying to write Latin at all.

More successful seems to me Julian's endeavor to revive the spirit of Marcus Aurelius, though it does not thus appeal to Mr. Glover; nothing in his book will probably call forth more dissent than his account of Julian. He takes Gregory of Nazianzen's picture of him,—"a rather loose-hung neck, twitching shoulders, a rolling eye, a laugh uncontrollable and spasmodic, a spluttering speech, and an inability to stand or sit without fidgeting with his feet," as a picture which seems to him "not unlikely to be fairly true if a man's nature does reveal itself in look and gesture." And this picture, which, it must be confessed, does not look like a fancy sketch, he takes as the revelation of the real man and tries to make the facts of his life square with it. But his attempt to make Julian appear a persecutor seems to have little basis in fact. Moreover his decided success as a soldier hardly seems to harmonize with the likeness of the man Mr. Glover sets before us. And notwithstanding the sentimentalism and conceit which he attributes to this essentially weak character, as he thinks him to be, he acknowledges "his manliness, purity and piety—the intense earnestness and dutifulness of his nature." It is possible these may be characteristics of a man excitable, irritable, and essentially weak in character, but it does not seem probable.

But if neither Ammianus nor Julian realize that Rome and Paganism are dead, this is realized, and keenly realized, by one of the heathen sketched by Mr. Glover, the grammarian and epigrammatist Palladas. He has no pleasure in these evil days, no hope of their improvement, and finds nothing elevating in the men or women that surround him.

*πάντες τῷ θανάτῳ τηρούμεθα καί τρεφόμεσθα
ὡς ἀγέλη χοίρων σφαζομένων ἀλόγως

is one of his epigrams, whose force lies largely in its terseness, so that we feel that Mr. Glover in his expansion of it to four verses has lost its vigor in large measure. He has no praise for anyone but Hypatia; and desolate indeed must the world have seemed to him when the hot-headed Christians of Alexandria tore

* We are kept and fed for death as a herd of swine at random butchered.

her limb from limb in the Cæsareum. We cannot but feel the force and appropriateness of the motto assigned to this chapter :

> "O wedding guest! this soul hath been
> Alone on a wide, wide sea;
> So lonely 'twas that God himself
> Scarce seemèd there to be."

For the practice of assigning to each chapter a motto, from which we may infer what Mr. Glover finds most striking and suggestive in each of the characters he depicts, a practice deriving from Addison and taking on such beauty and significance when used by Scott and George Eliot, is one of the features of this book. Especially interesting to a Canadian is the motto for the chapter on Claudian :

> "We've drunk to our English brother,
> (And we hope he'll understand)."

The hope has hardly been justified as yet, for the only English reviewer that notices this speaks of "a want of taste which leads to quotations from the Barrack Room Ballads," which, he thinks, "was no doubt caught in America, where Kipling seems to be inevitable in every book." Since Hart's River a Canadian can afford to overlook this, as well as the sneer of the reviewer at the "tinge of provincialism" in Mr. Glover. For this "English brother" plainly does not see at all what appropriateness Mr. Glover finds in this quotation, and probably in this Mr. Glover owes something to his stay in Canada. Mr. Glover finds in Claudian much to notice and much to praise. The chapter is one of the brightest in the book, and especially apt seems to me his comparison of the Egyptian Virgil with Lord Beaconsfield, and his parallel of Claudian's "towers of Semiramis" with "planting the banner of St. George on the mountains of Rasselas." But in the poetry of Claudian he finds "two noble conceptions—the eternal grandeur of Rome and the beauty and sufficiency of the old religion." That the first of these two is the more potent in Claudian he clearly implies by his choice of the motto given above, where he hints at a parallel between the loyal reverence for Roman grandeur felt by the provincial from Canopus, and the loyal reverence for the grandeur of Great Britain felt by the provincials among whom he lived in Ontario. We hope that the parallel does not fit in every respect ;

for while we know the general, real and profound feeling of loyalty to Britain and pride in her glory that exists among us, we must hope it has more foundation in Britain's present greatness than Claudian could find for his among the then degenerate lords of the world.

But we must turn to the Christian side of Mr. Glover's picture. Here he shows us clearly how much the Church has lost by her political triumph, how formalism and regard for externals have begun to crush her spiritual life. We cannot but feel this as we read his account of the Life of Antony and of the Women Pilgrims, and it is refreshing to find set alongside of the latter the pictures of Proba and Monnica, neither of whom went on a pilgrimage, since "the common duties of domestic cheerfulness, peace-making and love sufficed for them." We need not say much of Prudentius, whose training in rhetoric has brought him its resultant weakness, nor of Sulpicius Severus, who clothes in graceful Latin the life of a saint, who is also a man of real worth and power, Martin of Tours. But of especial value are his sketches of the noble Cyrenian, Synesius, and the man of this century, Augustine. We need not dwell on the sketch of Synesius here presented with such grace and vigor. But if we passed over the sketch of Augustine with such scant attention, we should miss the point of the story that Mr. Glover has to tell. I know of no account of Augustine that makes us feel so deeply the essential power that was in the man, his eager quest for truth and his thorough investigation of all solutions presented to him of the problem of self and sin. When he leaves his home for the University of Carthage, the quick and ardent nature of the boy leads him astray, and like Franklin in London, he "wanders in the streets of Babylonia and wallows in its mud." But this does not last long ;—it could not last long with so fine a nature, on which the teachings of a noble mother had been so deeply impressed ; and while still a boy he turns to the Scriptures to find the truth. But they seem rough and uncouth to the student of Cicero and Virgil, and he tries to find the solution of the problem of the existence of evil in the teaching of Mani. When he sees that this contradicts the plain teaching of science, he turns to Neo-Platonism, which helps to clear the problem for him, though it does not bring God into contact with the world. For this he had to return to the religion of his mother, whose teachings had in his

boyhood made the name of Christ so sweet to him, that we can see that without it peace of mind was hardly possible to him in any system. The system that can so endear itself to the mind of the child, and yet prove itself sufficient to explain difficulties which the most subtle philosophies essay in vain to unravel, that system could not fail to triumph over the vague grandeur and hysterical magic of Neo-Platonism. It was then entering on a severe struggle; it was to show itself capable of passing through the trials and temptations of Imperial and Papal power and of purifying itself from the stains and corruption these could not fail to bring with them. And from the test on which it has now entered, where it must prove itself true and sufficient to the minds of men trained in the perception of truth by scientific and literary research, we feel greater confidence that Christianity will issue in triumph, when we read the story of Augustine's examination of Christianity and his final acceptance of it as an adequate account of God's dealings with the world.

A. J. Bell.

A GRADUATE'S MEMORIES OF FYFE DAY.*

McMaster has three distinct departments, each with its several functions. The dining hall and campus embrace the sphere of operations of the first; here immense quantities of raw material are assimilated into brawn and muscle. In the library and class room this crude product, brawn, is converted by self-dethroning processes, to which I shall not be so cruel as to invite your attention, into brain. In the chapel services, by the transmutation methods of divine alchemy, this brain is transformed, vitalized into heart and soul. Here we learn as we listen to God's Great Teacher, to that Teacher before whom students, staff and senate alike bow, that in *Him* is Life, and that Life the Light of Men. Here we are taught that as healthy heart action accelerates the movement and increases the usefulness of the body natural, so the fulness of the indwelling of the Spirit, far from limiting or crushing the powers, will, and possibilities of man, only intensifies and transforms them, and for the first time renders possible to poor, frail human

* Address delivered at dedication of Castle Memorial Hall.

attainment the ideal of the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Him in whom all manhood centres and in Whom all things consist.

My address this afternoon refers equally to Fyfe Day and Chapel Services. There is one feature of the latter, however, I would fain suggest in passing. We have seen—nay, ourselves have been there—timid, verdant freshmen enter the chapel, walk hesitatingly, apologetically to the very last possible back seat, even seating themselves on the friendly radiator for a little sympathetic warmth. A year, and those same students would advance, cautiously, a step or two nearer the "seats of the mighty"; another year and the lordly junior advances still further with confidence and composure, and it is not then very long before the exclusive senior appropriates at his own sweet will all the front seats, graciously allowing the late-arriving professor to sit beside him without hurting him. We have seen, too, embryo professors, after careful scouting, open the door stealthily and slide (I use the word advisedly), slide quietly and oh so humbly into the first vacant seat. I remember one such—Canis by name, alias Vining—who brought the house down the first time he sat himself down among the oracles.

I wish to speak of Fyfe Day and Chapel Services as being a test, a training, a treat. The first two might possibly have been combined, but their separation increases my scope and gives me a chance to emphasize these services as being,

First—A Test. The ambitious student, the intellectual bookworm, the inevitable plug, the sportive student, the amorous student, the pleasure-lover, could—nay, often do—find in these services, since their very nature demands a voluntary attendance, a chance to catch up, to recover lost ground by absenting themselves altogether, or by a compromise, attending only the shortest session, attending chapel only when a favorite professor leads the service, or the Chancellor makes an announcement, or Professor McKay pleads guilty to his undying, inextinguishable love for McMaster. These services are thus no idle test. They really test the student better than the yearly examinations, and pass judgment with unerring accuracy on the year's heart progress and soul growth. We have seen men grow, grow in grace and give themselves to the ministry at home and abroad. We have seen the Divine Image

making more and more definite impress; yes, and we have also seen the bookworm becoming more and more wormish, the amorous student losing more and more time, etc. On the other hand we have never known a student who breathed the spirit of these meetings to be anything but further ahead with his other work. Malachi gives us a picture of the refiner purifying the silver until the molten mass reflected back his own likeness, and so describes Jesus as purifying the sons of Levi. Methinks of our beloved professors watching over their boys—us boys—and praying in loving intensity of soul anguish for the reflection of the Master in our lives.

Second—These societies are a Training. A gentleman going through a large manufactory noticed an enlargement of the main shaft from which peculiar sounds vastly different from the regular hum of the machinery were proceeding. The proprietor on being questioned kindly stopped the machinery, and opening a small door in the cylindrical enlargement, showed a large number of very irregular and peculiarly shaped pieces of machinery lying promiscuously together. There were no machines capable of polishing and shaping these crude but necessary parts; it was impracticable to do the work by hand—hence this ingenious contrivance. Every revolution of the shaft changed the position of each piece and brought it into different relations with its fellows, until in time the pieces were beautifully polished and serviceable. "As iron sharpeneth iron so the countenance of a man his friend." In these services a work in the heart is accomplished that could be done in no other way. Students themselves are drawn out and developed, and the best and choicest spirits of all denominations in this city and elsewhere are called upon to do willing service in fostering soul life and preparing soul food. How memories of meeting after meeting of this kind crowd one's thought. Perhaps students record their varied experiences on summer fields or give a bird's eye view of the world's missionary progress during the year. Mayhap it is the day of prayers, when students tell how McMaster and other universities have helped them, and then gather into classrooms to pray for each other, or a graduate comes and tells of pitfalls in student life,and how he might himself have done better work, and then how missionaries, ministers and professors gladly come to counsel and uplift. At one of our meetings, after

the secretary's report, Dr. Macdonald, of *The Westminster*, and dear Laflamme, of India, gave us heart-stirring, ideal-shaping addresses. At another time Drs. Sutherland and Harris did likewise. Principal Sheraton, of Wycliffe, delivered a forceful address on "Intellectual Dangers Incident to Student Life," and Dr. Farmer emphasized the dangers arising from ambition.

Sometimes elaborate series are arranged. We recall a special effort to introduce Rev. M. B. Parent, of Grande Ligne, to McMaster students through Fyfe Day. As an illustration let me tell you about his visit. We asked him for a week and an extra Sunday. On the two Sundays he preached in the Jarvis, Bloor, Immanuel and College Street Churches; on Tuesday evening (the College prayer-meeting night) he spoke to the students on the "Shrewdness displayed by the priests in meeting historical and biblical objections"; on Wednesday in Walmer Road he addressed us on the "Social status of the Quebec people"; on Thursday he preached, as a priest, on the "Eucharist," giving professors and students a chance to assail his position; on Friday he held a conference with the students, showing how best to approach Roman Catholics on religious subjects. These addresses, as all the addresses, were animated with pertinent illustrations that are as fresh in the memory to-day as ever. Do you wonder, dear friends, that we love Fyfe Day? Do you not see how impossible it is for McMaster men to leave the university without the missionary spirit?

I must pass on to my last thought, which my time allows me to treat all too briefly. These services are without exception a Treat —a treat which deepens in intensity and sweetens in the memory as the days go by. How we loved the prayer and praise services. Dr. Farmer would start:

"Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

"He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven."

A student would start Oliver Wendell Holmes' hymn ending:

"Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame."

Dr. Rand would ask for the Te Deum, or No. 9 in the Supplement, or "The Son of God goes forth to war." McAlpine would lead us in the third verse of No. 219, "In your hearts enthrone Him," etc. The Chancellor would suggest No. 259, "Gracious Spirit, dwell with us," or No. 391, "Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts." Dr. Tenbroeke would ask for "My faith looks up to Thee," etc., and then while hearts were being swayed by the gracious influences of the Master's presence, the Holy Spirit would brood over each heart as professor and student bent low before the Throne of Grace. "Heaven came down our souls to greet, And glory crowned the mercy seat."

Then Mrs. Armstrong would describe a spirit-filled life or tell of God's never-failing watchfulness, Harry Priest, Harry Stillwell and Miss Timpany say "Good-bye," Reekie plead for Bolivia, Routledge and Mitchell, Baker and Dr. Woodburne and Miss Gile would fill our hearts, yea our lives also, as they bespeak our hearty prayers and support.

But I must stop. God grant that, as faculty and students meet in this fine and commodious new chapel to "listen for the coming of His feet," to prepare themselves by worship here for eternal worship yonder, the same hallowed benedictions and fragrant memories which have made the *old* chapel so dear and sacred a place to graduates may also make this *new* chapel a source of still greater power and holiness to students of to-day and coming days, and through them to the denomination and to the Master we all serve, and to Him be all the glory both now and forever.

W. J. Pady, '97.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.*

Three times within the memory of men who still feel themselves young, a president of the United States has been struck down by an assassin. Three times the American people have been plunged into the deep shades of woe over the loss of their chief magistrate ; and as often have they risen from their grief to find that a great man has perished from their midst. It seems that the cruel blow of the murderer has always fallen upon those presidents who had most endeared themselves to the people. First Lincoln, the pilot of his country through the dangers of the civil war,—his death was like the close of a great mysterious tragedy. Then Garfield, the conscientious reformer,—his death had its own peculiar note of pathos. But the circumstances of McKinley's assassination were such as to cause even more general and poignant sorrow to the nation. United as never before, and enjoying an era of prosperity and political good feeling, and universally attracted by the lovable personal qualities of their president, the citizens of the United States, without regard to sectional or party differences, were stunned and sickened by the news of his taking off.

And in the presidential firmament the stars of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley shall ever shine with peculiar lustre, both on account of the great love the people bore them and on account of the blackness of the crimes which laid them low. And as I attempt to speak in eulogy of this great and good man, I know that I can tell you nothing new. Whatever I may be able to relate to you to-night, always anticipated by your thoughts, I shall still have to contend against your secret reproach that I do not do justice to him whom I praise. For who is there among you that has not heard of his brilliant deeds and admired his noble character? Who is there among you that does not know that during his administration the United States attained a degree of commercial prosperity which other countries wonder at ; that she extended her domains to the remote islands of the sea, and acquired a place in the councils of the nations which, a few years ago, she herself would never have hoped to obtain ?

* Prize Oration, delivered before the Literary Society on Feb. 21st, 1902.

And so I have thought, perhaps not in vain, that the record of his exploits as a statesman, still fresh in your memories, and admiration of his worth as a man, still warm upon your hearts, would plead more eloquently in his behalf than my words; and that the sole simplicity of a faithful narration of facts might sufficiently sustain the glory of William McKinley, the twenty-fifth president of the United States. It is a proud distinction to become the chief magistrate of the United States—a country which stretches its broad expanse from ocean to ocean, which contains within its boundaries a variety and richness of resources such as nature has not bestowed so lavishly on any other part of the globe; which supports upon its fertile bosom a numerous and thriving population, characterized by indomitable energy and marvellous inventive genius, and already feeling within themselves the pulse-beat of a vigorous national life; a country which stands for liberty and has fought for it, which assures its citizens freedom of person, speech and conscience; whose government is of the people, for the people, and by the people.

To relate how William McKinley attained this position would be a simple story. His biography is not a dramatic one, and but records the successful struggle of a young man in the open arena of the world, and tells how he rose from the little schoolhouse, where he earned the money to complete his own education, to the highest civic distinction in the land. Born in the great central west, in 1843, he grew up there; and there he developed a character illustrious not by any one supreme quality of intellect, but by a splendid balance of all the qualities. As a mere boy he engaged in the civil war, and, fighting for the Union, he emerged from that rigorous campaign with an honorable name for soldiership. He rose from the ranks to become a noted staff officer, and finally, for his many brave acts and conspicuous gallantry, was brevetted major by President Lincoln.

Next we see him as the successful lawyer, the influential congressman, and the able governor of the great state of Ohio, constantly gaining executive experience, prominence in legislation, and the confidence of the electorate; and finally, in 1896, he was elected president of his country. His progress towards the presidency was slow but constant, like that of one who climbs a lofty mountain; till at length, when he reached the presidential emi-

nence, he breathed a pure atmosphere, untainted by the pestilence of political trickery; he had an expanse of vision that made all things appear in their proper proportions; his political horizon embraced not only the United States but the whole world.

He waited till, in the fulness of time, the choice of his party fell upon him as a recognition of his merit; but several years before he might have secured the presidential nomination. At the national convention of 1888 he represented Ohio, and was an earnest supporter of John Sherman. At that convention, after the first day's balloting, the indications were that McKinley himself might be made the candidate. He had only to sit still and the ripe fruit would drop into his hands. He had only to utter an equivocal protest, and the result would be the same. But there was nothing equivocal about William McKinley. On one side was his personal honor, on the other the presidency of the United States. In choosing between the two hesitation was impossible. Then his strength of purpose and high ideals of honor and loyalty showed themselves, and springing to his feet, with an expression upon his face and an accent in his voice that thrilled the vast assembly, he demanded that no vote be cast for him.

Presidents have come and gone. Some history has exalted; others it has almost forgotten. But exceptional circumstances made McKinley's administration a world activity instead of a purely domestic concern. He has been called the Apostle of Protection. Indeed it was reserved for him to bring the protective system to its highest degree of perfection; to proclaim it a permanent and abiding principle, and to vindicate it as such before the world. It would be vain to enquire to what extent the tariff reform was instrumental in leading to the present unexampled condition of prosperity in the United States. It seems, nevertheless, to have proved the Rubicon of advancing good times. The policy of protection was the rod with which McKinley smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth.

At the time when he came to the White House the effects of the panic of 1892 had not yet fully passed away. Four years the shadow of ruin had lain on the land, poverty and misery had haunted a myriad of households, widespread commercial and industrial depression prevailed, the public finances were seriously depleted, and in many hearts hope had given place to despair. Now

all is changed. The furnaces once more flame ; the mighty wheels revolve ; the whistles scream ; the anvils ring ; the spindles hum. Laborers go cheerfully about their work, the women sing, the children laugh and play ; comfort and contentment abide in the land, prosperity sheds its ray of gladness over all.

Within five years we have seen what no man before that time could have imagined. The exclusive republic has become a main factor in the world of commerce. American ships ply upon every sea, carrying American products to all peoples of the globe ; and compete so successfully in foreign markets that even the merchant marine of England looks askance at its youthful rival and fears for its commercial supremacy.

During this administration there was begun and finished a war of short duration and little bloodshed, to be sure, but momentous in its consequences. It humbled one of the proudest nations of the globe and once the leading power in Europe ; it marked the decline of the Latin race in North America before the energetic Teuton ; it committed the United States to the inevitable policy of imperialism.

It was a war begun over Cuba—a war not for the sake of conquest, but for the sake of humanity. The Cubans, long faithful to the mother country, had at last, in sheer desperation, rebelled against their rapacious and deceitful oppressors, having learned that the only thing a Spaniard could be depended upon to do was to violate his most solemn promise. Spain attempted to crush the rebellion and did not scruple to use against the Cubans diabolical cruelties that would rival the horrors of the Inquisition. Ruin and devastation spread their black shadow over the island, murder and rapine flourished. This was the condition of things which the people of the United States beheld at their very shores ; this was the state of affairs which they demanded should cease. They challenged Spain and armed themselves for the conflict.

Then, at two widely remote quarters of the globe, the thunderbolts of war were hurled at Spain, and Manila and Santiago saw sink below the waves of the ocean the bulk of the sea-power of that nation which had once equipped the Armada against the forefathers of the Americans. Not less decisive was the campaign on land, where the Rough Riders and their gallant leader, now presi-

dent of his country, won fame ; and it was not long ere Spain sued for peace.

Hostilities being ended, McKinley hastened to keep the promise of the United States to the Cubans, and turned over to them the government of the island. It was but natural that she should assume the role of conqueror in Porto Rico and the Philippines—she was forced to do so. Thus she has extended her domains to the islands of the sea, and is even now engaged in carrying the blessings of civilization to the benighted inhabitants. Through this war and at a single bound she became a world-power, a leading factor in the councils of nations, a force which aids in moving the pieces that determine the destinies of mankind.

Yet in spite of war McKinley stood for peace, goodwill, forbearance and generosity. He did all that was compatible with the honor of his country in averting the strife with Spain, and afterwards in healing her wounds. In the attitude which he manifested toward the Boxer rebellion, the British-Boer war, and Hague Conference, he showed his strong love of amity ; and thus his victories of war acquired a greater glory from his victories of peace.

Death simplifies things and men with strange swiftness. It is the great revealer ; and it showed that, while in the hour of national bereavement, many thought of the dead statesman, more remembered the man, who, in every relation of life and post of service, kept clean hands and a pure heart. It is personal good character in the long run, more than anything else, that differentiates the trusted and beloved public servant from the mere politician of craft and experience. Character abides.

Eminently gifted by nature, William McKinley possessed those qualities of mind which fitted him to be the leader of a great nation, and enabled him to deal successfully with new and complex problems. His was a sound, practical judgment. He was dignified by a strong love of justice and right. Wisdom, moderation, tact, executive and business ability were his in a large measure. Added to these qualities, and like the crown to them all, was a deathless loyalty to all that was truly American, and a patriotism as eternal as the stars.

William McKinley was a man of incorruptible personal and political integrity. No blot was upon his escutcheon. He walked in perfect and noble self-control. He had somehow wrought into

his being a great and generous love for his fellow-men. He himself was one of the people. From his love for his fellows there sprang up within him a courtesy so expansive that no one ever doubted but that it came from the heart. Did anyone come to him with a supplication, it seemed that he himself was the favored person. Men met him but to love him. His geniality and habitual unselfishness drew to him the goodwill of his associates in political life, and commanded the confidence of the body of Congress. But his attractive personality had even a wider influence and national significance. He, more than any other statesman, was instrumental in healing the ancient wounds of dissension in the United States, and in making its people one nation. No longer do we behold States dissevered, discordant and belligerent. All sectional lines have been blotted out, and there stands now, one inseparable Union, one country, one constitution, one destiny.

Washington saw the beginning of the national life of his country; Lincoln passed through the night of its history and saw the dawn; McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon.

Draw near reverently with me to the inner sanctuary of McKinley's home, and observe the sacredness of his domestic affection. Then you will realize that, while he yet lived, chivalry had not perished, that the flower of knighthood had not faded. It is of supreme moment to the moral welfare of a country that those at the head of it preserve inviolate the relations of the home, which is the chief bond of society. All the world knows the sweet, tender story of the President and his invalid spouse, and how their lives ran in one groove of love. From the porch of the little vine-covered cottage at Canton, the outline sketch of two lives was thrown, so beautiful in their loyalty to one another that good men everywhere stand with bowed head in silence before it; while the womanhood of the world, seeing the knightliness of love, which alters not, draws near from stations high and low to salute the picture with the benediction of their tears.

William McKinley was a Christian—in no mere formal manner, but in the broadest, noblest sense of the word. He exalted Christianity in the high places of the nation. Both in public and in private life he sought to carry out his religious convictions. He ever exhibited a loving spirit and a willingness to serve; indeed

his highest greatness was that of one who is the servant of all. His love was forgiveness, as is shown by the touching incident, when, pierced by the bullet of the assassin, he was mindful of that wretch and roused himself to exclaim to the infuriated mob : " Let no one hurt him." His confidence in God was strong and unwavering, and held him steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. What submission to his Lord is expressed in his last words : " It is God's way ; His will be done ! " Wm. McKinley was acting no part when these pious words escaped his lips. They were the fruit of his life-long character, and it was eminently fitting that a prayer should be the last utterance of a voice that had always confessed Christ before men.

Time does not permit me to speak of all the important events of President McKinley's administration. The year 1900 saw him re-elected to the presidency by an overwhelming majority. Whatever other enactments were made or measures passed, their import seems to have been concentrated into what is now known as his Buffalo speech.

It often seems that those who are approaching their end have a spiritual and intellectual exaltation, a prophetic insight into matters that is not granted to them at other times. Surely some inspiration must have guided the President to make this final utterance an appeal for the universal brotherhood of man, for the end of ungenerous rivalries and wars. At the Pan-American Exposition, amid a scene of splendor and a display of products that represented the highest progress of Western man, he spoke words which were heard around the world. It was the most important speech delivered by an American President since the days of Lincoln, and is likely to leave its indelible mark on the destiny of the United States. He urged a broad and enlightened policy dealing with such questions as reciprocity treaties, shipping subsidies, an Isthmian canal and the Pacific cable.

Yet even at the moment when he delivered his speech, there was lurking on the Exposition grounds a human viper, planning to strike down this lofty spirit, to destroy this superb man. Of all the thousands of people on those grounds, he was perhaps the most insignificant, yet he had in his heart the venomous purpose, and held in his possession the tiny instrument, that was to set the whole world a-weeping.

He by his own confession was an anarchist—a member of a sect which propagates pernicious doctrines and aims to set loose upon organized society the red beast of revolution.

The creed of anarchy knows no country, it feels in its withered heart no pulse of patriotism, it sees no beauty in any flag. It rebels against the State, and with infinite folly proposes that every man should be a law unto himself. It mocks at the sacred relations of the home, and foments the direst hatred between the classes of society.

In the dark secrecy of their dens the anarchists hatch foul plots, and send forth their red-handed desperadoes, pledged to fearful deeds, against kings, emperors, presidents and the choicest sons of earth. But never has anarchy been responsible for a crime of deeper dye—a crime more without purpose and justification—than that which laid low William McKinley. Though having not the slightest reason to raise his hand against the President, the hapless wretch, Czolgosz, aspired to execute a deed that would make him infamously famous, that would consign him to eternal ignominy and hate. In all coming years men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime—a crime rendered all the more horrible because the assassin approached his unsuspecting victim under the sacred guise of friendship, and making as though he would grasp the hand cordially extended to him.

But it fared hard with the President. For a week he battled manfully against death, while the whole nation went about its daily task with hushed voice and step. Hope for a time triumphed over despair, and the hearts of the people were made glad when it seemed as though the fell purpose of the assassin was about to be foiled. But, alas! no one knew that death had set his pallid seal upon that noble brow, and that minutes instead of months or years marked the term of the President's life. A weary week had dragged out its slow length, and as the passing of the statesman drew near, his friends and the members of his Cabinet approached his bedside and took their last farewell. Last of all his wife came to him; but the sacredness of that parting is for her alone. For a time his mighty spirit skirted the rugged shores of the sea of death, and then peacefully entered the haven of eternal rest.

The world mourned, and a deep grief fell upon the American people. It seemed that each one had suffered a personal loss; and

thousands of citizens came to pay their homage at the bier of their deplored leader. Finally the funeral cortège moved to Canton, and there, simply as he had ever lived, the martyred President was laid in his tomb.

What rank shall we accord to President McKinley among those who are summoned to lead the nations? It is not my wish to exalt him before you as a superhuman being—as a man entirely free from human frailties. That he aroused enmity and opposition during his life-time must be admitted; peace was not always his portion, even as it is now. But with his sudden death—for death can add glory to the memory of man, even as night lends brilliance to the stars—with his sudden death all enmity and recrimination ceased; the nation rose as a single man to proclaim his noble character and wealth of good intent, and the world stood in spirit beside his bier, to lay upon it the wreath of high respect and heart-felt admiration. It may be that in the coming years, History, viewing the facts of his administration with impartial eye, and seeing them from her lofty throne in proper perspective, shall pronounce a verdict different from that which now appears inevitable to us, who cannot yet think calmly upon his career. Yet this we know—that a noble manhood, nobly consecrated to God and man, can never die.

Come, then, with me to his tomb and there upon the shaft of marble that rises heavenwards, we shall write his epitaph, and adequately characterizing his life we shall engrave the two words: "Simple Greatness." There in solemn meditation, and without presumption, we shall place McKinley beside Washington and Lincoln, as a name fitted to be handed down to future American generations as a priceless legacy, summoning the inheritors to a purer life, nobler aims and sweeter faith.

Can we doubt, then, that the name of Wm. McKinley shall long brighten the pages of American history? Shall we not firmly believe that when the Great Hand that records the deeds of men shall spread out the scroll on which is written the chronicle of our times, his name shall appear emblazoned thereon, revered and great?

So long as the people of the United States cease not to admire noble manhood, unswerving loyalty and political integrity; so long as the people of the whole world cease not to be attracted by high-mindedness in statesmanship and purity in life—so long will live and be profoundly honored the name of William McKinley, the soldier, the statesman, the patriot, the martyr, the man.

R. V. Bellamy, '02.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.*

In this age of great achievements, most men pass through a period of irritating confusion. In most young men this confusion does not arise from a lack of confidence in their ability, nor yet from an unwillingness to put forth the effort required, but rather from a certain indistinct and unsettling disbelief in the real worth of the results aimed at, or in the methods acknowledged as necessary for the achievement of results of real value. As an evidence of this fact, it is difficult to discover a man who is sensitive to his highest relationships who has not at some period in his life seriously doubted either the worth of the results he was striving to achieve, or the truth of the method which he had adopted, and who as a consequence has not, at some time, determined upon a change of occupation. It is obvious to all, and to none more so than to the confused man, that if there is to be any strength in a man's striving he must believe most intensely in the real worth of that which he seeks to accomplish and in the truth of his methods. Thus into the confusion of a man's thought two queries are thrust from the tumult of his experience,—What is worth while? and What is his best method of achieving it? Fortunately for us each passing moment is an emphatic imperative, demanding and receiving our answer.

What is worth while?

> "Now, who shall arbitrate?
> Ten men love what I hate,
> Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
> Ten, who in ears and eyes
> Match me; we all surmise,
> They this thing and I that: whom shall my soul believe?"

Therein lies the secret of the confusion. Different men looking, see different conditions, and as a consequence attach different values to various results. That man alone will rightly value results who has discovered himself and the eternal conditions in which he lives. He must first have been seized upon by the power of the irresistible and eternal love of God as it is revealed in the Christ, and have been thrust by the force of that new life into the

* Fourth of a series by a Graduate.

conditions of eternity and immensity, before he can give a satisfying answer to the imperative demands of his inner self. Beings with ears that hear only the cackle of this world and with eyes that cannot pierce beyond the limited horizon of space, cannot expect to pass judgment upon the value of results for men who have felt the force of a life that is eternal. It is in some moment of intense experience, when a man for the first time partially comprehends the consciousness of Jesus and joyfully hails Him as a brother, that he begins to realize the greatness of the Unknown Spirit whence he comes and the vastness of the deep and hidden needs of his own soul. But his moment of greatest exaltation is his moment of greatest humility, for at such a time, in wondering awe at the vastness of his life, he willingly abdicates the judgeship which was his pride and gladly accepts the judgments of that Brother Man who knows all and sees all and "in Whom all things consist." It is Christ alone who knows Himself and the Spirit whence we come, and it is only by contact with Him that we discover ourselves and our eternal relations.

To a man harassed by the conflicting claims of an excited world and by certain indistinct intimations of a vaster life, such a surrender to the judgment of Jesus is the first suggestion of a deep and lasting peace and the beginning of permanent success. An acquaintance with the consciousness of Jesus produces in a man's mind a satisfaction which is the result of the ultimateness of the judgment of Jesus, a peace which arises from the simplicity of his aim and a hope which is inspired by the humanity of his life.

Perhaps no greater surprise ever comes to a man and certainly in this excited and well-nigh hysterical age, no greater relief than in his discovery of the simplicity of the aim of Jesus. Instead of the confused and distracting cackle of a world of worldlings, he hears but one clear voice declaring the purpose of life and in believing prayer to the Unseen Father, uttering His highest wish for men in this simple but significant request :—"And this is life eternal, that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Him whom Thou has sent." Then he will know that whatever he may do or fail in doing, there is but one result of permanent value—to have learned to know the God that is and to love the God we know. Then it is that we discover that whatever may be the place of the results which the world recognize and prize, these can never

be regarded as ultimately valuable. For no matter how novel or magnificent the temporal results of a man's labor, his toil has been in vain if the doing of it has not led him into fuller harmony with the eternal conditions of his life. To become more sensitive to possible combinations of industry than to the condition of the eternal spirits affected thereby, to learn to love books and money more than men and a church more than Christ, or to degenerate from a man conscious of eternal relations to a being conscious only of temporal relations, is to fail. To know that success is not measured by the number and brilliancy of the gratuitous gifts of God in individual ability, nor yet by the largeness of the temporal result or the noise of its achievement, but rather by the hidden though real harmony with the world of spirits is to all sincere men peace and emancipation.

But if the judgment of Jesus respecting the aim of life brings satisfaction, the knowledge of his method for the realization of this aim will fill a man with hope. His life, which was lived in fullest harmony with the eternal conditions, was a setting forth of His method—to believe in these eternal conditions and to live in them. Men could do that. They could know these conditions because they could know Him. They could believe in their reality for they could trust Him. They could begin to live in them because they could love Him. They could strengthen and render permanent their love because they could serve Him. They could serve him because to them it was given to teach men to know God as Father by daily touch with His children, who because of their love for Him fulfilled the conditions of brotherhood.

It is just here that all men must meet Jesus and here also that they may begin to understand Him. Each passing moment is God's emphatic imperative, demanding and receiving an answer to the ever-present claims of the Christ. For all men must always from some motive do something, in a world of intimately related spirits. Why we do, What we do, How we do, is our oft-repeated answer to the divine imperative. To attempt, because of love, to do in a perfectly just manner some deed which will minister to the normal, hence wholesome and holy, demands of human nature, is to begin to live, for it is to begin to serve. To do an unholy deed or an unjust act, disregarding our relations to God and men, is to die.

Moreover that necessity which forces men to meet the Christ

also opens to them a simple and practical method of understanding Him. As the method of love is service, so the method of knowledge is obedience. Every Christian act is a study in theology. It is a practical experiment in divinity. It is the natural method for acquiring a knowledge of holiness and justice, truth and love. The theologian of the text-book in his attempts to understand the divine with inadequate methods learns but words, while the theologian of obedience in his attempt to live holily and to do justice and mercy comes "breast to breast with God."

To men perplexed respecting the mystery of our existence this strange juxtaposition may be suggestive :

> "Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
> Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

"I pray . . . that they may all be one; even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be in us."

C.

THE BOYCOTT.

You ees Protestan'? Me too! I'm glad for shake de han' wit' you. You nevair bin on dis ceety before? . . . No? . . Wal, I can tol' you it is tough ceety to live in it, . . . for Protestan'.

I'm bin Cat'lique maself for torty year, right on dis place; an' it's good ting I'm get me some purty well off dose tam, because if I hain't be lak dat now, I t'ink I'm haf tak' de firs' boat for get out purty quick, if I'm don't want for bus' up of hungeur.

You surprise for dat?

Wal, you be more surprise, tout-de-suite, ma fren', when I'm tol' you dat in dis ceety de peop' ees —— 'scuse ma cough, monsieur, —— de peop' ees —— hn! hn! —— Wal, what you call dat word what say nobody shes hain't let somebody get work for live?

Boycott?

Yas, dat's so, boycott; t'ank you; wal, in dis ceety de peop' ees boycott even de *cow* of Protestan'.

You don't belief?

Wal, monsieur, I'm say de true. Las' week I'm buy new cow maself; den I'm go on house of one farmeur an' hax to him :

"You can sol' me half ton of hay?"

He say: "Qui vous êtes, vous?"

So I'm say: "Ma name ees Bateese Lefevre."

"Lefevre, Lefevre," he say, "I guess you bin wan dose Chiniquy Suisse Protestan's; wal, I'm don't sell you no hay at all. It ees forbid to us for spik wit' you; you better go home."

Wal, I'm say: "Dat's hay ees not for me. I'm don't eat hay. Dat's for ma cow. I'm buy dat cow from Cat'lique dis morning. I guess she be good Cat'lique cow an' don't change his religion so quick lak dat; an' I suppose ma money from Banque Jacques Cartier she's bin good Cat'lique money too. . . . What you t'ink?"

Wal, he t'ink he don't know for leetle tam, den after dat he guess dat's so.

But you see, I'm almost don't got any hay for ma cow.

I guess maybe we've better give de name to dat cow—Boycott—hein?

LEONARD A. THERRIEN, '94.

Emileville, Que.

INVITATION.

The meadows and the brooks are calling, Come!
In wordless ways—by green blades beckoning,
And flower-lips, parted by the wild bee's wing,
And plashing wavelets, long so still and dumb,
That lure the children's white feet to their foam,
While breezes, redolent of wood and hill,
Or strong breath'd sea, ambrosial odors spill,
To woo us from the cloistered bowers of home.

O blest is he who, hearing, can obey,
And stop his irksome shuttle for a while.
But blessèd even more, methinks, are they
Who hearing yet are happy as they toil—
Content, cognizant of God's *Come*, to go,
Content to tarry should He will it so.

M. A. MAITLAND.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

THE MCMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms, One Dollar a year in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. A. F. McDonald. Advertising Rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

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VOL. XI. MAY, 1902. No. 8

Editorial Notes.

WE are indebted to *The Globe* for the fine photo-engraving of our champion debaters which appears in this number of THE MONTHLY, and also for the report of Hon. Dr. Ross' Convocation Oration, which will be found in our account of the Commencement Exercises.

THE death of Principal Grant, of Queen's University, removes a great man from our midst, a man whom Canada could ill afford to spare. Chancellor Wallace has already expressed the sympathy McMaster feels for Queen's in its irreparable loss, and THE MONTHLY can only say that what the Chancellor has so well expressed, we all sincerely feel. In October we hope to be able to publish a fitting tribute to the life and work of the great citizen, the great educationist, and the great Christian who has fallen.

Book Reviews.

THE DIVINE PURSUIT.*

This little book is a collection of meditations on themes of a devotional character. The theme is usually suggested by some passage of scripture, or it is the result of an alteration in the rendering of some familiar text, as, for example, in that which gives

*The Divine Pursuit. By J. F. McFadyen, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

the book its title—"Surely goodness and mercy shall *pursue* me all the days of my life." The piety of the writer is not that of the mystic, the Arminian, or the Calvinist. It is without the dreaminess or the moralism of the first two of these, and we miss the deep groaning of the sin-convicted and the shout of the justified for which Calvinism is noted. But throughout there is manifest the spirit which characterizes the truly religious men of our own times —an earnest desire to know the will of God and a loving admiration of the person of Jesus Christ. The book possesses a pleasing style and will bear repeated reading. G. C.

THE LILIES AND OTHER POEMS.†

One of the first class of graduates from McMaster, Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, B.A., has made two small collections of his poems and published them under the pretty titles of "Gifts" and "The Lilies," respectively. These we can cordially commend to our readers. Mr. Grigg possesses genuine religious and poetic feeling, and his poems have a sensuous beauty that will appeal to lovers of poetry. "The Sixth Beatitude," which was printed in THE MONTHLY some time ago, is a good illustration of the richness of Mr. Grigg's poetry in images of beauty. The following has pleased us also:

VESPERS.

Like angel-music heard in dreams,
Or liquid songs of lyric streams,
Are melodies of nightingales
At evening sung in English vales!

God these rapt choristers doth inspire
With songs more sweet than Orpheus' lyre
Accompanied. What praise more sweet
Than these rare vespers they repeat?

Both of the little volumes appear in chaste gray paper covers, and are neatly printed on good paper. "The Lilies" may be purchased at the Baptist Book Room for fifteen cents. It would be a happy exhibition of the spirit of fraternity that animates our alumni, if a goodly number of them should purchase copies of the poems of their fellow-graduate, and thereby encourage him to the production of more. M.

†The Lilies and other Poems. Gifts and other Poems. By B. W. N. Grigg.

THE WISDOM OF THE AGE.*

In this pamphlet of 27 pages the author is consistent with his own declarations: "They that say many things speak not of deep things," "Be of little speech, speak from the heart, and plant the truth deeply where it falls." He has emphatically given us "much in little." In these days of big books and wearisome verbosity, it is refreshing to find a new author giving an important message in a few pages. The message will set you thinking, and if you are thoughtful you will see much here that you will prize, and some things you will question. It impresses one reader at any rate as a rather remarkable little production, and he is not ashamed to see that it hails from Manitoba. He is tempted to quote, but would rather advise you to purchase and ponder it. J. H. F.

CONAN DOYLE'S PAMPHLET.†

In this pamphlet the author has produced such a well-ordered array of historical facts and clear and positive testimony from competent and trustworthy witnesses as cannot fail to convince all but those who are hopelessly prejudiced and embittered against the English anyhow, that the vile and cruel accusations so frequently appearing in European papers against the conduct of British officers and soldiers in South Africa are in almost every case absolutely groundless. It is to be hoped that the aid in money asked for by those who are sending forth this little work on its mission of truth and justice may be so generously given that their purpose to circulate it far and wide in every European language may be speedily carried out. C.

AMERICAN BAPTIST YEAR BOOK.‡

These double-columned, fine print pages are packed with important facts and give practically full information about the Baptists of the United States and their manifold work. Persons who desire exact information will do well to procure this volume.

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* The Way: The Wisdom of the Age. By George A. Mitchell, Shadeland, Manitoba. Toronto: William Briggs, 1902.

† The War in South Africa, its Cause and Conduct. By A. Conan Doyle, author of The Great Boer War. Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Price, 10 cents.

‡ American Baptist Year Book for 1902. Edited by J. G. Walker D.D. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. Paper, 219 pp. 25 cents.

THE MESSENGER HOURS.*

In thirty-one poems, one for each day in the month, Amy Parkinson has told what the messenger hours have brought to her. To the verses for each day are prefixed short passages from Scripture, which suggest the thought of the lines that follow. Glad acceptance of everything, whether happiness or sorrow, our Father may send His children, is the keynote of the little volume. The following lines will serve as an indication of the sentiment and quality of the poems :

> All that thy Father does is best for thee.
> Like the soft chime of bells in perfect tune,
> Heard o'er and o'er again, but never falling
> Upon the ear too soon, nor e'er too long
> Continued, so these oft-repeated words
> Chime through our lives. And as the sweet toned bells
> Through falling rain and over mist-wreathed river
> More near do sound, so this most sweet assurance
> Doth stronger grow in times of pain and sadness.

McMILLAN'S ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Among the latest additions to this well-known series of text-books are two novels of Scott, namely Quentin Durward and Kenilworth, and Book Four of Palgrave's Golden Treasury. The introductions to the two novels contain considerable information regarding the life and work of Scott, and in addition to giving rapid summaries of the stories, tell much about the historical conditions of the times in which the stories are set. The notes are adequate. The annotations to Book Four of the Golden Treasury are in every way excellent, particularly those on the metrical form of the various poems. In the preface the editor, Mr. Fowler, of Clifton College, "solemnly warns the student that the text is the one thing of importance, and that the value of the notes is wholly subsidiary," and he therefore "urges him to read the poems first, and the notes (if at all) afterwards, and the poems again many times." If the student of these immortal lyrics will but follow Mr. Fowler's advice in this regard, he may use his notes to good advantage. All three of these books may be obtained from Copp, Clark & Co., the Canadian agents of McMillan & Co. M.

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*Best: The Messenger Hours. By Amy Parkinson. Toronto: William Briggs.

CONCERNING McMASTER UNIVERSITY.*

The above title presents in a neat and attractive little booklet some of the claims of McMaster University to a worthy place among the educational institutions of our country. The first paper, that of Professor McLay, vindicates the University's policy of a "broad general course as the best possible foundation for post-graduate study." By the records of McMaster men who have taken courses in the leading American Universities, as well as by the testimony of Professors in these institutions, the graduates of McMaster have been ranked second to none, and in fact "among the choicest" in point of breadth, accuracy and scholarly spirit. Lastly the opinion of the Alumni is cited as something of which McMaster may well be proud. Certainly if the "regard of its Alumni is the final court of appeal in deciding a University's value," to use the words of a leading American educator, the claims of McMaster to those to whom these words are addressed are clear and imperative.

Mr. W. W. Charters, B.A., in a masterly and forcible paper, deals with the claims of the University from the ethical point of view—the ideals and the earnestness of purpose engendered by a course of study in McMaster, where both the "atmosphere of the student body" tends to high thinking and the inculcation of high ideals by the Faculty brings the students to close personal relationships mutually beneficial and difficult to be found in other and larger institutions. Not only has Mr. Charters pointed out its advantages from the ethical standpoint, but he has also demonstrated the value of its broad and liberal course as a preparation for professional life generally and as a remedy for the tendency to an over hasty and narrow specialization. The diffusion of this pamphlet ought to serve a useful purpose in making known the work and success of McMaster in the educational world, as well as in our own peculiar constituency. G. H. C.

*Concerning McMaster University, for Parents, Teachers and Students. Extracts from Papers read at the First Conference of the Alumni Association of McMaster University, Friday, 20th December, 1901.

College News.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The annual Commencement Exercises in connection with the University were held on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6th and 7th, and were, as in past years, highly successful. Large audiences were present at the various exercises in Castle Memorial Hall and the Walmer Road church. Much sympathy was felt for Chancellor Wallace, who, in spite of the very serious illness of Mrs. Wallace, performed his official duties at all the functions. The number of students present was not as great as in former years, but a goodly band remained to witness the graduation of the seniors. Full reports of the Baccalaureate Sermon and Convocation are given below.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Tuesday evening, May 6th, was wet and disagreeable out of doors, yet Castle Memorial Hall was well filled at 8 o'clock, and an expectant audience greeted Rev. Prof. Galusha Anderson, D.D., the preacher of the Baccalaureate Sermon. The exercises of the evening were opened with Watts' splendid hymn : "Before Jehovah's awful throne." Then Chancellor Wallace, amid enthusiastic cheers from the students, announced the unveiling of a portrait of Dr. Welton, the senior member of the Faculty, presented to the Board of Governors by the professors and students of the University. Mr. David Alexander made the presentation on behalf of the donors, and in simple, earnest words well expressed the feelings of respect and love with which "the Doctor" is regarded by both Faculty and students. Mr. Alexander spoke appropriately of Dr. Welton's youthfulness, his buoyancy of spirit, his rich humor, and of his great ability in interpreting the Old Testament Scriptures. Above all, Dr. Welton is a spiritual leader, and many a student will carry all through life the effects of the inspiration it always is to attend chapel service when conducted by "the Doctor." No more fitting tribute could be made to the character of Dr. Welton than to say, as Mr. Alexander well expressed it, "His very presence is a benediction."

Rev. Mr. Norton accepted the portrait on behalf of the Board of Governors, recalling many happy memories of his student life spent under the instruction of Dr. Welton. He well said that it is a delight to see a great and good man honored by his fellows before death takes him from their midst.

In response to the eager applause, Dr. Welton spoke briefly, expressing his appreciation of the occasion. He spoke of man's

universal and unquenchable desire to be remembered by his fellows as deep proof of human immortality ; hence, his own real pleasure in the honor done him in the unveiling of his portrait, to think that perhaps a thousand years to come some student will point to this likeness and say, "That was the Professor of Hebrew for over twenty years!" . . . Dr. Welton may be assured that not only does his portrait adorn the walls of Castle Memorial Hall, but his face holds an honored place on the walls of memory in the life of many students and fellow-teachers.

After this pleasant interlude, the Scripture lesson was read by Rev. Mr. Fox, and prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Grant. Chancellor Wallace then introduced the preacher of the evening, Dr. Anderson, of Chicago University. Dr. Anderson took as his text John 18:37:— "Pilate therefore said unto Him, 'Art Thou a king, then?' Jesus answered, 'Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth.'" The preacher spoke eloquently and earnestly of the great principle contained in this text, of its illustration and vindication in all human experience, and of its application to his hearers.

It was a wonderful dialogue, this which took place between Pilate and Jesus. On the one hand was the time-serving Roman governor, attempting the impossible task of both pleasing the populace and acquitting his innocent prisoner. On the other hand was the Young Man of Nazareth, of humble origin and modest means, yet fired with a mighty purpose. He spoke with sublime authority of His "Kingdom," and suffered nobly that His mission might be completed. Thinking of all the pomp and power and selfish pride of the Imperial royal house, well might Pilate ask in wonder of this lonely, penniless, all but friendless Man, "Art thou a king, then?" Sublime in its majesty, wonderful in its originality, was Jesus' answer: "Yes, I am a king. But my kingdom is not such as Cæsar's. It is not of this world. It is a kingdom of truth. It is spiritual."

This idea of a spiritual kingdom, of a kingdom of truth, inaugurated by Christ, has revolutionized the State. Far from Louis XIV.'s "L'état, c'est moi!" is our modern conception of a State—"of the people, for the people, by the people." The Gospel exalts man as such. This new conception it was that wrung Magna Charta from the unwilling John. Kings now do not prate of their Divine Right, but rather talk of their *policy* of government. Even Russia's Czar dreams of giving his people representative government.

The might of armies no longer lies so much in their drill and guns as in the truth they fight for. Might is not right, but right is might. Three hundred years ago a writer on International Law would say but few words on the rights of *neutral* nations ; a hun-

dred years hence but few words will be said on the rights of *belligerent* nations. Surely the day of the prophet's vision is coming ever nearer, when nations "shall learn war no more."

If we ask, "Wherein is the greatness of a nation?" we discover how vastly has the criterion been altered by the influence of this new idea of Jesus. No longer is it extent of territory, but the righteousness of its men and women, that makes a nation truly great. Our great men now are not warriors, but statesmen, men of peaceful prowess. And far above all other men of peace towers Jesus, and millions there are to join His coronation chorus, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Truly did Napoleon say in prison on St. Helena, "Cæsar and Charlemagne and I have reared empires, only to crumble and decay; Jesus has built an everlasting kingdom; its foundations are eternal."

Our purpose then must be, like our Master's purpose, to witness to the Truth. With the mallet of character and the chisel of speech must we carve life. Opposition there may be, but it is to be vanquished by Truth—old, fundamental, living. Success is assured. God's Truth fits the human soul as key fits lock. Ours will be an *unending* kingship. Good men are mightier after they are dead, as witness Wycliffe, Bunyan, Savonarola. So ours is a single duty—to witness to the Truth, by lips and life, in the family, in the State, in politics, in business. Kingship comes, not to those who seek kingship, but to those who spend and are spent, faithfully, patiently, earnestly, on this simple but sublime mission of witnessing to the Truth. A. C. W.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

No function of the college year is as interesting and enjoyable as are the Commencement Exercises, and those of this year, held in Walmer Road Baptist Church, on Wednesday evening, May 7th, were, if anything, more pleasurable than usual. With such names on the programme of speakers as Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Professor Welton, Rev. W. W. Weeks, Professor A. C. McKay, the evening could not but be a delightful one; and in anticipation of a treat a very large audience had gathered in the audience room of the church. They were not disappointed.

Shortly after eight o'clock the procession, headed by the Chancellor, and after him the members of the Senate and Faculty and the students, entered the church and took the positions allotted to them. Among those on the platform along with Chancellor Wallace were Hon. George W. Ross, Chancellor Burwash, Rev. Dr. Wm. Clark, Rev. Dr. Kerr, and the members of the Faculty and Senate.

After Rev. W. H. Porter had opened with prayer, Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D., presented Rev. William Wellesley Weeks,

pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, for the degree of D.D., *honoris causa.* He spoke of his success in his pastorate in Brockville, at Moncton, N.B., and latterly in the Walmer Road Church. Those who had sat under his ministry had done so with great profit, as his sermons were always well thought and well wrought out. He was a homiletical genius, and was a great favorite with the students in Toronto. The conferring of the degree was the signal for hearty applause.

When Professor Farmer presented Professor Alexander Charles McKay for the degree of LL.D., *honoris causa*, the cheers of the students and the plaudits of the audience continued for some time. The speaker mentioned Professor McKay's brilliant career as a student in Toronto and Cambridge Universities, his subsequent teaching in various institutions and in McMaster University ; and of the excellent text-books he had written for use in the high schools of the province. He referred briefly to the high esteem in which our popular professor is held among the educationists of the province ; to the many tempting offers he had received to leave McMaster, and to his self-sacrifice in staying with the University, which he had been so largely instrumental in bringing to its present high state of efficiency.

The name of Premier Ross, presented by Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., for the degree of LL.D., *honoris causa*, was also received with cheers. Mr. Thomson spoke of Premier Ross' long and distinguished career as a statesman, of his broad vision, abundant courage and hopefulness, which, in a country like ours, which was just merging into nationhood, were among the essential qualities of leadership.

Professor Clark presented the names of George Whitfield Elliott and Rowland Hector Mode for the degree of B.A., *ad eundem gradum.* The degree of B.A., in course, was also conferred upon Herbert Samuel Arkell, Ralph Victor Bellamy, Mary Cameron Blackadar, William Edwin Bowyer, Seigal Abishai Buckborough, Henry Bury, Hiram Blanchard Coumans, Arthur Reginald Girdwood, Charles Arnold Grant, William Turner Hawkings, Arthur Lionel Huddleston, Helen Augusta Iler, Alonzo James Madill, Robert Clement Ernest Magee, Malcolm William Marston, Thomas E. Meldrum, James Sidney Mitchener, Duncan Alexander MacDonald, Robert Dawson MacLaurin, Daniel Arthur McKerricher, John Allan McLean, Charles James McLean, Jacqueline May Norton, Victor Ernest Reid, Herman Dionysius Riggs, Minnie Alberta Seldon, Coll Claude Sinclair, Edgar Jordan Tarr and William Henry Walker, the names being presented by Professor Wilson Smith.

Mr. F. Saunderson, M.A., was sponsor for Glenn Howard Campbell, John William Hotson, and John Allen McDonald, who received the degree of M.A. ; Rev. W. E. Norton for George

Whitfield Elliott, James Frank Ingram, and Rowland Hector Mode, who were given the degree of B.Th., and Rev. George Cross, M.A., Ph.D., for Rowland Hector Mode and Ernest William Parsons, who were made B.D.'s, and for David Alexander, Richard Gilbert Blundell and George Harmon Jones, who were presented with diplomas on the completion of a three years' course in Theology.

Professor Welton's address to the graduating classes will long be remembered by those to whom it was addressed. He was very happy in his introductory remarks, giving as his reasons for brevity the address to be given later in the evening and the fact that he had often had the opportunity of speaking to them before, and did not suppose he could add anything to what he had said then. He congratulated the classes on the splendid way in which they had studied during their years here. The educational ideal that had been set before them was not a cramming-in process, but rather a drawing-out one, not simply the acquisition of knowledge and facts, but rather the discovering, developing and training of their God-given powers, so that they might be able to think, explore, and conduct original and independent investigations for themselves in the broad arena of the world. Their instructors held them in high regard individually. Together they had gathered flowers, not only in the lowly vales of learning, but also on its higher hilltops, and these flowers had given fragrance and sweetness to the friendship that bound them to each other. Their instructors had left their mark upon them. McMaster University had put its stamp upon them, not that they should fill some quiet place in the world, for mighty hopes and ambitions swelled in their bosoms, and they went forth to grapple with the great problems of life and to conquer. To-night the doors of McMaster closed upon them, and on the morrow the doors of the great university of the world would open before them. If they needed more knowledge of human nature they must get it from their multiform contact with men, if they wanted more knowledge of theology, they must get it from the study of the Bible, God's great text-book, but if they lacked practical wisdom and common sense, then might God have mercy on them. He closed with a beautiful benediction.

Chancellor Wallace then called for short speeches from the recipients of the honorary degrees. Rev. Dr. Weeks was the first to speak. He thanked the Senate for the honor done him. It had often been said that men were no better after receiving a degree such as his than before, but if this were so there was something wrong with the men. Every expression of appreciation ought to nerve a man to greater efforts, to spur him on to greater heights. It ought to make them better men, not by giving them higher opinions of themselves, but lower. They would come to

see their defects more plainly and would strive the harder to overcome them. He expressed his hearty sympathy with the ideals and work of the university.

The new "Doctor" of the faculty, Professor McKay, was next in order, and it was some moments before the applause subsided sufficiently to allow him to begin. He said that he had not coveted the honor, nor had he expected it. It had come to him with as much surprise as it had come to his hearers. Why he should have been singled out from the faculty of McMaster University to receive this degree at this time was a problem he had not been able to solve. (Laughter). The work at McMaster was done under the happiest conditions. Contrary to the usual opinion the faculty were absolutely untrammeled in their teaching. The courses of instruction were prepared, not for them, but by them. With such a system a professor must do his very best. The kind consideration that he had received from the governing bodies during his twelve years had been such that it was not necessary for them to confer an honorary degree upon him. He referred briefly to the pleasant relations existing between the faculty and students. The work had been pleasant because it had been successful. When he had entered upon his work here there was no student body in Arts, no Alumni Society in Arts, and only a small class in Theology. Now there were two hundred students in attendance, the great majority in Arts, and as many graduates in Arts, who were all winning distinctions in various callings for themselves and their Alma Mater. They were proud of this record, which had been made in so short a time. In concluding he said that of course he felt very grateful to the Senate for the honor shown him. He appreciated it all the more because it came as an expression of confidence from a body of men who knew him best and were well acquainted with his work.

Dr. G. W. Ross said that, like his twin brother, Dr. McKay, he was not sure why this honor should have been given him. He, however, was glad of it, and to have the privilege of being an alumnus of McMaster. He appreciated the degree as coming from one ot the youngest and most vigorous universities in Ontario. He had assisted in piloting the University's charter through the legislature, and had watched the subsequent growth of the institution with a degree of pride.

Chancellor Wallace then announced appointments as follows:—Dr. George Cross, lecturer in history, to the chair of history, in succession to Prof. Newman; John A. McDonald, Peterboro', fellow in classics. Woodstock College—C. L. Brown, B.A., master in mathematics; E. J. Reid, B.A., master in classics; A. T. McNeill, B.A., master in preparatory department. Moulton College—Miss Lalia Almon, now in Leipzig, to be teacher in modern languages.

The winners of the scholarships and prizes were announced as follows :—Fourth year—Crawford scholarship,—A. L. Huddleston. Third year—Harry L. Stark scholarship in special mathematics, G. W. Langdon. First year—A. C. Pratt scholarship, J. H. Cranston ; Elmore Harris prize in Latin, Miss L. M. Senior ; Elmore Harris prize in Greek, W. J. Grigg ; James Ryrie prize in German, Miss L. M. Senior ; John Firstbrook prize in French, J. H. Cranston.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, in rising to deliver the convocation oration, directed our attention to a look out upon national conditions. What did we need of the qualities which other nations had exhibited in their make-up, in their history, in their contests with each other, which had given one pre-eminence over another? He would mention three qualities, the first being a resolute spirit in dealing with whatever difficulty was encountered. This was possessed by the Spartan who guarded the pass at Thermopylae, by the Roman who kept the bridge, by William Tell when he defied the Austrians, by Robert Bruce when he defended his country against the Anglo-Saxon invader, and by the English nation, small though it was, who overthrew the Armada when Spain was the master of the world. The resolute spirit was not confined to the military world. Pitt had it when he dealt with the most tremendous financial difficulties ever undertaken by an English statesman. (Applause.) Sir Robert Peel had it when he had to pacify Ireland in 1846 against the rising tide of indignation caused by the agitation of Cobden and Bright. The same spirit had given the Church its pre-eminence, and had sent missionaries to India and the islands of the sea. It had solved many of the great mysteries of science, had planted colleges and universities all over the world. "Let us infuse into all the purposes of our life," said Mr. Ross, "whether academic, educational, religious, or political, in the proper sense of the term, that same confidence, that spirit of self-reliance, so that he who knows a Canadian by name will see in him and find in him that force of character and determination which gives an assurance of success, no matter what the difficulty may be." (Applause.) The pessimism so common in Canada twenty years ago was passing away, he believed, and everything pointed to the prosperity of the country.

Our second need was a responsive statesmanship. We were disposed to rest upon our oars and believe that our national institutions had attained perfection. There was an effete conservatism which had no capacity for further development. Society was an organism, and the institutions of to-day would not fit the second or third generation which comes after us. This want of responsiveness in statesmanship was one of the most dangerous clogs upon the liberties of the people. One of the Stuarts lost his head and another was expatriated through want of this responsiveness, and the

American colonies would have been saved to the British Empire had the statesmen in England appreciated the ideas of the western hemisphere. Were we in Canada studying the pulse of the people and profiting by the thought of the best people? The responsive statesmanship within the empire was going to revolutionize the Imperial trade relations, the political interests, widen the franchise and bring the colonies into closer relationship. There was nothing to prevent our having a population of 20,000,000 in the next 30 or 40 years, only our own want of statesmanship and our own want of foresight. (Applause.)

The third point on which to profit was the consolidation of national power. Cavour did that for Italy, Bismarck did it for Germany, and we had taken the preliminary steps in confederation. "I rejoice that there are in Canada so many formative influences," said Mr. Ross, in conclusion; "public schools so well endowed, universities with such unselfish aims, freedom in Church and State, and if with these conditions we fail, on us should rest the blame. Fail! Why it would be impossible unless history belies itself and unless the record which we read of the strength and growth of other countries is not true to fact. I ask you to feel the nobility of the nationality under which you were born, to feel the force, the impulse of those possibilities of development which are pressing upon us, and I ask you to apply yourselves resolutely to the great duty of making Canada prosperous and great, as your advantages are great and ready at the hand of everyone who chooses to avail himself of them." (Loud applause.)

The meeting then adjourned with the singing of the National Anthem.

J. H. Cranston, '05.

AROUND THE HALL.

Editor: R. V. Bellamy, '02.

After a year's work in connection with this department of The Monthly, ye editor thereof, somewhat regretfully, goes away back and sits down. It is, however, a universal necessity that the old order change and yield place to the new, that the old generation step aside and allow others to wield the destinies of the world; and so we accept these conditions philosophically, and, with great hope for the future of The Monthly, we hand over the editorial pen and waste-basket to Mr. V. A. Ray, '03, who is to be the editor of "Around the Hall" for next year. From personal acquaintance with this gentleman we can assure our readers that he is orthodox and sound in the faith, and will be prepared to conduct The Monthly according to the most progressive and enlightened ideals.

He will be assisted by an able staff, many of whom have already had experience in reportorial work.

Speaking for himself, the present editor of this department can truthfully say that he has enjoyed his part of the work in connection with this journal ; whether the subscribers have or not remains for them to say. If there has been any glory attached to the position he wishes to share it with his staff, whom he has always found obliging and ardent in promoting the welfare of The Monthly ; if there be any odium, he is willing to share that too. During the past year we have tried to make the news of this department as copious and interesting as possible ; we have endeavored to give an adequate picture of life about the Hall. And in doing so we have probably appealed more to the alumni than to the undergrads., to whom such items are stale before they are published ; but after all it is to the alumni that we must look for the majority of our subscribers. If they wish to be kept in touch with the life about their Alma Mater, we would urge them to continue their subscription and The Monthly staff will keep them informed. So much for the alumni ; now for the undergrads. In relation to them it seems to us that The Monthly should undertake to be a leader in the thought of the students ; it should take its stand on questions that agitate the student mind and which concern university life. It is in this direction that we look for greatest development. As for ourselves, we have ventured on this experiment in a timid way, not knowing whether we had the approval of the authorities or not ; and we have stood for such things as purity in athletics, a change in the University colors, Christmas examinations, and the separation of the Literary Society from the Founder's Day function. As time goes on new questions will arise, and we hope to see The Monthly discuss them ably and impartially.

We would not, however, willingly see these columns become too serious in tone. College life is no vale of tears, and some of its jollity should appear in these pages. And right here we wish to protest against the vulgar humor so apparent in some college papers. We abhor a redundancy of personals, and shudder at the senseless spacing of names, followed by a few inane remarks that have nothing essentially witty or humorous about them ; and appeal (if they appeal at all) to a very small circle of readers. Such clumsy attempts at being funny always remind us forcibly of the fable about the ass that thought to win the favor of his master by trying to perform such antics as a pet spaniel performed.

But if we should attempt to state all our ideas about a college paper, we should become too tedious, and so we will say, as we once read in Hamlet, "The rest is silence."

True friendship is love without wings; it abides, and can never fly away.

The dinner to the graduating classes in Arts and Theology was held in the dining hall of the University on Monday, May 5th. At 6:45 p.m. the student body, preceded by the graduates who demurely conducted the ladies, descended to the tastefully decorated room in which were tables bountifully spread with good things. After partaking of the delicacies of the festive board, the chair was taken by the president of the third year, J. N. McLean, who in a humorous preamble expressed his delight at the present happy state of affairs, and then proposed the toast to the King, which in the enforced absence of His Majesty was responded to by singing the National Anthem. The Toast to the graduates in Arts was proposed by W. Quarrington, '03, who in a few well-chosen words hoped, among other things, that the young men and maiden graduates would make "marks" in the world. In responding to this toast, W. H. Walker, '02, after telling several yarns, reflected (audibly) on the seriousness of, and the certain sadness connected with, the graduation itself. He referred to proper ideals which they had had, and should have, and paid a loving tribute to the Faculty and their successful endeavors. In closing he wished to thank everyone who in any way had been associated with them in their university life.

The graduating theologians were toasted in a very droll manner by W. E. Hindson, who expressed very great confidence in the capabilities of the future divines to cope with any problem under the sun. In replying, G. H. Jones in a humorous monologue regarded the situation logically from the retrospective, introspective and prospective views respectively, in the last of which he was quite hopeful.

Mr. McLean then called on H. Procter, B.A., the High Kac-Ki-ac, who, in formally installing Mr. McLean in office, wished him among other things much joy. The time-honored toast to Alma Mater was proposed by John McLauchlan, '03, who, after referring to the unavoidable absence of the Chancellor, spoke of the ideals of McMaster with regard to Christianity, Athletics and Education. This was responded to by Professor Cohoe, who referred to the growth of the University amid many difficulties to its present high status. He also spoke of the loyalty, enthusiasm and faith of those who were most intimately connected with its advancement, and of the fact that the Alumni are those by whom McMaster in future will be judged.

The toast to the ladies was proposed by L. C. Fraser, '03, whose merry five-minute speech fairly bristled with wit and humor, and who was at once accounted an A1 side-splitter and mirth-provoker. Miss J. M. Norton, '02, in responding to the toast for the ladies, by her clearness of thought and expression, acquitted herself in a manner which might well serve as a model for after-dinner speakers. A short, informal reception held in one of the

class rooms brought to a close a very pleasant and enjoyable evening.

EXAMS are now long since passed; and the students have ceased to be "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." The period between May 3rd and 7th, when the reports were received, was one of anxious suspense to all. "No living wight could work, nor cared even for play," but all of those whom fortune favored at length felt that they had taken a huge step upwards in the world. This is the only time of the year when we are not afflicted with freshmen. In addition to the anxiety as to the results of the examinations, there is always at this time of the year a sort of restlessness in the air. Everyone is preparing to leave, and feels somewhat like birds of passage must feel when they are about to migrate. The rooms about the Hall are a scene of vast disorder, the noise of hammers is heard everywhere, and the final farewells are hastily said; so that if one allows himself to become meditative he could almost weep. And so this is not the happiest season for the college student, and that one should be happy who can look forward to a renewal of student joys next fall.

A PICTURE of our beloved Dr. Welton now hangs on the walls of Castle Memorial Hall. It was presented to the Senate of the University by the members of the Faculty and the student body; and is the work of the able artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster.

AD BACCALAUREOS IN ARTIBUS.

To never grow rusty or rest,
To drive away sorrows with jest,
For beauty and wisdom to strive;—
Who does so, he surely shall live
A student in heart and in mind.

ATHLETICS next year will be under the direction of enthusiastic sports. The captains are as follows:—Association football, R. E. Guyatt; Rugby football, J. B. McArthur; Hockey, M. S. McArthur. We expect some intercollegiate honors next year, with these gentlmen in charge of the different sports.

CO-EDUCATION is the thief of time.

THE election of officers for the student body for the coming year took place on May 6th and was vigorously contested. The following officers were elected:—President, J. N. McLean, '03; 1st Vice-President, Alex. Torrie, '02; 2nd Vice-President, H. B. Parker, '03; Secretary-Treasurer, J. McLachlan, '03.

THE MONTHLY will have an office all to itself next year, having secured the room formerly occupied by the Registrar. Thus it is getting recognition in some measure adequate to its importance.

THE graduating class in Arts has appointed a permanent executive consisting of the following officers :—President, A. R. Girdwood ; Vice-President, H. A. Iler ; Secretary, H. S. Arkell ; Assistant-Secretary, J. L. Mitchener ; with an eye for the future, they agreed to have a re-union at the end of five years, if it should be possible.

THIS is a time of "last" things for the class '02. In relation to the rest of the students, they feel much like Mark Twain, when he said that all the great men of the world were gone, and to tell the truth, he felt a little bad himself. But although they are leaving these halls, and although few of them expect to return, yet they will often think of their experiences of student life. We have heard much of the McMaster ghost, and now the ghosts of class '02 will come to keep it company. They will be nice, good ghosts. They will wander pensively through the corridors, and haunt the grim lecture rooms ; they will smile wanly at the scenes of student delights, and in athletic contests their unseen efforts will favor the McMaster teams. And so do not fear them. Nothing is dearer to them than student life ; and so they will transform themselves from grim spectres to the guardian angels of these scholastic precincts.

WE would remind our readers that the contest for a new college-song and yell is still open. The need is great, and there is a splendid chance of acquiring lasting fame. We hope some inspiration will come to those poetically inclined during the summer.

THINGS are not what they seem, so the poets tell us, but people generally are.

THE following students now wear the halo of scholarships and prizes around their heads :—A. L. Huddleston, '02, winner of the Crawford scholarship ; G. W. Langdon, '03, winner of the Stark scholarship in special mathematics ; J. H. Cranston, '05, winner of the Pratt scholarship for general proficiency, and of the Firstbrook prize for French ; Miss Senior, '05, winner of the Elmore Harris prize for Latin, and of the Jas. Ryrie prize for German ; and W. J. Grigg, '05, winner of the Elmore Harris prize for Greek.

THE appointment of J. A. McDonald, M.A., as fellow in classics is a popular one, as he is respected among the students both on account of his scholarship and manly worth.

The annual sermon before the Fyfe Society was preached on Sunday, May 4th, in Bloor St. Baptist church by Dr. Herr. A large number of the members of the society was present and listened with earnest attention to the words of the preacher. He read the Scripture lessons from Psalms 1 and 2 and Matthew 20, and chose as his text Matthew 20: 28—"Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." The theme of the sermon was the thought of ministry. The doctor said that human reforms fail because they are not founded on everlasting principles, they leave God out of the plan. Reform must begin within, and society can be corrected only by the Word of God. Life must not be lived selfishly. God's law is that of self-denial, being based on love. The thought of ministry runs like a golden thread through the Old Testament, and the secret of the missionary spirit lies in the words of the text. Jesus had come to express the nature of God more fully, and had shown that service of part of the nature of the Godhead. Ministry was the essence of Christ's mission, and all should be anxious to minister, because as one becomes more helpful to others, he becomes more like Christ.

The society is to be congratulated in having been able to secure Dr. Herr to preach its annual sermon, and is sincerely grateful to him.

The class of '05 held their final meeting for the year on the 1st. inst., George Gorman was appointed representative of the year on the student body executive, a vote of thanks passed to the executive of the year for their work during the session, the beautiful green and gold banner displayed on Sports Day presented to President W. E. Matthews as a souvenir of his reign, and a resolution passed expressing the appreciation of the class of the way in which they, as a Freshman year, had been treated. Then with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in the orthodox fashion, and one more perpetration of the blood-curdling "Paugawaugau, paugawaugau, meda! meda! naw!" etc., the famous Freshman class of the session of '01-'02 disbanded to meet again as Sophomores.

Frank S. Beddow, '05, will spend the summer coaching the boys of St. Andrew's College and the men of the Detroit Cricket Club in the mysteries of the grand old English game of cricket.

Here and There.

EDITOR: H. PROCTER, B.A.

THE *University of Virginia Magazine* comments favorably on THE MONTHLY for March, and commends W. C. Pearce's article on "The Islanders" and W. Sherwood Fox's "Gabrielle," which it praises as probably the best story of the month. Noting the fact that "Gabrielle" was the production of a graduate, the *Magazine* expresses the opinion that "articles by professors and graduates should bear some sign of their authorship and not be merely noted as outside contributions in the editorials." In this opinion THE MONTHLY shares, and any failure to give such a sign is the result of oversight, not of desire to deceive its readers or its confrères of the college press. In the case of "Gabrielle" we were careful to attach the figures '00 after Mr. Fox's name both in the table of contents and also in the signature to the article, and thought that for college men, at least, we had sufficiently indicated the fact that the writer was a graduate. The reference to him and his story in the editorial columns was not made to show that "Gabrielle" was not the work of an undergraduate, but for another purpose. We make this reply to the mild stricture of the *Magazine* because of the high regard we entertain for its good opinion in the matter of the ethics of college journalism.

THE Notre Dame *Scholastic* appears in a new cover design, which to our mind is much better than the one we have been familiar with for some years. The article on Rudyard Kipling shows a real appreciation of many of the qualities that give that poet his strong appeal to Anglo-Saxons.

THE IRISH DUELLO. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—The gintleman I have the honour to represint, being near-sighted, insists on standing three feet nearer his adversary than his adversary to him.—*The King.*

THE man without a college education is like unto a boy who goes fishing with a short line. If the pool be shallow or the fish near the surface, he may be as successful as the man with the larger reel. But let the water be deeper, the fish large and difficult to land, then it is the fisherman who can throw out an almost endless line, who makes the catch. So it is the college man with his diversity of knowledge which lends itself easily to change of conditions, suiting itself to any and all professions because he has a foundation for all, who has the advantage. The other with his

narrow breadth of learning, who has learned one profession by growing into it, cannot readily adapt himself to circumstances. It is the versatility of the college man that accounts for his success.—*U. of M. Daily News.*

Had Waited on an Alma Mater.—"I'll give that waiter," said Rivers, "an order that will paralyze him." "What will you have, sir?" presently asked the waiter. "Bring me," replied Rivers, "some Verulam and ova." "Yes, sir." The waiter, a seedy-looking man in spectacles, went away with a strange gleam in his eye, and returned about fifteen minutes later with a large platter containing something hot. "Here you are, sir," he said. "Bacon and eggs. In ordinary English it would be a shilling. In classic form it will be half a crown. 'Culpam pœna premit comes,' as we used to say at college. Anything else, sir?"—*Tit-Bits.*

WHO PAINTS THE LILY?

Who paints the lily's cup?
  Conceives its fair design?
Who holds its fragile calyx up
  With gift of ruby wine?
Before the lily sees
  Red sun of summer shine
Her petals all are dyed to please
  As erst in Palestine.

Who 'neath the winter's snow
  Preserved the happy thought,
And in those chambers dark below
  A thing of beauty wrought?
Whose skill was it,—we ask,
  Lay tint on line and spot?
Who never once about his task
  The rich design forgot?

Who to the ripening seed
  Gave flattering promise clear
That lilies fair in flowery mead
  Should bloom the coming year?
Enough it is for me
  To find the lily here,
And in the perfect calyx see
  That steadfast Thought appear.

—Isaac Bassett Choat, in the Bowdoin Quill.

Instructor—"In what respect did the fourteenth and nineteenth centuries resemble each other?" De Grees—"The nineteenth century resembled the fourteenth in that both were a hundred years long."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A well-known bishop was once just starting on a railway journey from Chester station, when the stationmaster came up to him and said, referring to his luggage: "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then," said the bishop, "you must be a Dissenter!"—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

It is told of a learned professor, who was better at Greek than golf, that after a round on the links in which he had foozled most of his shots, he turned to his caddie for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddie was: "Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek, but it needs a head for gowff."—*Tit-Bits.*

A Sunday School teacher recently told her class about the cruelty involved in docking horses. "Can any little girl tell me," she said, "of an appropriate verse of Scripture referring to such treatment?" There was a pause, and then a small girl arose, and said, solemnly: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."—*Ex.*

DUTCH LULLABY.

The weather-brown windmill swings to rest;
Its whimsical drone is o'er.
The peat-smoke mantles a curling crest
On the quay by the dyke-bound shore.
While the Zuyder Zee sings low to thee,
Murmuring "Kindje, sleep."

The fancy-fairies have sailed away,
'Cross the twinkling moon-winked snow,
In the steeple-hats of mynheer's array
And his sturdiest wooden sabots.—
Oh! for the streams of the land of dreams,
Whispering "Kindje, sleep."

So quick, my sweet, ere the goblin-elf
Peer out on thy blue-bright eyes,
For swift he swoops from the pottery-shel.
And dread are the dreams he plies.
But never a fear for the moon rides clear,
Signalling, "Kindje, sleep."

—*Howard A. Plummer, in the Yale Lit.*

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